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CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY

II. The "Autumn Manœuvres"

Geschichte der General-Versammlungen der Katholiken Deutschlands. Von Joseph May. Köln. 1904.

Geschichte der katholischen Kirche im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Von Dr Heinrich Brück. (Dritter Band.) Münster. 1905.

WHEN in the year 1848 Wilhelm von Ketteler, the parish priest of Hopsten, preached the gospel of social reform at the Catholic Congress held in Mainz, he was addressing an institution which, more than any other, was to carry on his own peculiar work and perpetuate his influence. Had no such institution been in existence, Ketteler's teaching might have been forgotten. He himself succeeded in awakening a "social sense" among his fellow Catholics: but a permanent organization was needed to keep that sense in healthy operation. Such an organization was found in the annual Congresses of the Catholics of Germany.

It will be advisable here to sketch the history of these congresses for two reasons. In the first place they account in great measure for the intelligent interest in social work which may be said to be the rule among the Catholics of Germany. And secondly they enable us to trace the gradual and orderly growth of the various specific social organizations which might otherwise bewilder us by their number and complexity.

With regard to the first point it must be noted that these congresses supply just that want which is so often felt by Catholic workers in other lands. They bring together once a year an immense number of Catholics drawn from every class of society, and representing almost every religious and social institution. They are "general assemblies" in the fullest sense of the term. Politicians and peasants, noblemen and labourers, journalists and journeymen, university

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students, artists, priests and bishops, all meet together for five days in unaffected *camaraderie* to work for the interests of the Church and civilization.

A French writer has called these congresses "a sacrament of unity," and it would certainly be difficult to find elsewhere gatherings in which such seemingly incongruous elements are so completely fused. Even the anti-Catholic Press in Germany is forced to recognize the important part played by these annual meetings in the life of the nation. This unity will appear all the more remarkable when we remember that it is a question of uniting a number of men who not only stand for the most diverse interests, but who practically represent different nationalities. Northerner and Southerner differ far more widely in Germany than do Yorkshireman and Sussex man among ourselves.

These meetings were, as we shall see, primarily intended for the defence of Catholic liberties. But it has been realized from the first that those liberties will best be defended where Catholics throw themselves into the stream of public life and endeavour to make themselves useful citizens. It is felt that a widespread interest among Catholics in what may loosely be called "social work" is a necessity of the times. Not otherwise can Catholics secure that influence in the new democracy which is essential for the protection of their strictly religious liberties. Isolation in these days would be fatal. The Centre party could not hold its own in the Reichstag if it had no policy save the defence of Catholic liberties. It would no longer be the "impregnable power" that it is, were its efforts limited to obstruction and protest. It has gained its position by identifying itself with the best interests in the country. The same might be said of the other Catholic forces in the Empire. They express themselves in practical work the value of which any man can see for himself. And so it comes about that the Catholics of Germany are not an isolated community, standing aloof from the aspirations of the people. They at least have no need to be told to "go to the people." They are among the people. They *are* the people: and their vivid Christian consciousness has led them to expend that thought and care

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on social problems which true charity in these days demands of us.

And if Catholic principles have won a hearing because embodied in institutions of national value, so, on the other hand, the social work of the German Catholics has gained indefinitely in power and precision from being closely associated with religious principles. We cannot help being struck by the magnificent strength and perfect co-ordination of the great fabric of social work, social science and social legislation which the Catholics of Germany have built up during the past half century. We feel that their religion has given them guiding principles which alone can account for the stability of their work. It has given them, too, the detachment and devotedness necessary for such work; and finally it has given them the confidence and enthusiasm which has enabled them to carry it through.

It was Windthorst who first called these congresses the "autumn manœuvres" of the Catholic forces. It was a hostile newspaper, if we mistake not, that first gave them the name of "the review of the Catholic troops." Both these terms will help us to realize the part which they play in the Catholic life of the Empire. In other countries we are accustomed to find a few discouraged Catholic thinkers and a few over-burdened Catholic workers struggling in a heroic but disorganized fashion to conquer the apathy of the great mass of their co-religionists. But in Germany the stragglers are the exception. Almost every available man is drilled and made part of the fighting force. He is given his post to defend and his work to do, whether in workmen's club or students' union or professional association. He goes to the Congress or he is represented at it. His activities are brought into relation with those of all his fellow Catholics in every state of life. He feels that he is taking a personal part in momentous evolutions upon which the welfare of his Church and his country depends. He is not a mere spectator at a pageant, but a soldier taking part in manœuvres performed by the whole of a great army. The speakers to whom he listens are not merely distinguished orators who have attracted his curiosity. They are

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his fellow soldiers with whom he converses on intimate terms.

We have said that these congresses give us a comprehensive view of the many Catholic social institutions which flourish in Germany. The reason of this is, of course, that practically all these institutions are represented at the Congress, and that very many of them take occasion to hold their annual meetings and publish their results at the same gathering. Their autonomy is, of course, respected; but they profit considerably by the opportunity of getting into touch with other societies, learning local needs, and essaying fresh developments. Their efforts are co-ordinated, and their aims, methods and results are made known to the whole country. More than this: specific social and charitable societies are not merely fostered by the congresses; they are in many cases created. Where almost every existing Catholic institution is represented it becomes easy to discover what further institutions are wanted. As fresh needs arise the congresses call into being new organizations to meet them. Hence we have but to sketch the history of the congresses in order to get a fairly complete picture of the elaborate system of Catholic social works to be found in Germany to-day.

These congresses are, of course, something more than a central meeting of Catholic social workers. They are great religious gatherings, intended primarily for the fostering of the Catholic faith and the defence of Catholic interests. True, their social side is so important that in any case we should have to take them into account in dealing with Catholic social work in Germany. But, as a matter of fact, we have no intention of prescinding from their frankly religious character. To do so would be to overlook the secret of their success. All social work must be based on some theory of the meaning and value of life; and the better the theory the better *ceteris paribus* will be the work. The explanation of the unity and enthusiasm of the Catholic congresses and of their successful social organization is not to be found in the desire for higher wages or improved sanitation. Unity and enthusiasm alike spring from a belief in the Catholic

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doctrine of the Communion of Saints. Wages and drains are held by Catholics to be all the more significant because not an end in themselves.

We have to bear in mind that during the early part of the last century the Catholic Church in Germany was bound hand and foot by the State. Bishops had to transact ecclesiastical business through the medium of the Government, priests were dictated to in their every action by the civil authorities, and laymen found themselves deprived of essential religious liberties. We cannot stay to fill in the picture here. We must refer our readers to Bishop Brück or M. Georges Goyau for the details. Suffice it to say that the triumph of Erastianism seemed complete.

All this was endured by the Catholics with surprising resignation. The Government continued to put on the screw without misgivings. But in 1837 there was a snap. The Archbishop of Cologne was sent to prison for defending the rights of Catholic marriage; and people began to say to one another that the thing was being overdone. Catholic Germany was roused. Görres hid himself in his study for a month, and emerged with a bombshell in the shape of *Athanasius*. The book provoked much enthusiasm by its trenchant condemnation of Prussian methods and its ringing summons to the Catholics to defend their liberties. In 1844 some fifteen hundred thousand men came on pilgrimage to Treves. Virtue would seem to have gone out to them from Christ's seamless robe. The unity of the Church and her sanctity took hold of their minds. Timidly they began to reach out hands to each other. And although the authorities were ready to pounce down upon the smallest exhibition of Catholic initiative, yet those same authorities began to be conscious that popular currents were running strong. Frederick William III admitted to Metternich that Catholicism had never before made such progress in his dominions as it had since the unlucky Cologne affair.

But it was a wave of secular revolution and not a Catholic agitation that brought the Governments of Germany toppling down like sand castles. The movement came from

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Paris not from Rome; and in 1848 the people elected to control their own destinies. The cry was for liberty of association and of the Press. The Catholics among the rest availed themselves of the new spirit without countenancing its excesses. They, too, claimed a share in the lately-won freedom. The Church must be the bonds slave of the State no longer. The Bishops met at Würzburg and drew up a memorial to the German sovereigns in which they demanded freedom in ecclesiastical government. "If you do not give us liberty," they said in effect, "we cannot hope to check the excesses of the Revolution."

But episcopal memorials to secular powers are not commonly of much avail unless those powers are made to feel that their petitioners have at their back a compact and resolute body of Catholic citizens. Hence it became necessary to galvanize the Catholic laity into activity, and to drill them into an army. This was no easy task. Half a century of oppression had broken their spirit and left them despondent and disorganized. Yet, timid as they were, they had been stirred by the trumpet blasts of Görres and his circle at Munich, of Geissel at Cologne, of Diepenbrock at Breslau, of Vicari at Freiburg. They were but waiting for a heaven-sent organizer. And such a one was at hand in the person of Adam Francis Lennig.

Lennig, the dean of the cathedral at Mainz, who combined a striking nobility of character with a fiery eloquence and a genius for organization, set to work to mobilize the Catholic forces at Mainz. He was largely instrumental in bringing about the episcopal conference at Würzburg; and he now devoted his untiring energies to rousing the laity to a sense of their danger and their opportunity. It is interesting to recall the first beginnings of the great movement which followed. The story is an instructive one for those of us who are tempted to discouragement.

Professor Kaspar Riffel had been in the habit of giving popular lectures on historical subjects to the Catholics of Mainz. The lectures were followed with interest, and Riffel and his friend Lennig saw in the audience a nucleus for a new Catholic organization. They proposed an association

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for the defence of Catholic liberties. But the response at first was feeble. People did not mind sitting at an amusing lecture, but they had considerable hesitation in coming out in the open and declaring their faith to the world, especially with revolutionary storms in the air. The project was declared to be hopeless. Indeed, few men could have carried it through. But Lennig and Riffel were resolute, and their eloquence triumphed. Twenty-four men pledged themselves to start the new association. They were to meet again in a few days and bring new recruits. At this second meeting three hundred members were enrolled. The numbers grew, and meetings were held almost weekly, at which Lennig spoke on the questions of the day. Among his audience were two young men, Heinrich and Moufang, on whom his mantle was eventually to fall.

The new association was called the *Piusverein* in honour of the reigning Pontiff, and its object was the defence of religious liberties. Similar institutions sprang up all over Germany with astonishing rapidity. In a short time they numbered a hundred thousand members. Indeed, so rapid was their growth, that organization could scarcely keep pace with expansion. A general meeting of delegates was arranged to take place at Mainz, the cradle of the movement, in October, 1848. This was the first of the great Catholic congresses with which the present article is concerned; but we must bear in mind that these congresses began not as general meetings of all the Catholics of Germany, but as general meetings of specific associations for the defence of Catholic interests. The gradual widening of the scope of the congresses deserves our careful attention, and we shall note the chief stages of the process in the course of our sketch. We cannot do better than to follow somewhat closely the admirable history of the congresses by Joseph May, the title of whose book stands at the head of this article.

The first general assembly, then, was marked by that enthusiasm and unity which have distinguished these gatherings ever since. After solemn High Mass on October 3, 1,500 delegates from all parts of Germany found

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themselves under the frescoed ceiling of the great hall of the Electoral Palace, listening to Lennig's opening speech. The eloquence, which but a few weeks before had stirred the twenty-four pioneers, played irresistibly upon the great audience, who felt surely that a new horizon was opening out before them. Lennig's speech sounded the note which every subsequent Congress was to re-echo.

We have heard a good deal of two big words, Freedom and Association: and this time we have taken them up and made them our own. It is precisely freedom that we want, as we have openly declared; freedom in the sphere of religion and Christianity. It is to win freedom and to preserve it when won, against all the forces that threaten it on every side, against the assaults of faction and destruction, that we are here to-day. We are gathered here as comrades, members of one body which, as you know, is spread throughout our fatherland, to show ourselves as strong men armed against all foes, to prove moreover that we are not going to fall back again into the old listless ways.

So we have met to see each other, to learn to know each other, to debate upon the best way of setting our house in order, and of spreading our influence abroad. We know that many will wonder not a little at our action, will smile complacently at our efforts. Let them wonder! Let them have their little joke! Such men have a lot to learn who have not yet gripped the fact that Church and Religion are important elements in the life of the individual and the nation. Others will suspect our motives. Prejudice and passion will set us down as half rebels or as reactionaries; or we shall be looked upon as persecutors of other beliefs. To them we will only say this: Our fight is not against the Throne but only against the tyranny of Erastianism. Our fight is with absolutism in its application to religion. We are no enemies of the people's freedom, we are here in their midst to take our stand upon the ground of Liberty. We have no quarrel with liberty of conscience, we never meddle with the beliefs of other denominations, nay, rather, we now offer to these denominations, in accordance with our statutes, our united help whenever their liberty is threatened by those who would restrict it: and we hold ourselves entitled to a like fair treatment from them. In this struggle we put our trust in the respect of all right-thinking men, in the unfailing support of all Catholics, in our own determination and courage, in our Rights, and in the help of God.

A second public meeting was held the same evening at

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which Count von Andlaw, the aristocratic promoter of the Catholic movement in Baden, found himself speaking directly after a democrat of the most advanced type. The two shook hands cordially on the platform, and the Count referred in his speech to "our democrat whom I met on common ground—that of the liberty of the Church." This was not bad for 1848. And the common ground was to broaden out considerably during the next half century.

Meanwhile the six secretaries were struggling with the agenda upon which no less than three committees started work next morning at the heroic hour of six. The result was a satisfactory settlement of the procedure and the internal and external relations of the new Association. The limits of its operation were carefully defined, and its attitude determined in the face of the various Governments.

The public meeting next morning was attended by the twenty-three Catholic representatives of the Parliament of the German Federation then sitting at Frankfort. This was a most important event. The arrival of the political champions of Catholic freedom (among whom were such men as Ketteler, Döllinger, Förster and Reichensperger) did much to encourage the timorous and give prestige to the gathering. On the other hand it added considerably to the influence which these deputies already exercised in Parliament. The country saw that the twenty-three Catholic members were backed up by an association which numbered 100,000 citizens and was growing rapidly.

Döllinger was the first speaker. He delivered a powerful plea for Catholic liberty in worship and education, and pointed out how significant was the growth of a sound public opinion in the matter. The Parliament of Frankfort would be unable to resist it. It was the duty of the new Association to foster and strengthen that opinion, and to impress upon the country the just claims which the Church put forward.

This was the first of many valuable addresses delivered by Dr Döllinger to the congresses; and his services to the cause in those early years makes our regret at his final betrayal of that cause the more poignant.

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The next speaker was Förster, afterwards Prince Bishop of Breslau, a sad-voiced poet who, alone of the speakers, seems to have let himself be overpowered at the sight of the overwhelming forces arrayed against German Catholics at that moment. They must fight and suffer, he said; but with little hope of victory. His speech hints at the obstacles to united action which had in the beginning made so many Catholics regard the Association as quixotic and even dangerous. But, fortunately for the spirit of his hearers, the next speaker was Ketteler, of whose rousing exhortation on this occasion we have already spoken. For him the democratic movement had no terrors, despite his own lineage. "Liberty may bring its horrors, but it also brings to mankind the greatest blessings. Religion may rejoice at Liberty: for under the flag of Liberty she will develop to her full strength."

The social question came in for a fair share of discussion. As a practical measure it was determined to introduce into Germany the Society of St Vincent de Paul. We may note here that in nearly every congress similar resolutions to inaugurate specific Catholic works were introduced. We observe, with some astonishment, that this meeting lasted for six hours without interruption.

The third day was devoted to committee work, and provisional statutes were drafted. A memorial was drawn up, for presentation to the Frankfort Parliament, protesting against the recent legislation prejudicial to the liberties of the Church. This memorial drew thousands of similar protests from all parts of Germany, with the result that the Parliament came to realize the strength of Catholic convictions on the subject, and modified its legislation accordingly. The final public meeting was held on the evening of the fourth day. This first congress took place in Mainz exactly eleven hundred years after St Boniface had selected the city as a centre for the Catholic organization of Germany. The coincidence was sufficiently striking, and was frequently referred to at the time.

The aims and methods of the new association are well set forth in the *Proceedings* of this first Congress. We are

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told that the local associations are to preserve their independence, and are to work according to their opportunities towards the aims set forth in the statutes. These aims are:

The liberty of the Church and of the Christian people and the Christian family within the Church. This involves liberty of instruction and education. . . .

The creation, maintenance and fostering of Christian principles and Christian habits among the people; the diminution and healing of social evils and sufferings.

The Association has nothing to do with party politics. It declines to bind itself to the fortunes of transient human institutions. It rests on the eternal foundations of Christianity. It believes that by promoting a Christian spirit among the people it will be preparing the way for a great national regeneration.

Such was the strong hope that took possession of the Catholics of Germany in 1848. They felt the forces of Catholicism working in their midst. They had but to bring those forces to bear on the nation, and the result would be safety and healing for their distracted country. Definite ways and means were not before them yet. Their social consciousness would clarify in time: their Christian principles would find expression suited to the needs of the time. The main point was that they had confidence in the Catholic Church and knew that if they steeped themselves in her principles and united in her spirit they would be guided to great issues. And so it proved.

Of the second Congress, held at Breslau in the following May, little need be said. The city at that time was in a state of active revolution. Constant fights were taking place in the streets between the police and the revolutionaries, and all meetings were forbidden. An exception was made in favour of the Association on account of its non-political character. Some of the delegates were, not unnaturally, apprehensive, and suggested transferring the meeting elsewhere. But the majority were in favour of remaining, and the Congress passed off without mishap. It was at Breslau that the Association set itself to support the *Gesellenverein* which had 'been founded in 1844 by Father Kolping, for

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the benefit of Catholic journeymen, and of which something will be said in a future article.

At the third Congress (Ratisbon, October, 1849) the *Bonifaciusverein* was founded, Count Stolberg becoming the first president. This society, like the *Gesellenverein*, was to become an important institution in Germany. Its object is to protect the faith of Catholics in districts where they find themselves few in numbers and without resources. This it does by building churches, schools, orphanages and the like, and by supporting poor students in ecclesiastical seminaries. Since its foundation it has expended considerably more than £2,000,000 on these objects, and has established churches and other Catholic institutions in about 2,000 districts.

The fourth Congress (henceforth the meeting was to be annual) was held in Austria (Linz, September, 1850). Here again we see fresh institutions founded according to the needs of the time, among them a Catholic Women's Society, popular libraries and extension lectures. The Society of the Holy Childhood and the *Borromaeusverein* are warmly commended. The latter will be dealt with later in connexion with the Catholic Press in Germany. A committee was also appointed to consider the possibilities of a Catholic Art Society.

The fifth Congress was held at Mainz, and Ketteler, the new Bishop, took a prominent part in the proceedings. At the first meeting he congratulated the Association on having successfully avoided two great dangers: it had kept out of party politics, and it had not encroached on episcopal jurisdiction. In the latter respect the congresses have always been remarkably sound. Despite the extent of their activities and the vigour with which they have initiated religious undertakings; despite the fact, too, that they are primarily gatherings of laymen, and that their president is never an ecclesiastic, they have from the first enjoyed the fullest sympathy and confidence of the hierarchy.

It would be interesting, if space permitted, to watch the progress of the Catholic movement in various parts of Germany as reflected in these congresses. Representatives from

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every district report on the Catholic life of their neighbourhood, and the *Proceedings* enable us to trace the work which was being done. Many of the details thus supplied are extremely striking. Thus in this Congress at Mainz we are told how the Catholic working women of Aix have formed themselves into a League for the purpose of assisting those who are poorer than themselves. During their dinner-hour they find time to visit the sick, sweep their rooms and prepare their meals. We hear, too, of a priest who organizes a labour depôt which provides work for a hundred and fifty families during the winter. Such instances might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

It is not to be supposed that the Association had proceeded even thus far in its course without opposition. The Prussian Government, in particular, was irritated by its success, and did its best to foment the jealousy with which the movement was regarded in Protestant circles. Professor Otto Meyer declared that the admission of Catholics to equal treatment with their fellow citizens was a slap in the face to the Protestant State. A rescript of 1852 subjected missionaries to vexatious police control. Missions were actually forbidden in Protestant districts. A second rescript forbade Prussians to attend the German College in Rome under pain of banishment. This was the first violation of the twelfth article of the Prussian Constitution. In Baden the anti-Catholic feeling was even more bitter. There was a perfect epidemic of "no popery" outcries and scriptural denunciations of a kind with which we in this country have had experience.

The prevalent fanaticism evidently occupies the minds of the delegates at the sixth Congress at Münster; but we observe a complete absence of recrimination in their proceedings. The Catholic claims are advanced in a most temperate manner, which is in striking contrast with the spirit of the Gustavus Adolphus Society, the Protestant Union, the Evangelical Union and similar bodies, which neglected their own interests in order to embark on a campaign of calumny against the Catholic Church and all her works.

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About this time a proposal was made to form a society of Catholic experts in every branch of learning. The first step towards the realization of this idea was afterwards taken by the Görres Society.

We may pass on to the tenth Congress (Cologne, 1858) which witnessed a most important change in the scope of these annual meetings. Invitations were sent out, not merely to representatives of local branches of the *Piusverein*, but to those of other Catholic Associations, many of which, as we saw, had been founded in the course of previous congresses. Leading journalists, publicists, professional men and others were also invited, and the meetings took on the character of a Catholic parliament. The increase of business thus created led to two further changes. Proceedings now lasted for four days instead of three, and a charge was made for admission to the meetings.

The congresses gained immensely in prestige and influence by this infusion of new blood. Father Kolping brought a large number of presidents of the *Gesellenverein*, who took occasion to have a meeting of their own, and who were thus able to bring the splendid results of their labours before the representatives of all parts of Germany. The same might be said of the other Catholic organizations now for the first time officially represented at the congresses. The Congress reflected them all, and the Press reflected the Congress. Hence every Catholic in Germany was able to get a bird's eye view of all the Catholic social and charitable activity that was going on throughout the country. The experience of all was exhibited for the benefit of each. Every man and woman was made acquainted with the workings of various organizations, one or other of which was sure to suit his or her special needs and opportunities. Cologne, then, marked a new era in the history of the congresses. One advantage of the new arrangement was that they could now be held in any part of Germany; even in places where there did not happen to be a branch of the *Piusverein*. The increase in the numbers attending the Congress was very noticeable in the following year (Freiburg, 1859), the audience at some of the meetings numbering six thousand. Four committees were

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appointed to deal with the agenda relating respectively to Education and the Press, Catholic Missions, Christian Art and Charity.

The need of strengthening the Catholic Press was specially insisted upon in the Congress at Munich in 1861. It was there stated that the Catholic publishers of Germany and Austria numbered twenty-four, as against the 1,500 Protestant publishers. The Catholics had seven or eight large newspapers and about a score of small ones. The Protestants had between two and three thousand. The Catholic clergy numbered 60,000: yet the total number of subscribers to all the Catholic newspapers put together did not reach even this figure. The lesson was taken to heart, as the subsequent development of the Catholic Press witnesses.

At the Congress at Aix in the following year the Catholic working man was specially prominent. During the fourteen years which had elapsed since the awakening of 1848, the Catholic workmen of the town had passed from a state of revolutionary chaos to one of admirable organization. A procession of 2,000 men conducted the visitors from the Cathedral to the opening meeting, at which Moufang delivered an eloquent plea for Catholic participation in public life.

"No politics" had been hitherto one of the principles of the Congress. But while still refusing to associate itself with any one political party, the Congress now found it necessary to lay down certain general political principles to serve as guides for Catholics. They ran as follows:

1. The Catholic Church never asks anyone to join a particular political party. She acknowledges every form of government and every political system which is not in contradiction with the commandments of God and the principles of Justice.

2. The Catholic Church is no supporter of despotism and no enemy of political liberty and independence. She rejects Absolutism, whether of princes, parliaments or parties.

3. Catholics are not enemies of political progress. They accept all political reforms which make for prosperity of nations: but they

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reject conscientiously the violation of Justice and abhor revolution, whether it be based on universal suffrage, or the principle of nationality, or the so-called principle of "accomplished facts."

On the basis of these principles, specific resolutions were drawn up at this and succeeding congresses, protesting against the spoliation of the Holy See, the oppression of Catholic subjects and similar acts of injustice.

At this same Congress endeavours were made to secure the foundation of a Catholic university in Germany. It was pointed out that although six among the twenty-two existing German universities were old Catholic foundations, yet these were completely in the hands of the State, with the result that Catholic influence in them was almost non-existent. Catholic professors were practically excluded from them, and students were brought up in an atmosphere of Atheism or religious indifference. The Congress took the matter up with enthusiasm, and generous subscriptions were promised. The Holy Father approved of the scheme, and appointed three German bishops to promote it.

That was nearly half a century ago, and the Catholics of Germany have not yet got their university. What is more, they do not seem nearly as anxious to get it as were their fathers at Aix in 1862. It would appear that the prevailing policy is rather in the direction of getting a foothold in existing institutions than of starting a distinct Catholic university. Permeation rather than isolation has become the ideal. Now it is true that something has been done to organize Catholic undergraduates and to give them a position in German universities: and even Catholic professors are not everywhere excluded with the same pertinacity as they were fifty years ago. Yet it cannot be said that Catholics have so far succeeded in creating anything like a Catholic atmosphere in a single university of Germany. Whether the other policy could be made to succeed we cannot pretend to say.

It was pointed out in our previous article that the fifteenth Congress, that of Frankfort, was marked by the special prominence given to social questions, a prominence which they were never afterwards to lose. The

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urgency of these questions was emphasized by Father Thissen, the president of the local committee:

We cannot close our eyes to the fact that there is around us a class of the population whose position deserves our sympathy in a special degree. I speak of the great body of artisans and workmen, who, at the present moment, are fighting a tough battle for existence, and who, in contrast with other classes of society, in the midst of a magnificent industrial progress, look forward to a hopeless future. Statistics reveal the fact that from 70 to 80 per cent of the total population belongs to this class: and among them there are many who, after a life of hunger and misery, have no prospect save that of making their passage to eternity in the ward of a poor-house.

"Humanity" divorced from Christianity, the speaker continued, was bankrupt. People no longer saw the man in the workman: they treated him like a machine; indeed, worse than a machine, for they flung him aside when he failed them, and wasted little thought on the possibility of repairs.

The impression created by this speech was deepened by an account then given by the eminent Swiss Capuchin, Father Theodosius, of certain social undertakings of his own. He had started four factories with much success, and was anxious to start a fifth, this time on co-operative lines. He had organized a whole district by a variety of means, which included Sisters of Mercy and Credit Banks. He urged his hearers to action. Mere speechmaking would carry them nowhere. Above all he was encouraging. "If a penniless beggar like myself," he said, "can help things along, those of you who are rich can do very much more."

A number of workmen representatives were present, and they put the question squarely—"What has Christianity to say to modern theories and aspirations of Labour?" Two days were devoted to a discussion of it, at the end of which time all saw the need of doing something, but were by no means clear as to what that something should be. The problem was too vast to be settled off hand. But a resolution was adopted calling upon Catholics to take the matter to heart, and to engage with earnestness in the study of social questions with a view of bringing to bear

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upon them the principles of Christianity. The recommendation was not lost sight of, as we shall see.

The congresses about this period adopted the excellent custom of issuing each year a number of short and pithy resolutions, embodying some Catholic principle which needed to be specially emphasized at the time. These resolutions or professions of Catholic conviction, had the effect of creating a sound public opinion on questions of the day. They were taken up and repeated by the Press, they served as mottoes for Catholic speakers, and they were adopted as watchwords for the year by Catholic associations. Seven such resolutions were issued at Frankfort, dealing with the liberty of the Church, the Education question, and the like.

In 1867 the last meeting was held on Austrian soil. We observe a great development of interest in the Catholic Press. The number of newspapers alone had increased by fifteen in the last two years. The *Borromaeusverein*, a society for circulating Catholic literature, now counted eleven hundred branches and more than fifty thousand members. The "Frankfort Pamphlets," a series which dealt with current topics of all kinds, attracted 6,000 subscribers. It was now resolved to found a Catholic Press Association, and to establish Press bureaus in the chief European capitals.

At Bamberg in the following year an important change took place in the constitution of the congresses. A strong and permanent central committee, in addition to the local committee, was henceforth to deal with the work of organization, and to see that the resolutions passed at the congresses were carried out. This central committee was composed of men who were foremost in various departments of Catholic activity, and who knew exactly the needs of their time. Such a step had the effect of bringing the annual congresses more completely abreast of current questions. The arrangement worked well, and is still in force. But during the *Kulturkampf* and for some time afterwards a single Commissary General took the place of this committee—a change which was suggested by the difficulties of the time.

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In 1869 a special section was appointed to deal with social questions ; and while stress was laid upon the spiritual needs of the working classes, it was made perfectly clear that Catholics could not dispense themselves from a careful study of economic conditions with a view to relieving material needs also. Thus Ernst Lieber, subsequently the leader of the Centre Party and one of the most impressive speakers of the day, called upon the Congress to make its position in the matter clear to the world. The labour question, he said, was one with which Catholics had a special duty to concern themselves. For Christianity alone could point to a solution. The modern difficulties had been created by the capitalist rather than the workmen. The capitalist had become dehumanized because dechristianized. He had set Mammon in the place of God. If he could be brought back to Christian principles, the evangelization of the workman would follow.

The congresses had now been doing their work for twenty years. Their organization was complete, and their influence was beyond all calculation. They had united the Catholics of the empire, and given them an enthusiastic solidarity which was to serve them in good stead in the troubles to come.

We must not here describe the storm which broke over the Church in Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. The story of the *Kulturkampf* would take us beyond the limits of the present sketch. But we must note one point. The *Kulturkampf* did far more damage to the empire in the long run than it did to the Church. As has so often been the case, the real social and economic needs of the country were neglected in the effort to stamp out Catholicism. The result of hindering the spiritual influence of priests and nuns showed itself in an alarming increase of crime.

The congresses during the next few years were naturally taken up with the fight for essential religious liberties. The struggle was a political one and need not concern us here. That the Catholics secured ultimate victory in spite of the overwhelming forces arrayed against them was due in large measure to the manner in which these annual meetings

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brought the Catholic consciousness to a focus, and kept the Centre Party in touch with the people. We need scarcely say that Ludwig Windthorst was from 1879 onwards the dominating figure at every Congress. He came to have the undisputed right of making the closing speech, summing up the work of each year, and sketching the plan of campaign for the future. His personal influence was enormous, for he was the best loved man in Germany. His name alone attracted visitors from all parts of the empire. And his activity was amazing. He flitted about from one departmental meeting to another, advising, directing, encouraging: and in the evenings, when social converse gave place to sociable, he was the life and soul of the festivities held by workmen or undergraduates. Among the latter he was the object of an enthusiastic hero-worship. He himself kept the heart of an undergraduate to the end: and he knew how to encourage and direct the generous vigour of young men. His tact and judgement enabled him to smooth over any difficulties that might arise from their exuberant zeal: and the result was a great accession of strength to the Catholic body of Germany. The young men were initiated into public movements and encouraged to exercise their energies under wise guidance. They were saved from both of the extremes into which Catholic youth of other countries has too often been allowed to drift—a self-indulgent apathy on the one hand, and a misguided zeal on the other.

Even under the pressure of the *Kulturkampf*, Catholics persevered in their efforts towards a sound social reform, thereby showing themselves better patriots than their persecutors. A commission consisting of Catholic employers and employees alike was appointed at the Congress of 1871 to inquire into the social and economic condition of the working classes, and to suggest legislation and other reforms. Members were exhorted to study social questions, and to elect as their civic representatives those whose knowledge and interest in the matter would enable them to advance the movement. The Catholic Press, too, developed to an amazing extent about this time. Before the *Kulturkampf*, there had been only four or five Catholic

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papers in Prussia. In 1873 there were a *hundred and twenty Catholic papers, including many dailies!* And although the persecution bore heavily upon Catholic enterprises, we note that the famous Görres Society was founded in 1876, and the *Augustinusverein* in 1879. The latter society was destined to play a great part in the development of the Catholic Press. The *Arbeiterwohl*, a society for promoting the interests of the working classes, was founded about the same time. It was soon joined by some hundreds of Catholic employers of labour, who set themselves to remedy social evils on Christian principles. They created a number of admirable organizations for working men, and the *Arbeiterwohl* is now one of the most important social institutions in Germany.

The Congress at Frankfort in 1882 devoted much attention to social problems. It was proposed to form a committee, which should draw up on the spot specific proposals with regard to some of the more pressing questions such as the regulation of wages, usury and the like. But Moufang and Heinrich pointed out that a committee would not be likely within the space of three days to find solutions to problems of extraordinary complexity which had hitherto baffled all the experts in the country. It was therefore agreed to entrust Prince Löwenstein with the foundation of a committee which should work at its leisure upon the broadest possible basis of induction. This incident is worth bearing in mind. The German Catholics, despite their ardour for social reform, had come to realize that such reform is a matter which demands the utmost diligence, caution and concerted study. They were far from thinking that the possession of the Catholic faith or even of Holy Orders could take the place of expert knowledge. They did not stretch the *gratia status* so as to include divine guidance in economic questions.

But expert knowledge, as well as enthusiasm, was on the increase among the Catholics of Germany. The Centre Party was slowly and cautiously working its way towards a systematic programme of labour legislation, of which the main lines had been laid down by Ketteler twenty years

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earlier. There was no rushing in with wild palliatives of the kind with which we are so familiar: measures which give temporary relief to one class of society at the expense of all the rest. The Centre Party commanded the services of keen-sighted economists and expert parliamentarians who could be sure of themselves at every step. Prominent amongst them was Franz Hitze, a zealous young priest from Westphalia, who after studying at Würzburg University and Rome had made his name famous throughout the country by his writings and his successful labours in the field of social reform. He entered the Prussian Landtag in 1882, and the Reichstag two years later, and is one of the most distinguished masters in social science now living.

Dr Hitze's speech at the Frankfort Congress lets us see something of the social consciousness to which the Catholics by that time had attained. He protests vigorously against the Manchester school of economics and the resulting slavery of the workman—a slavery which, he declared, implied less human relations between master and man than those which prevailed in ancient Rome or feudal Europe. Modern industry had made of the workman a mere chattel. The speaker had no quarrel with machinery. It marked a step in advance. But a new social order must be devised to control it, or else it would become a weapon in the hands of the strong for the exspoliation of the weak. He pointed out the miserable condition of the working classes, and emphasized the need for protective legislation. Measures must be taken against Sunday labour, promiscuity in factories, the unrestricted labour of women and children, unlimited hours of labour, dangerous conditions of work, and so forth. Provision must be made for old-age pensions, workmen's insurance and profit-sharing. All these were national needs, and the Government had made a fatal mistake in persecuting the Catholics who represented the forces of construction. Catholics themselves must continue to fight for the independence of their Church, which was a condition of the nation's welfare. And they must throw themselves into social work with more ardour than ever, for if they could

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not re-establish Christian solidarity they would have revolution. Pagan Rome with all its greatness had vanished, because it could not solve the social question.

About this time we note a great increase in the numbers of those attending the congresses, which, moreover, took on a more representative character than ever. Thus practically all the Westphalian and Rhenish nobility attended the Congress at Münster in 1885. There they met nearly every Catholic politician of note; and nobles and politicians alike found themselves working side by side with representatives of every other class in the community. Many Catholic societies took occasion to hold their own annual meetings during the course of the Congress. Among them we may mention the *Arbeiterwohl*, the Society of St Vincent de Paul, the University Students' Union, and the Catholic Law Society. The last named association had recently been formed with the object of counteracting the anti-Catholic tendencies of the legal teaching in the universities. Its members lectured to Catholic students, and put their professional knowledge at the service of the Catholic body.

In 1889 the Congress found itself at the industrial town of Bochum. Bochum is a wilderness of factories. It has no cathedral, no sights, no society, no traditions. It offers no attractions to the excursionist, but it made an excellent background for the discussion of the labour question. The local colour had been heightened by a recent strike from which the district had not yet recovered. But the inhabitants gave the Congress a cordial welcome. Windthorst was in his element, and addressed 7,000 workmen as "my honoured fellow-workers"—an appropriate greeting on the lips of the hardest-worked man in Germany. The *Arbeiterwohl* held its usual meeting and reported the foundation of about two hundred and fifty workmen's Associations.

And now all this Catholic effort towards social reform was at last to make an impression on the Government of the empire. Hitherto the Reichstag and the Bundesrath had given little encouragement to the social legislation pro-

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posed by the Centre and backed by the Congress. But in 1890 the Emperor took the matter up, and the politics of the empire were officially guided into the channels indicated by Ketteler a quarter of a century before. The Catholic battle-cry, "Fight against Revolution by means of Reform on Christian principles," was adopted by the Government. The Catholic triumph was complete, and the Congress at Koblenz in 1890 sent its heartfelt vote of thanks to William II.

With the year 1890, therefore, we may bring this present paper to a close. The period which we have reviewed falls roughly into two halves. The first was occupied with the rousing of Catholic Germany from its torpor and the gradual organization of its forces; the second was marked by a violent persecution which tested that organization to the utmost. Catholic Associations had, of course, suffered considerably during the *Kulturkampf*. Their social activities had been crippled for the time being, and most of their energies had been spent in fighting for bare existence. But with the vindication of religious liberties came fresh efforts towards social service; and the Government's approval of those efforts in 1890 ushered in an extraordinarily fruitful era of Catholic social work. In our next paper we shall give some account of these recent developments, and shall offer some suggestions as to how Catholic social work in this country might be stimulated and organized by some of the means which have been applied with such success in Germany.

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THE Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but forgone the laurel. And for this if song is itself responsible, we Catholics are not irresponsible. Poetry in its widest sense,† and when not professedly irreligious, has been too much and too long among many Catholics either misprized or distrusted; too much and too generally the feeling has been that it is at best superfluous, at worst pernicious, most often dangerous. Once poetry was, as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and in place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion.

Fathers of the Church (we would say), pastors of the Church, pious laics of the Church: you are taking from its walls the panoply of Aquinas; take also from its walls the psalter of Alighieri. Unroll the precedents of the Church's past; recall to your minds that Francis of Assisi was among the precursors of Dante; that sworn to Poverty he for-

*The editor thinks that his readers will welcome this very remarkable posthumous essay in the precise form in which it was found among the papers of its author, the late Mr Francis Thompson. It lacks, of course, the author's final revision, and may contain a sentence here or there which Mr Thompson himself would not finally have endorsed without those omissions or qualifying phrases which a writer makes or adds before passing his work for publication. Such modifications cannot, however, be satisfactorily made by another hand, and only obvious corrections necessary for literary reasons have been made by the author's literary executor, Mr Wilfrid Meynell, to whose kindness THE DUBLIN REVIEW is indebted for the offer of the article.—EDITOR.

†That is to say, taken as the general animating spirit of the fine arts.

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swore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the Light God; that he was even more a poet in his miracles than in his melody; that poetry clung round the cowls of his Order. Follow his footsteps; you who have blessings for men, have you no blessing for the birds? Recall to your memory that, in their minor kind, the love poems of Dante shed no less honour on Catholicism than did the great religious poem which is itself pivoted on love; that in singing of heaven he sang of Beatrice—this supporting angel was still carven on his harp even when he stirred its strings in Paradise. What you theoretically know, vividly realize: that with many the religion of beauty must always be a passion and a power, that it is only evil when divorced from the worship of the Primal Beauty. Poetry is the preacher to men of the earthly as you of the Heavenly Fairness; of that earthly fairness which God has fashioned to his own image and likeness. You proclaim the day which the Lord has made, and she exults and rejoices in it. You praise the Creator for His works, and she shows you that they are very good. Beware how you misprize this potent ally, for hers is the art of Giotto and Dante: beware how you misprize this insidious foe, for hers is the art of modern France and of Byron. Her value, if you know it not, God knows, and know the enemies of God. If you have no room for her beneath the wings of the Holy One, there is place for her beneath the webs of the Evil One: whom you discard, he embraces; whom you cast down from an honourable seat, he will advance to a haughty throne; the brows you dislaurel of a just respect, he will bind with baleful splendours; the stone which you builders reject, he will make his head of the corner. May she not prophesy in the temple? then there is ready for her the tripod of Delphi. Eye her not askance if she seldom sing directly of religion: the bird gives glory to God though it sings only of its innocent loves. Suspicion creates its own cause; distrust begets reason for distrust. This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to

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the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meats from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her—you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross.

There is a change, we have said, of late years: the Wanderer is being called to her Father's house, but we would have the call yet louder, we would have the proffered welcome more unstinted. There are still stray remnants of the old intolerant distrust. It is still possible for even a French historian of the Church to enumerate among the articles cast upon Savonarola's famous pile, *poésies érotiques, tant des anciens que des modernes, livres impies ou corrupteurs, Ovide, Tibulle, Properce, pour ne nommer que les plus connus, Dante, Pétrarque, Boccace, tous ces auteurs Italiens qui déjà souillaient les âmes et ruinaient les mœurs, en créant ou perfectionnant la langue.** Blameworthy carelessness, at the least, which can class the *Vita Nuova* with the *Ars Amandi* and the *Decameron*! And among many English Catholics the spirit of poetry is still often received with a restricted, Puritanical greeting rather than with the traditionally Catholic joyous openness.

We ask, therefore, for a larger interest, not in purely Catholic poetry, but in poetry generally, poetry in its widest sense. We ask for it from the average instructed, morally hale Catholic, who is not liable to spiritual cold with every breath of outside air. We ask for it specially in the case of verse, of poetry proper, as a mere necessity, if Catholicism is ever to make any impression on this branch of English art. With few exceptions, whatsoever in our best poets is great and good to the non-Catholic, is great and good also to the Catholic; and though Faber threw his edition of Shelley into the fire and never regretted the act; though, moreover, Shelley is so little read among us that we can still tolerate in our churches the religious parody which Faber should have thrown after his three-volumed

*The Abbé Bareille was not, of course, responsible for Savonarola's taste, only for thus endorsing it.

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Shelley;*—in spite of this, we are not disposed to number among such exceptions that straying spirit of light.

We have among us at the present day no lineal descendant (in the poetical order) of Shelley; and any such offspring of the aboundingly spontaneous Shelley is hardly possible, still less likely, on account of the defect by which (we think) contemporary poetry in general, as compared with the poetry of the early nineteenth century, is mildewed. That defect is the predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul. We do not say the *defect* of inspiration. The warrior is there, but he is hampered by his armour. Writers of high aim in all branches of literature, even when they are not—as Mr Swinburne, for instance, is—lavish in expression, are generally over-deliberate in expression. Mr Henry James, delineating a fictitious writer clearly intended to be the ideal of an artist, makes him regret that he has sometimes allowed himself to take the second-best word instead of searching for the best. Theoretically, of course, one ought always to try for the best word. But practically, the habit of excessive care in word-selection frequently results in loss of spontaneity; and, still worse, the habit of always taking the best word too easily becomes the habit of always taking the most ornate word, the word most removed from ordinary speech. In consequence of this, poetic diction has become latterly a kaleidoscope, and one's chief curiosity is as to the precise combinations into which the pieces will be shifted. There is, in fact, a certain band of words, the Prætorian cohorts of poetry, whose prescriptive aid is invoked by every aspirant to the poetical purple, and without whose prescriptive aid none dares aspire to the poetical purple; against these it is time some banner should be raised. Perhaps it is almost impossible for a contemporary writer quite to evade the services of the free-lances whom one encounters under so many standards.† But it is at any rate curious to note

*We mean, of course, the hymn, "I rise from dreams of time."

†We are a little surprised at the fact, because so many Victorian poets are, or have been, prose-writers as well. Now, according to our theory,

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that the literary revolution against the despotic diction of Pope seems issuing, like political revolutions, in a despotism of its own making.

This, then, we cannot but think, distinguishes the literary period of Shelley from our own. It distinguishes even the unquestionable treasures and masterpieces of to-day from similar treasures and masterpieces of the precedent day; even the *Lotos-Eaters* from *Kubla-Khan*, even Rossetti's ballads from *Christabel*. It is present in the restraint of Matthew Arnold no less than in the exuberance of Swinburne, and affects our writers who aim at simplicity no less than those who seek richness. Indeed, nothing is so artificial as our simplicity. It is the simplicity of the French stage *ingénue*. We are self-conscious to the finger-tips; and this inherent quality, entailing on our poetry the inevitable loss of spontaneity, ensures that whatever poets, of whatever excellence, may be born to us from the Shelleian stock, its founder's spirit can take among us no reincarnation. An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelley. For both as poet and man he was essentially a child.

Yet, just as in the effete French society before the Revolution the Queen played at Arcadia, the King played at being a mechanic, every one played at simplicity and universal philanthropy, leaving for most durable outcome of their philanthropy the guillotine, as the most durable outcome of ours may be execution by electricity;—so in our own society the talk of benevolence and the cult of childhood are the very fashion of the hour. We, of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children, analyse our children, think we are endowed with a special capacity to sympathize and identify our—
the practice of prose should maintain fresh and comprehensive a poet's diction, should save him from falling into the hands of an exclusive coterie of poetic words. It should react upon his metrical vocabulary to its beneficial expansion, by taking him outside his aristocratic circle of language, and keeping him in touch with the great commonalty, the proletariat of speech. For it is with words as with men: constant intermarriage within the limits of a patrician clan begets effete refinement; and to reinvigorate the stock, its veins must be replenished from hardy plebeian blood.

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selves with children; we play at being children. And the result is that we are not more child-like, but our children are less child-like. It is so tiring to stoop to the child, so much easier to lift the child up to you. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space;

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour;

it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is but just beginning. Now if Shelley was but too conscious of the dream, in other respects Dryden's false and famous line might have been applied to him with very much less than its usual untruth.* To the last, in a degree uncommon even among poets, he retained the idiosyncrasy of childhood, expanded and matured without differentiation. To the last he was the enchanted child.

This was, as is well known, patent in his life. It is as really, though perhaps less obviously, manifest in his poetry, the sincere effluence of his life. And it may not, therefore, be amiss to consider whether it was conditioned by anything beyond his congenital nature. For our part, we believe it to have been equally largely the outcome of his early and

*Wordsworth's adaptation of it, however, is true. Men are not "children of a larger growth," but the child *is* father of the man, since the parent is only partially reproduced in his offspring

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long isolation. Men given to retirement and abstract study are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of childlikeness: and if this be the case when we segregate a man, how much more when we segregate a child! It is when they are taken into the solution of school-life that children, by the reciprocal interchange of influence with their fellows, undergo the series of reactions which converts them from children into boys and from boys into men. The intermediate stage must be traversed to reach the final one. Now Shelley never could have been a man, for he never was a boy. And the reason lay in the persecution which overclouded his schooldays. Of that persecution's effect upon him he has left us, in the *Revolt of Islam*, a picture which to many or most people very probably seems a poetical exaggeration; partly because Shelley appears to have escaped physical brutality, partly because adults are inclined to smile tenderly at childish sorrows which are not caused by physical suffering. That he escaped for the most part bodily violence is nothing to the purpose. It is the petty malignant annoyance recurring hour by hour, day by day, month by month, until its accumulation becomes an agony; it is this which is the most terrible weapon that boys have against their fellow boy, who is powerless to shun it because, unlike the man, he has virtually no privacy. His is the torture which the ancients used, when they anointed their victim with honey and exposed him naked to the restless fever of the flies. He is a little St Sebastian, sinking under the incessant flight of shafts which skilfully avoid the vital parts. We do not, therefore, suspect Shelley of exaggeration: he was, no doubt, in terrible misery. Those who think otherwise must forget their own past. Most people, we suppose, *must* forget what they were like when they were children: otherwise they would know that the griefs of their childhood were passionate abandonment, *déchirants* (to use a characteristically favourite phrase of modern French literature) as the griefs of their maturity. Children's griefs are little, certainly; but so is the child, so is its endurance, so is its field of vision, while its nervous im-

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pressionability is keener than ours. Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a gash is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble, or an Atlantic into Etna; both thimble and mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at *our* griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?

So beset, the child fled into the tower of his own soul, and raised the drawbridge. He threw out a reserve, encysted in which he grew to maturity unaffected by the intercourses that modify the maturity of others into the thing we call a man. The encysted child developed until it reached years of virility, until those later Oxford days in which Hogg encountered it; then, bursting at once from its cyst and the university, it swam into a world not illegitimately perplexed by such a whim of the gods. It was, of course, only the completeness and duration of this seclusion—lasting from the gate of boyhood to the threshold of youth—which was peculiar to Shelley. Most poets, probably, like most saints, are prepared for their mission by an initial segregation, as the seed is buried to germinate: before they can utter the oracle of poetry, they must first be divided from the body of men. It is the severed head that makes the seraph.

Shelley's life frequently exhibits in him the magnified child. It is seen in his fondness for apparently futile amusements, such as the sailing of paper boats. This was, in the truest sense of the word, child-like; not, as it is frequently called and considered, childish. That is to say, it was not a mindless triviality, but the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest; the same power, though differently devoted, which produced much of his poetry. Very possibly in the paper boat he saw the magic bark of Laon and Cythna, or

That thinnest boat
On which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her lunar cave.

In fact, if you mark how favourite an idea, under varying forms, is this in his verse, you will perceive that all the

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charmed boats which glide down the stream of his poetry are but glorified resurrections of the little paper argosies which trembled down the Isis. And the child appeared no less often in Shelley the philosopher than in Shelley the idler. It is seen in his repellent no less than in his amiable weaknesses; in the unteachable folly of a love that made its goal its starting-point, and firmly expected spiritual rest from each new divinity, though it had found none from the divinities antecedent. For we are clear that this was no mere straying of sensual appetite, but a straying, strange and deplorable, of the spirit; that (contrary to what Mr Coventry Patmore has said) he left a woman not because he was tired of her arms, but because he was tired of her soul. When he found Mary Shelley wanting, he seems to have fallen into the mistake of Wordsworth, who complained in a charming piece of unreasonableness that his wife's love, which had been a fountain, was now only a well.

Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

Wordsworth probably learned, what Shelley was incapable of learning, that love can never permanently be a fountain. A Catholic poet, in an article which you almost fear to breathe upon lest you should flutter some of the frail pastel-like bloom, has said the thing, "Love itself has tidal moments, lapses and flows due to the metrical rule of the interior heart."* Elementary reason should proclaim this true. Love is an affection, its display an emotion: love is the air, its display is the wind. An affection may be constant; an emotion can no more be constant than the wind can constantly blow. All, therefore, that a man can reasonably ask of his wife is that her love should be indeed a well. A well; but a Bethesda-well, into which from time to time the angel of tenderness descends to trouble the waters for the healing of the beloved. Such a love Shelley's second wife appears unquestionably to have given him. Nay, she was content that he should veer while she remained true;

**The Rhythm of Life*. By Alice Meynell.

Shelley

she companioned him intellectually, shared his views, entered into his aspirations, and yet—yet, even at the date of *Epipsychidion*, the foolish child, her husband, assigned her the part of moon to Emilia Viviani's sun, and lamented that he was barred from final, certain, irreversible happiness by a cold and callous society. Yet few poets were so mated before, and no poet was so mated afterwards, until Browning stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears.

In truth, his very unhappiness and discontent with life, in so far as it was not the inevitable penalty of the ethical anarchy, can only be ascribed to this same childlike irrationality—though in such a form it is irrationality hardly peculiar to Shelley. Pity, if you will, his spiritual ruins, and the neglected early training which was largely their cause; but the pity due to his outward circumstances has been strangely exaggerated. The obloquy from which he suffered he deliberately and wantonly courted. For the rest, his lot was one that many a young poet might envy. He had faithful friends, a faithful wife, an income small but assured. Poverty never dictated to his pen; the designs on his bright imagination were never etched by the sharp fumes of necessity. If, as has chanced to others—as chanced, for example, to Mangan—outcast from home, health and hope, with a charred past and a bleared future, an anchorite without detachment and self-cloistered without self-sufficingness, deposed from a world which he had not abdicated, pierced with thorns which formed no crown, a poet hopeless of the bays, and a martyr hopeless of the palm, a land cursed against the dews of love, an exile banned and proscribed even from the innocent arms of childhood—he were burning helpless at the stake of his unquenchable heart, then he might have been inconsolable, then might he have cast the gorge at life, then have cowered in the darkening chamber of his being, tapestried with mouldering hopes, and hearkened to the winds that swept across the illimitable wastes of death. But no such hapless lot was Shelley's as that of his own contemporaries—Keats, half-chewed in the jaws of London and

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spit dying on to Italy; De Quincey, who, if he escaped, escaped rent and maimed from those cruel jaws; Coleridge, whom they dully mumbled for the major portion of his life. Shelley had competence, poetry, love; yet he wailed that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care! Is it ever so with you, sad brother; is it ever so with me? and is there no drinking of pearls except they be dissolved in biting tears? "Which of us has his desire, or having it is satisfied?"

It is true that he shared the fate of nearly all the great poets contemporary with him, in being unappreciated. Like them, he suffered from critics who were for ever shearing the wild tresses of poetry between rusty rules, who could never see a literary bough project beyond the trim level of its day but they must lop it with a crooked criticism, who kept indomitably planting in the defile of fame the "established canons" that had been spiked by poet after poet. But we decline to believe that a singer of Shelley's calibre could be seriously grieved by want of vogue. Not that we suppose him to have found consolation in that senseless superstition, "the applause of posterity." Posterity, posterity! which goes to Rome, weeps large-sized tears, carves beautiful inscriptions, over the tomb of Keats; and the worm must wriggle her curt say to it all, since the dead boy, wherever he be, has quite other gear to tend. Never a bone less dry for all the tears! A poet must to some extent be a chameleon, and feed on air. But it need not be the musty breath of the multitude. He can find his needful support in the judgement of those whose judgement he knows valuable, and such support Shelley had:

La gloire

Ne compte pas toujours les voix;

Elle les pèse quelquefois.

Yet if this might be needful to him as support, neither this, nor the applause of the present, nor the applause of posterity, could have been needful to him as motive: the one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing is that expressed by Keats:

Shelley

I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.

Precisely so. The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song. No enmity of outward circumstances, therefore, but his own nature, was responsible for Shelley's doom.

A being with so much about it of childlike unreasonableness, and yet withal so much of the beautiful attraction luminous in a child's sweet unreasonableness, would seem fore-fated by its very essence to the transience of the bubble and the rainbow, of all things filmy and fair. Did some shadow of this destiny bear part in his sadness? Certain it is that, by a curious chance, he himself in *Julian and Maddalo* jestingly foretold the manner of his end. "Oho! You talk as in years past," said Maddalo (Byron) to Julian (Shelley); "If you can't swim, Beware of Providence." Did no unearthly *dixisti* sound in his ears as he wrote it? But a brief while, and Shelley, who could not swim, was weltering on the waters of Lerici. We know not how this may affect others, but over us it is a coincidence which has long tyrannized with an absorbing inveteracy of impression (strengthened rather than diminished by the contrast between the levity of the utterance and its fatal fulfilment)—thus to behold, heralding itself in warning mockery through the very lips of its predestined victim, the doom upon whose breath his locks were lifting along the coasts of Campania. The death which he had prophesied came upon him, and Spezzia enrolled another name among the mournful Marcelli of our tongue; Venetian glasses which foamed and burst before the poisoned wine of life had risen to their brims.

Coming to Shelley's poetry, we peep over the wild mask of revolutionary metaphysics, and we see the winsome face of the child. Perhaps none of his poems is more purely and typically Shelleian than *The Cloud*, and it is interesting to note how essentially it springs from the faculty of make-believe. The same thing is conspicuous, though less purely conspicuous, throughout his singing; it is the child's

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faculty of make-believe raised to the "nth" power. He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is the box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

This it was which, in spite of his essentially modern character as a singer, qualified Shelley to be the poet of *Prometheus Unbound*, for it made him, in the truest sense of the word, a mythological poet. This childlike quality assimilated him to the childlike peoples among whom mythologies have their rise. Those nature myths which, according to many, are the basis of all mythology, are likewise the very basis of Shelley's poetry. The lark that is the gossip of heaven, the winds that pluck the grey from the beards of the billows, the clouds that are snorted from the sea's broad nostril, all the elemental spirits of Nature, take from his verse perpetual incarnation and reincarnation, pass in a thousand glorious transmigrations through the radiant forms of his imagery. Thus, but not in the Wordsworthian sense, he is a veritable poet of Nature. For with Nature the Wordsworthians will admit no tampering: they exact the direct interpretative reproduction of her; that the poet should follow her as a mistress, not use her as a handmaid. To such following of Nature, Shelley felt no call. He saw in her not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a Coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces. Even in his descriptive passages the dream-character of his scenery is

Shelley

notorious; it is not the clear, recognizable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape that hovers athwart the heat and haze arising from his crackling fantasies. The materials for such visionary Edens have evidently been accumulated from direct experience, but they are recomposed by him into such scenes as never mortal eye beheld. "Don't you wish you had?" as Turner said. The one justification for classing Shelley with the Lake poet is that he loved Nature with a love even more passionate, though perhaps less profound. Wordsworth's *Nightingale and Stockdove* sums up the contrast between the two, as though it had been written for such a purpose. Shelley is the "creature of ebullient heart," who

Sings as if the god of wine
Had helped him to a valentine.

Wordsworth's is the

—Love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin and never ending,

the "serious faith and inward glee."

But if Shelley, instead of culling Nature, crossed with its pollen the blossoms of his own soul, that Babylonian garden is his marvellous and best apology. For astounding figurative opulence he yields only to Shakespeare, and even to Shakespeare not in absolute fecundity but in range of images. The sources of his figurative wealth are specialized, while the source of Shakespeare's are universal. It would have been as conscious an effort for him to speak without figure as it is for most men to speak with figure. Suspended in the dripping well of his imagination the commonest object becomes encrusted with imagery. Herein again he deviates from the true Nature poet, the normal Wordsworth type of Nature poet: imagery was to him not a mere means of expression, not even a mere means of adornment; it was a delight for its own sake. And herein we find the trail by which we would classify him. He belongs to a school of which not impossibly he may hardly have read a line—the Metaphysical School. To a large extent, he *is* what the Metaphysical School should have

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been. That school was a certain kind of poetry trying for a range. Shelley is the range found. Crashaw and Shelley sprang from the same seed; but in the one case the seed was choked with thorns, in the other case it fell on good ground. The Metaphysical School was in its direct results an abortive movement, though indirectly much came of it—for Dryden came of it. Dryden, to a greater extent than is (we imagine) generally perceived, was Cowley systematized; and Cowley, who sank into the arms of Dryden, rose from the lap of Donne. But the movement was so abortive that few will thank us for connecting with it the name of Shelley. This is because to most people the Metaphysical School means Donne, whereas it ought to mean Crashaw. We judge the direction of a development by its highest form, though that form may have been produced but once, and produced imperfectly. Now the highest product of the Metaphysical School was Crashaw, and Crashaw was a Shelley *manqué*; he never reached the Promised Land, but he had fervid visions of it. The Metaphysical School, like Shelley, loved imagery for its own sake: and how beautiful a thing the frank toying with imagery may be, let *The Skylark* and *The Cloud* witness. It is only evil when the poet, on the straight way to a fixed object, lags continually from the path to play. This is commendable neither in poet nor errand-boy. The Metaphysical School failed, not because it toyed with imagery, but because it toyed with it frostily. To sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness, exactly as your relation to Neæra is that of heartless gallantry or of love. So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well go write acrostics: or you may toy with it in raptures, and then you may write a *Sensitive Plant*. In fact, the Metaphysical poets when they went astray cannot be said to have done anything so dainty as is implied by *toying* with imagery. They cut into shapes with a pair of scissors. From all such danger Shelley was saved by his passionate spontaneity; no trappings are too splendid for the swift steeds of sunrise. His sword-hilt may be rough

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with jewels, but it is the hilt of an Excalibur. His thoughts scorch through all the folds of expression. His cloth of gold bursts at the flexures, and shows the naked poetry.

It is this gift of not merely embodying but apprehending everything in figure which co-operates towards creating one of his rarest characteristics, so almost preternaturally developed in no other poet, namely, his well-known power to condense the most hydrogenic abstraction. Science can now educe threads of such exquisite tenuity that only the feet of the tiniest infant-spiders can ascend them; but up the filmiest insubstantiality Shelley runs with agile ease. To him, in truth, nothing is abstract. The dustiest abstractions

Start, and tremble under his feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

The coldest moon of an idea rises haloed through his vaporous imagination. The dimmest-sparked chip of a conception blazes and scintillates in the subtile oxygen of his mind. The most wrinkled Æson of an abstruseness leaps rosy out of his bubbling genius. In a more intensified signification than it is probable that Shakespeare dreamed of, Shelley gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Here afresh he touches the Metaphysical School, whose very title was drawn from this habitual pursuit of abstractions, and who failed in that pursuit from the one cause omnipresent with them, because in all their poetic smithy they had left never a place for a forge. They laid their fancies chill on the anvil. Crashaw, indeed, partially anticipated Shelley's success, and yet further did a later poet, so much further that we find it difficult to understand why a generation that worships Shelley should be reviving Gray, yet almost forget the name of Collins. The generality of readers, when they know him at all, usually know him by his *Ode on the Passions*. In this, despite its beauty, there is still a *soupsçon* of formalism, a lingering trace of powder from the eighteenth-century periwig, dimming the bright locks of poetry. Only the literary student reads that little masterpiece, the *Ode to Evening*,

Shelley

which sometimes heralds the Shelleian strain, while other passages are the sole things in the language comparable to the miniatures of *Il Penseroso*. Crashaw, Collins, Shelley—three ricochets of the one pebble, three jets from three bounds of the one Pegasus. Collins' Pity, "with eyes of dewy light," is near of kin to Shelley's Sleep, "the filmy-eyed"; and the "shadowy tribes of mind" are the lineal progenitors of "Thought's crowned powers." This, however, is personification, wherein both Collins and Shelley build on Spenser: the dizzying achievement to which the modern poet carried personification accounts for but a moiety, if a large moiety, of his vivifying power over abstractions. Take the passage (already alluded to) in that glorious chorus telling how the Hours come:

From the temples high
Of man's ear and eye
Roofed over Sculpture and Poetry,
From the skiey towers
Where Thought's crowned powers
Sit watching your flight, ye happy Hours.

Our feet now, every palm,
Are sandalled with calm,
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
And within our eyes
The human love lies
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

Any partial explanation will break in our hands before it reaches the root of such a power. The root, we take it, is this. He had an instinctive perception (immense in range and fertility, astonishing for its delicate intuition) of the underlying analogies, the secret subterranean passages, between matter and soul; the chromatic scales, whereat we dimly guess, by which the Almighty modulates through all the keys of creation. Because the more we consider it the more likely does it appear, that Nature is but an imperfect actress, whose constant changes of dress never change her manner and method, who is the same in all her parts. To Shelley's ethereal vision the most rarified

Shelley

mental or spiritual music traced its beautiful corresponding forms on the sand of outward things. He stood thus at the very junction—lines of the visible and invisible—and could shift the points as he willed. His thoughts became a mounted infantry, passing with baffling swiftness from horse to foot or foot to horse. He could express as he listed the material and the immaterial in terms of each other. Never has a poet in the past rivalled him as regards this gift, and hardly will any poet rival him as regards it in the future: men are like first to see the promised doom lay its hand on the tree of heaven, and shake down the golden leaves.*

The finest specimens of this faculty are probably to be sought in that Shelleian treasury, *Prometheus Unbound*. It is unquestionably the greatest and most prodigal exhibition of Shelley's powers, this amazing lyric world, where immortal clarities sigh past in the perfumes of the blossoms, populate the breathings of the breeze, throng and twinkle in the leaves that twirl upon the bough; where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air. The final scenes especially are such a Bacchic reel and rout and revelry of beauty as leaves one staggered and giddy; poetry is spilt like wine, music runs to drunken waste. The choruses sweep down the wind, tirelessly, flight after flight, till the breathless soul almost cries for respite from the unrolling splendours. Yet these scenes, so wonderful from a purely poetical standpoint that no one could wish them away, are (to our humble thinking) nevertheless the artistic error of the poem. Abstractedly, the development of Shelley's idea required that he should show the earthly paradise which was to follow the fall of Zeus. But dramatically with that fall the action ceases, and the drama should have ceased with it. A final chorus, or choral series, of rejoicings (such as does ultimately end the drama where Prometheus appears on the scene) would have been legitimate enough. Instead, however, the bewildered reader

*"And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind" (Rev. vi, 13).

Shelley

finds the drama unfolding itself through scene after scene which leaves the action precisely where it found it, because there is no longer an action to advance. It is as if the choral *finale* of an opera were prolonged through two acts.

We have, nevertheless, called *Prometheus* Shelley's greatest poem because it is the most comprehensive store-house of his power. Were we asked to name the most *perfect* among his longer efforts, we should name the poem in which he lamented Keats; under the shed petals of his lovely fancy giving the slain bird a silken burial. Seldom is the death of a poet mourned in true poetry. Not often is the singer coffined in laurel-wood. Among the very few exceptions to such a rule, the greatest is *Adonais*. In the English language only *Lycidas* competes with it; and when we prefer *Adonais* to *Lycidas*, we are following the precedent set in the case of Cicero: *Adonais* is the longer. As regards command over abstraction, it is no less characteristically Shelleian than *Prometheus*. It is throughout a series of abstractions vitalized with daring exquisiteness, from

Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day,

to the Dreams that were the flock of the dead shepherd,

Whom near the streams
Of his young spirit he kept;

of whom one sees, as she hangs mourning over him,

Upon the silken fringe of his fair eyes
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain!
Lost angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
She faded like a cloud that hath outwept its rain.

In the solar spectrum, beyond the extreme red and extreme violet rays, are whole series of colours, demonstrable, but imperceptible to gross human vision. Such writing as

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this we have quoted renders visible the invisibilities of imaginative colour.

One thing prevents *Adonais* from being ideally perfect: its lack of Christian hope. Yet we remember well the writer of a popular memoir on Keats proposing as "the best consolation for the mind pained by this sad record" Shelley's inexpressibly sad exposition of Pantheistic immortality.

He is a portion of that loveliness
Which once he made more lovely, etc.

What utter desolation can it be that discerns comfort in this hope, whose wan countenance is as the countenance of a despair? Nay, was not indeed *wanhope* the Saxon for despair? What deepest depth of agony is it that finds consolation in this immortality: an immortality which thrusts you into death, the maw of Nature, that your dissolved elements may circulate through her veins?

Yet such, the poet tells me, is my sole balm for the hurts of life. I am as the vocal breath floating from an organ. I too shall fade on the winds, a cadence soon forgotten. So I dissolve and die, and am lost in the ears of men: the particles of my being twine in newer melodies, and from my one death arise a hundred lives. Why, through the thin partition of this consolation Pantheism can hear the groans of its neighbour, Pessimism. Better almost the black resignation which the fatalist draws from his own hopelessness, from the fierce kisses of misery that hiss against his tears.

With some gleams, it is true, of more than mock solace *Adonais* is lighted; but they are obtained by implicitly assuming the personal immortality which the poem explicitly denies; as when, for instance, to greet the dead youth,

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their seats, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent.

And again the final stanza of the poem:

Shelley

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given:
The massy earth, the sphered skies are riven;
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar,
Where, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais like a star
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

The soul of Adonais? Adonais, who is but

A portion of that loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.

After all, to finish where we began, perhaps the poems on which the lover of Shelley leans most lovingly, which he has oftenest in his mind, which best represent Shelley to him, and which he instinctively reverts to when Shelley's name is mentioned, are some of the shorter poems and detached lyrics. Here Shelley forgets for a while all that ever makes his verse turbid; forgets that he is anything but a poet, forgets sometimes that he is anything but a child; lies back in his skiff, and looks at the clouds. He plays truant from earth, slips through the wicket of fancy into heaven's meadow, and goes gathering stars. Here we have that absolute virgin-gold of song which is the scarcest among human products, and for which we can go to but three poets—Coleridge, Shelley, Chopin,* and perhaps we should add Keats:—*Christabel* and *Kubla-Khan*; *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, and *The Sensitive Plant* (in its first two parts); *The Eve of Saint Agnes* and *The Nightingale*; certain of the Nocturnes; these things make very quintessentialized loveliness. It is attar of poetry.

Remark, as a thing worth remarking, that, although Shelley's diction is at other times singularly rich, it ceases in these poems to be rich, or to obtrude itself at all; it is imperceptible; his Muse has become a veritable Echo, whose body has dissolved from about her voice. Indeed, when his diction is richest, nevertheless the poetry so

*Such analogies between masters in sister-arts are often interesting. In some respects, is not Brahms the Browning of music?

Shelley

dominates the expression that we only feel the latter as an atmosphere until we are satiated with the former; then we discover with surprise to how imperial a vesture we had been blinded by gazing on the face of his song. A lesson, this, deserving to be conned by a generation so opposite in tendency as our own: a lesson that in poetry, as in the Kingdom of God, we should not take thought too greatly wherewith we shall be clothed, but seek first* the spirit, and all these things will be added unto us.

On the marvellous music of Shelley's verse we need not dwell, except to note that he avoids that metronomic beat of rhythm which Edgar Poe introduced into modern lyric measures, as Pope introduced it into the rhyming heroics of his day. Our varied metres are becoming as painfully over-polished as Pope's one metre. Shelley could at need sacrifice smoothness to fitness. He could write an anapæst that would send Mr Swinburne into strong shudders (e.g., "stream did glide") when he instinctively felt that by so forgoing the more obvious music of melody he would better secure the higher music of harmony. If we have to add that in other ways he was far from escaping the defects of his merits, and would sometimes have to acknowledge that his Nilotic flood too often overflowed its banks, what is this but saying that he died young?

It may be thought that in our casual comments on Shelley's life we have been blind to its evil side. That, however, is not the case. We see clearly that he committed grave sins, and one cruel crime; but we remember also that he was an Atheist from his boyhood; we reflect how gross must have been the moral neglect in the training of a child who *could* be an Atheist from his boyhood: and we decline to judge so unhappy a being by the rules which we should apply to a Catholic. It seems to us that Shelley was struggling—blindly, weakly, stumblingly, but still struggling—towards higher things. His Pantheism is an indication of it. Pantheism is a half-way house, and marks ascent or descent according to the direction from which it is approached. Now Shelley came to it from absolute

*Seek *first*, not seek *only*

Shelley

Atheism; therefore in his case, it meant rise. Again, his poetry alone would lead us to the same conclusion, for we do not believe that a truly corrupted spirit can write consistently ethereal poetry. We should believe in nothing, if we believed that, for it would be the consecration of a lie. Poetry is a thermometer: by taking its average height you can estimate the normal temperature of its writer's mind. The devil can do many things. But the devil cannot write poetry. He may mar a poet, but he cannot make a poet. Among all the temptations wherewith he tempted St Anthony, though we have often seen it stated that he howled, we have never seen it stated that he sang.

Shelley's anarchic principles were as a rule held by him with some misdirected view to truth. He disbelieved in kings. And is it not a mere fact—regret it if you will—that in all European countries, except two, monarchs are a mere survival, the obsolete buttons on the coat-tails of rule, which serve no purpose but to be continually coming off? It is a miserable thing to note how every little Balkan State, having obtained liberty (save the mark!) by Act of Congress, straightway proceeds to secure the service of a professional king. These gentlemen are plentiful in Europe. They are the “noble Chairmen” who lend their names for a consideration to any enterprising company which may be speculating in Liberty. When we see these things, we revert to the old lines in which Persius tells how you cannot turn Dama into a freeman by twirling him round with your finger and calling him Marcus Dama. Again, Shelley desired a religion of humanity, and that meant, to him, a religion for humanity, a religion which, unlike the spectral Christianity about him, should permeate and regulate the whole organization of men. And the feeling is one with which a Catholic must sympathize, in an age where—if we may say so without irreverence—the Almighty has been made a constitutional Deity, with certain state-grants of worship, but no influence over political affairs. In these matters his aims were generous, if his methods were perniciously mistaken. In his theory of Free Love alone, borrowed like the rest from the Revolu-

Shelley

tion, his aim was as mischievous as his method. At the same time he was at least logical. His theory was repulsive, but comprehensible. Whereas from our present *via media*—facilitation of divorce—can only result the era when the young lady in reduced circumstances will no longer turn governess, but will be open to engagement as wife at a reasonable stipend.

We spoke of the purity of Shelley's poetry. We know of but three passages to which exception can be taken. One is happily hidden under a heap of Shelleian rubbish. Another is offensive because it presents his theory of Free Love in its most odious form. The third is very much a matter, we think, for the individual conscience. Compare with this the genuinely corrupt Byron, through the cracks and fissures of whose heaving versification steam up perpetually the sulphurous vapours from his central iniquity. We cannot credit that any Christian ever had his faith shaken through reading Shelley, unless his faith were shaken before he read Shelley. Is any safely-havened bark likely to slip its cable, and make for a flag planted on the very reef where the planter himself was wrecked?

Why indeed (one is tempted to ask in concluding) should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges, the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature? Is it that (by some subtile mystery of analogy), sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud; that as from sun and dew are born the vapours, so from fire and tears ascend the “visions of aerial joy”; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefields of the soul; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain charm-poisoned at their base? Such a poet, it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal

*We hope that we need not refer the reader, for the methods of magic architecture, to Ariosto and that Atlas among enchanter, Beckford.

Shelley

wonder. The god of golden song is the god, too, of the golden sun; so peradventure songlight is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet. Less tragic in its merely temporal aspect than the life of Keats or Coleridge, the life of Shelley in its moral aspect is, perhaps, more tragical than that of either; his dying seems a myth, a figure of his living; the material shipwreck a figure of the immaterial.

Enchanted child, born into a world unchildlike; spoiled darling of Nature, playmate of her elemental daughters; "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," laired amidst the burning fastnesses of his own fervid mind; bold foot along the verges of precipitous dream, light leaper from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering Genius, whose soul rose like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it;—he is shrunk into the little vessel of death, and sealed with the unshatterable seal of doom, and cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time. Mighty meat for little guests, when the heart of Shelley was laid in the cemetery of Caius Cestius! Beauty, music, sweetness, tears, the mouth of the worm has fed of them all. Into that sacred bridal-gloom of death where he holds his nuptials with eternity let not our rash speculations follow him; let us hope rather that as, amidst material nature, where our dull eyes see only ruin, the finer eye of science has discovered life in putridity and vigour in decay, seeing dissolution even and disintegration, which in the mouth of man symbolize disorder, to be in the works of God undeviating order, and the manner of our corruption to be no less wonderful than the manner of our health,—so amidst the supernatural universe some tender undreamed surprise of life in doom awaited that wild nature, which, worn by warfare with itself, its Maker, and all the world, now

Sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE COMING EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS

AMONG the many illustrious converts who accompanied John Henry Newman into the Catholic Church, few have greater claims upon our admiration and reverence than John Bernard Dalgairns. A man of powerful and subtle intellect, disciplined by the training and enriched by the culture of Oxford, well versed in the literature of modern Europe and—rare distinction among Englishmen—an accomplished metaphysician, he was also a deeply read theologian, an impressive, nay, we may say, a soul-subduing, preacher, and a profound master of the spiritual life, the ghostly father and guide of countless penitents. For literary fame, which he might have easily earned in ample measure, he cared nothing; but he has left us a book, unique of its kind, which may be deemed an abiding possession for English-speaking Catholics. He was well known by his brethren and friends to possess a special devotion to the Sacrament of the Altar: and into his work *The Holy Communion* he has poured the treasures of his piety, his philosophy, his erudition; his knowledge of human nature and his experience of divine grace. When I first heard of the approaching Eucharistic Congress, my mind naturally reverted to him. I thought how deeply interested, how devoutly thankful, he would have been if so great an event had come to pass while he was still with us.

For indeed it is a great event: the most striking, perhaps, in the history of the Catholic Church in England since the so-called Reformation. Seventeen years ago the Eucharistic Congress was initiated by Mgr de Ségur, and it was at Lille on the 21st of June, 1881, that it first assembled, just nineteen days after that holy and humble man of heart—whom to know ever so slightly was to venerate and to love—had gone to his eternal reward. Since then it has met in Avignon, in Liège, in Freiburg, in Toulouse, in Paris, in Antwerp, in Jerusalem, in

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Rheims, in Paray-le-Monial, in Brussels, in Lourdes, in Angers, in Namur, in Angoulême, in Rome, in Tournay, in Metz: and now, on the invitation of the Archbishop of Westminster, its solemnities and conferences will be held in London. Each year its success has been increasingly marked: and we may be confident that this year there will be no falling off. Seven Princes of the Church, more than sixty Archbishops and Bishops, and a great multitude of priests and laymen, from all parts of the world, have already signified their intention of being present. That such a gathering should take place in this Protestant land gives rise to reflections which are well nigh overwhelming. Little more than a century intervenes between us and the time when the penal enactments against our religion were in full force: when it was treason for a Catholic priest to breathe in this country: when to say Mass was an offence punishable with perpetual imprisonment. If we take up our *Garden of the Soul*, it is well to remember amid what tribulation the book so dear to us was composed by its venerable author. "For the space of seven years especially (1765-1778)," we are told by his biographer, "scarcely a week passed without news being brought to him either of some priest arrested, or some trial to come off, or bail to be furnished, or of a fresh invasion of a Catholic Chapel by spies and informers." And if we ascend further the stream of time, we find that every page of English history from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of Charles II is stained with the blood of Martyrs whose sole offence was the Mass. A great, a marvellous change, indeed, from those days of storm and stress to this second spring when in the magnificent fane, due to the piety of Cardinal Vaughan and the genius of John Francis Bentley, thousands will be seen, zealous to spread the Eucharistic faith for which those holy men died—and died not in vain! On a memorable occasion John Henry Newman cried out, "Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our Martyrs, three centuries ago, and since, will never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer

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for no end? or rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished? The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the cauldron, the numberless tortures of those holy victims, are they to have no reward? Is this thy way, O my God, righteous and true?" No: that is not the way of the King of Saints. Those martyrs of the Eucharistic faith sowed in tears. We, their far off spiritual progeny, reap in joy. Surely we must believe that from their anguish and blood, their good confession, their heroic virtue, will spring an abundant harvest of which this Eucharistic Congress may be regarded as a kind of first fruits.

Such reflections would seem to be a fitting preparation for the august assemblies of next September. But we may go back further in thought than those days of sacrilege and slaughter, of rebuke and blasphemy. With Father Dalgairns let us recall an earlier time "when every man, woman and child from John o' Groat's House to Solway Firth, and even to the Land's End of Cornwall, was naturally, by birthright and without effort, a believer in the Blessed Sacrament." And if we ask with him, "Is this state of things for ever passed?" we must reply with him, "God knows: but meanwhile there is one thing which we can do. Let each of us do his best to make the Blessed Sacrament better known." That, I take it, is the practical end of the great Congress at which we are to assist. It aims at enkindling the devotion of Catholics to "Word made Flesh and dwelling among us." It aims, too, assuredly, at the missionary work of winning to our Eucharistic belief those who are not of the household of faith. To quote again from Father Dalgairns's beautiful pages—too little known, even to Catholics—"Wherever is the Church, there is to be the Blessed Sacrament. Widespread as the Blood of the New Testament must be, not its effect, but itself. Not only is the Body of Jesus to be like a single flame, whose hearth is one place, and which miraculously spreads its heat everywhere and vivifies all that lives, but the same identical flame is to be

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lit up in far distant spots all over God's earth: on the mountain top and in the valley: in the forest and in the plain: in the solitude and in the city. There is to be no Jerusalem, no Holy of Holies for it. It is to be confined to no favoured zone. Its object is the union of the Body of Jesus with all the beings of the race of men: and wherever is a single human heart, there also must reach the Blessed Sacrament: and this not for one generation, but to the end of time."

Such, as a matter of historical fact, has ever been the idea of the Blessed Sacrament in the Christian Church. From the very first it has been the life and light of the faithful: *the* act of worship, *the* supreme function of religion: *the* bond of unity: the one thing needful. How wonderfully was this seen when the heathen furiously raged together, and the gates of hell sought in vain to prevail against the Divine City founded on the rock of Peter.

The moment that the Church was declared to be in a state of persecution [writes Father Dalgairns], the first act of the bishop was to distribute the Blessed Sacrament amongst the faithful, that they might take our Lord to their homes, and communicate themselves as they pleased with their own hands. Men and women thus carried home the Body of Jesus. So much was this distribution the acknowledged and official declaration that the Church was in a state of persecution, that, in after times, heretics, in order to proclaim that they were persecuted by Catholics, were known to distribute the Blessed Sacrament, to be carried away by the members of their sect. Our Lord set no bounds to the prodigality with which He gave Himself to Christians in those awful times; and the Church knew His mind so well that the utmost latitude was then allowed, both in the celebration of Mass and the conveyance of the Holy Eucharist. Priests crowded into the dungeons, at the risk of their lives, to offer up the sacrifice for the poor sufferers in prison. St Lucian, a priest of Antioch, afterwards martyred at Nicomedia, because he had no altar, lay down in the prison, and offered Mass on his own bosom to give Communion to the prisoners. The Blessed Sacrament was entrusted to anyone, in order to be conveyed to those who were unable to be present at Mass. A young acolyte, Tharcisius, was thus carrying it, when he was attacked and beaten to death by the pagans. Every one knows the instance quoted in

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Eusebius from St Denis of Alexandria. A poor man named Serapion, who had fallen away in a time of persecution, was on his death-bed. The priest, unable to carry the Viaticum to him, gave it to a child, who conveyed and administered it to the dying man. Amidst their profound sorrows and bloody trials, there is a strange joy in their hearts which radiates from the Holy Communion. Amongst the scanty relics which remain of them, the chalices of glass, stamped with the effigy of the Good Shepherd, in which the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb was offered up, figure by the side of the instruments of torture, bought after the martyr's death from the executioners. The lyre of joy and the anchor of hope are engraved on their rings, and bear testimony to their interior happiness in the midst of the terrible temptations of the time of persecution. The idea of death is effaced by the hope of a joyful resurrection; and the uppermost thought in their minds is, that the Holy Communion, which they have so often received, is the seed of immortality, the pledge of everlasting life.

A strange time of fiery trial, and far removed from the peaceful scenes in which our lot is cast. But, as Father Dalgairns points out elsewhere in his book, "the age in which we live is far more like the first age of Christianity than like the Church of St Gregory VII. Surely the tone of society in which we are, resembles that of the Romans of the time of Commodus rather than that of the Crusades. True there is no persecution: but for that very reason the world is a hundredfold more dangerous. What will save us from it? Nothing but love: and where shall we find love except in frequent Communion?" And, further, Father Dalgairns indicates another reason why devotion to the Holy Eucharist is of supreme value in this country. "It seems to me," he writes, "as if to us in England the Blessed Sacrament was even more than it is elsewhere. All our ancient shrines have long ago been destroyed, and the relics of our saints scattered to the winds. How different is the aspect of a Catholic country! . . . Every walk may be a pilgrimage; there are wayside chapels and crucifixes, and the place is poor indeed which has not a shrine of our Lady within reasonable distance. But where is an Englishman to take repose from the hurry of this restless vortex

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of the world? Where but at the feet of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament?"

Of course the words which I have cited from Father Dalgairns were written specially for Catholics. And it was principally for Catholics that the Eucharistic Congress was founded. But, as I have intimated, it has a work to do for Protestants also, and especially for English Protestants. Nothing is more curious—and I will add more hopeful—than the change which has come over a large section of the Anglican body in its attitude towards the Sacrament of the Altar. As we all know, the crowning sacrilege of the movement in this country which is so strangely called the Reformation, was to desecrate and break down our altars and to expel the very idea of the Pure Oblation offered on them. I say "the crowning sacrilege," for as Sandar tells us in his *De Schismate Anglicano*, Henry VIII, the author of that vast iniquity, preserved, amid his lust and rapine and murders, his faith in the Blessed Sacrament. To the end his reverence for it was most profound. It was reserved for an even worse man, the archapostate Cranmer, to mutilate both the Missal and the Ordinal, and so to deprive future generations in our country of true priests and a true Eucharist. And, speaking generally, we may say that up to the date of the Oxford Movement the essential idea of the Sacrament of the Altar had died out in the Anglican communion, even the "highest," as the phrase is, of its divines holding the doctrine formulated in the well-known words of Keble: "Present in the heart, not in the hands." How could it have been otherwise when the same legislature which in one statute set up the Established Church, in another proscribed the Mass? When the Sacrifices of Masses were declared in the Anglican symbol to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits"? When the chief divines of the so-called Reformation vied with one another in foul abuse of "the mystery of faith," and jeered at the "bread God" of Catholics? But one note of the Anglican revival is the resuscitation of the idea of the Eucharistic Sacrifice: and it is most pathetic, as well as most curious, to observe

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in what ways this is exhibited. I remember a most excellent clergyman of the Church of England, now no more, taking leave of me one Sunday morning with the words, "Now I am going to say Mass." I could not help replying, "It is a good thing for you that you are not living in the eighteenth century, or that declaration might have cost you dear. Do you not know that under a statute of William III saying Mass was punishable with perpetual imprisonment? It is true that Lord Mansfield, in a memorable case, characterized the Mass—and every one then held that view—as 'probably the only act peculiar to the Papist clergy,' and required proof of ordination by a Papist bishop, in order to conviction of the offence of saying it: so there would have been a loophole for you." "Ah," he replied, airily, "those were the days of ignorance." I rejoined, "But are not these the days of credulity when Anglican clergymen can suppose that their predecessors from Elizabeth to Victoria, who, if *they* are priests, must have been priests too, said Mass *unconsciously* at their occasional celebrations of their Communion? for certainly they were as far as possible removed from intending to say it, and would have repudiated with much warmth the charge of having done so. Surely history, as well as common sense, is against you." But the church-going bell stopped, and he went his way, unconvinced, of course. And I was inclined to feel sorry that I had distressed him in vain—the more especially as, like so many of his brethren, he was unconsciously making straight, as may be hoped, the paths for the Catholic faith, by putting before his people the Eucharistic idea. But controversy in itself, perhaps, profiteth little. More converts, as I believe, are made by the Blessed Sacrament itself, than by discussions about It. One of the purest—I might say, most angelical—beings I have ever met in my earthly pilgrimage, was thus led irresistibly to the Catholic Church. She felt "a Presence not to be put by" in the Tabernacle: Something, absent from the Anglican worship, which drew her as with the cords of Adam. Of dogma she knew little: of controversy, nothing: she dwelt in a region where the

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strife of tongues does not enter. Cardinal Newman, who received her, said, "It is enough: cor ad cor loquitur." Such converts, indeed, are the best—and they are numerous—because they are made directly by the Invisible King:

Still to the lowly Soul
He doth Himself impart:
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

W. S. LILLY

GOOD FRIDAY'S HOOPOE

ON the holiest day of the holy seven,
As the Powers of Evil strove
With the Son of Man come down from Heaven,
We walked in the silver grove.

Like a dart from the north to the south it flew,
Gray bird of the red-gold crest;
Ah! then we remembered what once we knew,
How it went on a holy quest.

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Three birds of the northern world took wing
When they knew the Lord would die,
Their best of feathery help to bring
In His long agony.

The Straightbill in his weed of brown,
The Robin Whitebreast too,
And a little gray bird of no renown,
The gray and black Hoopoe.

They came to the land of sand and stone:
Christ Jesu nailed to tree!
Fierce blazed the sun; they heard him groan,
Heard Paynims' mockery.

Quoth Whitebreast: "I will staunch the blood
That flows from His wounds so red":
Quoth Straightbill: "Mine the hardihood
To pluck the thorns from His head."

Quoth the gray Hoopoe: "I will fly before
His kind eyes and the sun,
To shield His face whom I adore
Until the Day be done."

Good Friday's Hoopoe

And thus did they, and when Lord Christ
Of Whitebreast's deed was ware,
Quoth He unto the Robin Whitebreast:
"Of Me thou hast had care.

"Now what can I do for thee, Robin dear?
What wouldest thou for reward?—
Ask what thou wilt withouten fear,
Of Jesus Christ thy Lord."

Quoth Whitebreast: "Sir, my breast is red
With Thy dear blood this day:
These feathers where Thy blood was shed
I would they were red away."

"So be it," answered the Lord Christ,
"Red shall thy breast remain,
Ay, red for ever the Robin's Red Breast
That strove to lull My pain."

"And thou that pluckest thorn on thorn
From the crown upon My brow—
Bent is thy beak, thy plumage torn,
What guerdon askest thou?"

Quoth Straightbill on the thornless crown:
"I would my bill were crossed
Always, and changed my robe of brown—
Lest the memory be lost."

Quoth Jesu Christ the Lord: "Thy beak
For ever crossed shall be,
And pink the Crossbill's plumes that streak
The drops that came from Me."

Then Jesus looked on the Hoopoe
That ever with brave gray wing
As a shield of love before Him flew,
A gray shield quivering.

Good Friday's Hoopoe

"And thou, Hoopoe, that long hast flown
Betwixt Me and the sun,
Right dear thy small gray form hath grown,
A great reward hast won."

"Sir," quoth the Hoopoe, "nought for me
I crave but to remain
The little gray bird that shielded Thee
And strove to ease Thy pain."

Quoth Jesus: "Bird, thou hast chosen best,
Let the rays thou hast kept from Me,
For ever in thy plumèd crest
Shine for a memory."

Thus spake the Christ, Theresa dear,
Unto the gray Hoopoe
That on the holiest day of the year
Through the silvery olives flew.

DOUGLAS AINSLIE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures. By Mrs Mary Baker A. Eddy. 250th thousand. Boston, U.S.A.: Joseph Armstrong. 1902. [This book is described as "the Text-Book of Christian Science," and is bound and printed so as, more or less, to resemble the New Testament.]

IT has been well said that one of the strongest arguments, on the human side, for the Divine Mission of the Catholic Church is the fact that she survived the Renaissance. It may be said, in a parallel sense, that one of the best credentials of "Christian Science" is the fact that it has been propagated by Mrs Eddy's writings. It is impossible to describe the confusion of mind that falls upon the student of *Science and Health*; the quasi-philosophical phraseology of the book, the abuse of terms, the employment of ambiguous words at crucial points, the character of the exegesis, the broken-backed paradoxes, the astonishing language, the egotism—all these things, and many more, end by producing in the mind a symptom resembling that which neuritis produces in the body, namely, the sense that an agonizing abnormality is somewhere about, whether in the writings or in the reader it is uncertain. Finally, when the book is laid down, the reader reflects upon the fact that "Christian Science" is declared, by even such a clear-headed thinker as Mr Clemens in his book on the subject, seriously to threaten the Catholic system; since it already numbers probably hundreds of thousands of adherents, of all classes, both educated and uneducated; since it has built innumerable "churches," has raised incalculable funds, and produces, both in America and in England, an unbounded enthusiasm amongst its professors. (I entreat readers of this article to study the characteristic extracts given below, and then to ponder what Mr Clemens has said. I have done my utmost not to treat them unfairly by depriving them of any context that could possibly illuminate or correct their meaning.)*

*Extracts from *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*:

"Man in the likeness of God, as revealed in Science, cannot help being

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This phenomenon, then—the success of the system under these circumstances—is probably the weightiest argument that can be advanced in Mrs Eddy's favour; it is far more remarkable than any miracle of faith-healing such as those she claims to have performed, for she has done more than mend broken tissues by an application of mind, she has mended broken minds by an application of non-sense. There seems no doubt of this. It is within the writer's own experience that she has given purpose and determination to the feeble, enthusiasm to the lukewarm and hope to the hopeless; she has done even more than this, she has given a consciousness of the spiritual to the convinced materialist.

Now it is not the object of this paper to discuss Mrs Eddy's philosophical and religious system, although, as will be indicated later, there would seem to be need for an exhaustive study of this kind. Hitherto, however, there has not been a single independent thinker, whether philosopher or theologian, who has even dreamed of taking her seriously. The danger does not lie in her theories, but in

immortal. Though the grass seemeth to wither and the flower to fade, they reappear. Erase the figures which express number, silence the tones of music, give to the worms the body called man, and yet the producing, governing Divine Principle lives on—in the one case as truly as in the other—despite the so-called laws of matter, which define man as mortal. Though the inharmony resulting from material sense hides the harmony of Science, it cannot destroy the Divine Principle thereof. In Science, man's immortality depends on that of God, good, and follows it as a necessary consequence" [Explanatory heading, "Mind's manifestations immortal"], p. 81.

"You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. The boil simply manifests your belief in pain, through inflammation and swelling; and you call this belief a boil. Now administer mentally to your patient a high attenuation of truth on this subject, and it will soon cure the boil. The fact that pain cannot exist where there is no mortal mind to feel it, is a proof that this so-called mind makes its own pain—that is, its own *belief* in pain" [Explanatory heading, "Origin of pain"], p. 153.

"Called to the bed of death, what material remedy have we, when all such remedies have already failed? Spirit is our last resort; but it should have been our first and only resort, not the last. The dream of death is to be mastered by mind here or hereafter. Thought will waken from its own

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her practice; not in the form of thought in which she precipitates her mind, but in the undoubted power that lies beneath it, proved plainly enough by her success.

From the fact of this startling success, as from the success of any movement however grotesque, it is only possible to draw the conclusion that she has hit, in some degree at least, upon a neglected or an overlaid truth, some point on which she has succeeded in tapping one of the deep underground principles that, however they may be denied or ignored by those to whom she appeals, yet have an immense influence upon unconscious thought. A parallel phenomenon made its appearance some years ago under the auspices of another woman, Madame Blavatsky; Theosophy flourished also in English-speaking countries, material declaration, 'I am dead,' to catch this trumpet-word of truth, 'There is no death, no inaction, over-action or re-action,'" p. 427.

"A thorough perusal of the author's publications heals sickness. If patients sometimes seem worse while reading this book, the change may either arise from the alarm of the physician, or mark the crisis of the disease. Perseverance in its perusal has generally healed them completely," p. 446.

Exegesis of Gen. i, 10: *And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called He Seas; and God saw that it was good.*

"Here the human concept and Divine idea seem confused by the translator, but they are not so in the scientifically Christian meaning of the text. Upon Adam devolves the pleasurable task of finding names for all material things; but Adam has not yet appeared in the narrative. In metaphor, the *dry land* illustrates the absolute formations instituted by mind, while *water* symbolizes its elements. Spirit duly feeds and clothes every object, as it appears in the line of creation, so that it may express the fatherhood and motherhood of God. Spirit names and blesses all. Without natures particularly defined, all things would be alike, and creation full of nameless children—wanderers from the parent Mind, strangers in a tangled wilderness," p. 507.

"The word Adam is from the Hebrew *adamah*, signifying the *red colour of the ground, dust, nothingness*. Divide the name Adam into two syllables, and it reads, *a dam*, or obstruction. This suggests the thought of something fluid, of mortal mind in solution; it further suggests the thought of that 'darkness . . . upon the face of the deep,' when matter or dust was deemed the agent of Deity in creating man—when matter stood opposed to Spirit as that which is accursed. Here *a dam* is not a mere play upon words, for it means much. . . ." p. 338.

"Gihon (river). The rights of woman acknowledged morally, civilly, and socially," p. 587.

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attracted the same kind of minds, produced the same kind of effects, and was based, it would seem, upon the same principle. That principle, I think, is the very elementary and familiar one, that mind is superior to matter. In illustration of this Madame Blavatsky re-integrated broken tea-cups and precipitated notes from the ceiling; and Mrs Eddy to-day heals headaches and hopes to heal broken limbs. "Until the advancing age," she writes, "admits the efficacy and supremacy of mind, it is better to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon, while you confine yourself chiefly to mental reconstruction or the prevention of inflammation."*

Now it is pathetic that this fact has dawned upon so many in the guise of a new revelation; but the reason is not far to seek. Upon the amateur conventionalist, whether a professing Christian or an unconscious Deist, there has been falling, during the recent years of scientific research, an uneasy doubt as to the very foundations and fabric of spiritual belief. He has seen, he thinks, his old idols fall one by one, and the rats run out, and he has begun to ask himself whether those idols really correspond to anything at all except his own aspirations. He has begun to wonder, with terror, whether Evolution may not be an explanation as well as a label, whether, in spite of his inexplicable ideals, mind will not ultimately be found to be the product and inferior of matter, instead of its origin and superior. And this kind of conventionalist forms a very large class indeed. If it is true that Catholicism throws off superstition as its waste product, it may surely be said, without bigotry and with far more truth, that Protestantism tends to produce this kind of unwilling materialism. (The success of Mr Campbell's volume on the *New Theology* is a symptom of the same tendency on this side of the Atlantic.) The same temper of mind that in the sixteenth century sees nothing but bread in the Blessed Sacrament, in the nineteenth sees no Divinity in Jesus Christ other than that which is common (it is said) to all human nature, and in the twentieth no mind except that generated by etherealized matter.

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Yet this tendency does not make way without a struggle; men regret even while they acknowledge the fall of their gods; and it is in this regret that Mrs Eddy has found her field of victory. It is to these wounded souls that she ministers. She has left untouched the incurably Catholic Latin nations, for whom spiritual truth stands or falls with the Church; and she has dawned, like an angel of light and truth, upon those who were sorrowfully leaving hold of the supernatural altogether. Further, she has been not a little aided in this by the growing interest that America takes in psychology. Side by side with materialists have been increasing those students of human nature, both quack and genuine, who are seeking to find the meaning of things in man's own inner life, and who have succeeded, to some extent, in classifying phenomena in these terms. It does not at all affect the point that they, and even Mrs Eddy, properly belong to Pantheism. The truth is that, Pantheist or not, she, at any rate, regards mind as the initial and not the terminal point of consciousness, as the origin and not the product of matter, although it is only fair to say that she rejects such terminology altogether. But from this position (which is hers, however much she may protest) she deduces, and rightly, within limits, that mind is the lord and not the servant of matter; and she illustrates and even demonstrates this in several ways.

First, she produces undoubted instances of "faith-healing." It does not matter at all that many of these are supported by ludicrously inadequate evidence, and described in terms that go far to shake their credibility.* The fact

*For example: "From childhood to the time of my healing, which, to me, included many weary lingering years, I can scarcely remember a time when I was not taking medicines in some form. I was a great sufferer the larger part of the time. . . . Some months after [she had received a Christian Science tract] the same lady gave me *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures* to read, telling me it would heal me. I was then willing to try it. I was taking medicine every fifteen minutes and was nearly hopeless. . . . That very day I threw away all my medicine and dismissed my physician. . . . Not mentioning the money paid for doctor's bills, I gave for one medical book \$3.50, for another \$6.75, and after studying these I found that I had more diseases than before their purchase. For the small sum of

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remains that persons in large numbers can be found to come forward and declare that they have been healed by an application of her system; and to the student of the law of self-suggestion the fact offers no difficulty at all. Next, she gives in an accessible form a method by which anyone may test in a slight degree for himself the power of this law. In what Mr Clemens calls her "incantations" she supplies a kind of creed, in semi-rhythmical form, which may easily be committed to memory, and which is vague enough and full enough of sententiousness to produce a faint sense of spirituality and breadth; and this creed, to the effect that "God is All; and God is Good," and the rest, resembles the Dervish repetition of the name of Allah, in its simplicity, its ambiguous approximation to truth, and its soothing or exciting effect upon the mind. (It is not intended here to undervalue what the Catholic Church herself values, namely, the power of acts of faith expressed in verbal form; undoubtedly it would be foolish to ignore the aid offered by this method in the cause of truth. The point, rather, is to indicate the instruments of which Mrs Eddy avails herself in the cause of falsehood.) Even her literary style, it may be, in its arbitrariness, its occasional employment of sonorous words and phrases, its mosaic of homeliness and sententiousness and the rest, may have something to do with the power of her book, since many minds are apt to confound vagueness with spirituality and to think that "blessed words," like "Mesopotamia," are a guarantee of the gift of prophecy.

Finally, what is probably more important than all else, she has managed to employ upon the world in a direct form that very force which is the strong substratum of truth in her system. She practises what she preaches, and far more effectively.

Now it is impossible, even for him who doubts the power

three dollars I purchased a copy of *Science and Health*, and through reading it understandingly found I had no diseases . . ." pp. 611-612.

"The understanding that I got from reading *Science and Health* that God is All-in-All, that God is Life, leaves no room for catarrh, dyspepsia, the tobacco or the liquor habit. . ." p. 659.

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of mind over matter, to doubt any longer, what Christians have always believed, the power of mind over mind. Christians, indeed, believe that the will of man can in prayer in some degree prevail upon the loving will of God Himself, who desires to be so moved. Even at the lowest estimate of prayer possible to a Christian, it must be allowed that the energy of a man's impulse towards God produces a certain effect upon the Sovereign Mind, that takes shape at least in an accession of grace to the petitioner. Further, as regards human relationships, Christians have always insisted upon the desirability of frequenting the company of saints and of avoiding the company of sinners—thus acknowledging the effect of character upon character, though safeguarded by the supreme Will of God in a multitude of ways. It is not merely in what sinners or saints do or say that the advantage or the danger is believed to lie: even to be silent with a silent saint is to gain something from him; and the lives of those eminent for holiness are full of records of their own perceptions on this point.

Now Mrs Eddy has taken this truth, undoubtedly as much a law of God as that of physical force—and equally open to abuse—and has systematized it in what she calls "Demonstration." "Demonstration" consists in the intense fixing of a disciplined mind upon some object—practically, that is, the mind of the patient, either directly, or indirectly through the medium of the pain or disease from which he believes himself to be suffering, and which Mrs Eddy assures him is no more than an illusion. The effect of this must obviously be great, and stands quite apart from the philosophical and religious theories on which she bases it: and by this method it seems probable she has succeeded firstly in conquering hypochondria and "hysterical simulation" in an immense number of instances, secondly in ameliorating the condition of many whose actual diseases depend directly upon the nervous system; thirdly, it is even possible she has won certain victories in the realm of disease whose connexion with the nerves is not so apparent—as in the case of injured tissues—but whose connexion may be none the less real, although indirect.

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These are, indeed, weighty testimonials to aid her in her work; although, taken at random, and placed side by side with an equally casual selection from the cures at Lourdes, they cannot for an instant challenge these, either in the matter of independent medical evidence, or of scientific statement or significance, or of anything else. Catholics need not be uneasy. The two sets are as apart as are the apocryphal from the genuine gospels.

In this manner, with that extreme insistence upon continuous habits of self-control in things of the mind, in which she is plainly an expert, she has succeeded in forming groups of persons—in fact, by now, a very large community of persons—whose influence, considered only in respect of the fixity of their ideas, is bound to have a strongly infectious force upon the thoughts of those upon whom it is brought to bear; and this is exactly where the heart of the mischief lies. It is true that she repudiates hypnotism, at least in its technical aspect, and she is no doubt sincere, now at any rate, in doing so; but the fact remains that her system is based upon nothing else than that upon which recent research tends to show that hypnotism is also based, namely, the force of impressive and continuously sustained suggestion. We still know very little of the laws of this enormously important subject; but all modern study goes to indicate the possibility that even a small community utterly united in thought may be capable of a serious influence upon all comparatively passive minds about them. And it is exactly that impression that those describe who, once under her spell, have succeeded in shaking it off. It was not her intellectual system, they say, that convinced them, though it may be they were attracted by her optimism, nor was it her “miracles” that compelled their assent; it rather was that they had a sense of being drawn into bonds by a mysterious power that was all but irresistible—an intangible, indefinable force that, particularly in the company of “Scientists,” affected them so deeply as to seem a guarantee for the truth of the preposterous “philosophy” in which it was enshrined.

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These considerations open up a vast and little-known field. In brief it is that department of subconscious life which certainly underlies the conscious, and of which, from its very nature, we can know very little. In no case, however, can our new knowledge of this realm affect the conclusions of theology proper any more than has our increased knowledge of physical nature. The processes of grace upon the one hand and of diabolical assault upon the other remain, of course, in their essence, precisely where they did before, even if it may not be said that the modes of their working do not actually become more imaginatively possible than ever. If certain supposed instances of the action of grace or temptation are found to be explicable on human rather than on supernatural grounds, on the other side our perception of this new field of subconsciousness adds enormously to suggestiveness and discloses to us avenues through which it may be approached from the invisible world far more numerous than before; further, we become aware of a new corroboration of our belief that in the world of thought the mind may be outraged by mental assault, and assisted by supernatural agency, as we have always known that the body may be outraged and assisted by physical nature, without thereby the soul itself necessarily capitulating to good or evil. But this question was discussed in a recent number of this REVIEW, and there is not space to pursue it further now.

Before, then, Christian Science can be adequately met upon its own ground, it will be necessary that we know a great deal more about this obscure subject. The present state of things is as if a body of amateur experimentalists had discovered how to avail themselves of a new combination of gases of whose constituent parts they were largely ignorant. We cannot simply laugh at "Christian Science," since it partly succeeds; it is not enough to show the absurdity of its intellectual system; we must know more of the force which is so adroitly used before we can understand its antidote; further, even as Catholics, we ought to learn to understand more exactly the dividing-line that separates the supernatural from the psychical, or, rather,

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their inter-relation, just as we are fast learning the inter-relation of the physical and the supernatural. On the one hand there are the dogmatic truths of the Sovereignty of God and of the simple efficacy of prayer; on the other hand there is the truth that God reveals Himself in Law, and that in the range of Law there lies the psychical no less than the physical. A farmer who prays for fine weather and neglects, culpably or even inculpably, to cover his ricks, will not necessarily be rendered immune from the effects of rain: a Christian who prefers to shut his eyes to psychical research and to rely solely upon petition is probably no more immune from injury.

Meanwhile we must cover our ricks.

Firstly, then, in dealing with those who are in danger, we must not altogether neglect the "intellectual" side of "Christian Science." It is almost impossible to believe that any independent mind examining "Christian Science" in this aspect only can fall under its sway, even if it is allured by the ingenious argument that once before, twenty centuries ago, the "wisdom of God" appeared foolishness to the "wise." The parallel is almost ludicrously at fault. Both Christianity and "Christian Science," it is true, began with a small body entirely convinced of its tenets; both were accused of folly; both were accompanied in their origins by what appeared to be supernatural occurrences. But the same credentials can be brought forward on behalf of any fantastic sect that has ever had any vogue at all.

Christianity does not rely on the accusation of folly as an actual credential, nor was it rejected by the "wise" because its tenets were contrary to reason, but because it appeared to be contrary to experience in its fundamental truth of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ; because it seemed subversive of the social order, and because its adherents were drawn chiefly from the despised classes. St Paul was not accused, so far as history relates, of denying the value of the senses; in fact, it was because he insisted upon their value in one instance that he was called mad; nor was it ever pointed out by the Athenian logicians that he contradicted himself flatly and repeatedly upon the Hill of Mars.

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“Christian Science,” however, presents propositions contrary not only to the experience of the senses, but to the basis of all reason and argument whatsoever in denying any reality to matter, and, practically, any intelligible meaning to language; it keeps remarkably apart from the poor and despised, and it cannot be argued that its tenets are particularly subversive of society.

We need, then, some clear and patient thinker, with a gift of expression, to dissect Mrs Eddy’s works, and to set out plainly and simply her confusions of thought and phrase. It is not likely, indeed, that many Catholics will be affected by her books, or that those who have any real knowledge of sacramental truth, or of sin and forgiveness and the Cross, will be persuaded to her view that matter, sin and pain have no existence. Yet instances have been known, and it is unfortunate that there is no clearly written book to put into their hands.

But it is above all necessary that such a book should not be merely contemptuous, still less violent. Heresies are not crushed in the Protestant world by simple denunciation; they are met far more effectively by an acknowledgement of the distorted truth to which they witness, and a sifting of the truth from falsehood. Any writer, then, who undertakes this task must know something of psychology and of the laws that are beginning to be dimly apparent in that realm. He should have, also, a keen sense of humour, well under control.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

ARUNDEL CASTLE AND THE HOUSE of HOWARD

The House of Howard. By the late Gerald Brenan and Edward Phillips Statham. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson. 1907.

Historical Anecdotes of Some of the Howard Family. By the Hon. Charles Howard. London: J. Robson. 1769.

The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and of Sir T. Wyatt, the Elder, with memoirs of each. Edited by Dr G. F. Nott. 2 vols. London: T. Bensley. 1815.

The History and Antiquities of the Castle and Town of Arundel. By the Rev. M. A. Tierney. London: G. & W. Nicol. 1834.

Indications of Memorials, Monuments, Paintings and Engravings of Persons of the Howard Family. By Henry Howard of Corby. Privately printed. Corby Castle. 1834-36.

THOUGH a plethora of matter has already been published on Arundel Castle and its successive occupants, in most cases the vital points have become obscured. There has been so much confusion of conflicting opinions, and so much elaboration of detail to prove unimportant theories, for which the writers had a particular bias, that it is almost impossible to get a clear idea of the whole. *The House of Howard* by Messrs Brenan and Statham is in fact the first attempt at a consecutive historical account. The chief object of the present paper is, therefore, to bring into prominence the three most interesting considerations in connexion with this illustrious family: the inheritance of Arundel Castle, the accession to the Dukedom of Norfolk, which was of royal origin, and the position of unique importance which the Howards held under the Tudor dynasty, occupying, as it were, a rank apart, a grade higher than the rest of the nobility, yet distinct and independent from actual royalty.

Among the innumerable legends by which the history of Arundel Castle is obscured, if also embellished, one of the earliest attributes its foundation to Sir Bevis, the gigantic hero, whose portrait is effectively, if not attractively, drawn in Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Ro-*

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mances. When, leaving the region of fable, we come to that of tradition, the figure of Sir Bevis is replaced by that of Alfred the Great, with whom the authentic history of the Castle was till recently thought to commence. It was claimed that proof of its having been a royal residence under the Saxon kings was furnished by Alfred's will (877), in which he bequeathed the manor at Arundel to Ant-helm, his brother's son, from whom it was reputed to have passed to the redoubtable Earl Godwin and his son, Harold II, who is romantically pictured by visitors to Arundel as riding out from the Castle to meet death in the midst of his own Sussex Downs at Hastings.

Considering the great natural advantages of the site on which the Castle is built, it does appear unlikely that it should have escaped the attention of the great Saxon king in whose reign, as the chaplain of a former Duke of Norfolk points out, "the wooden hovels of his ancestors gave way to palaces of stone; cities were built and fortified; surveys were made of the coasts and navigable rivers, with a view to protect the country at its most accessible parts; and castles were erected in every place which would appear best fitted to prevent the landing or arrest the progress of an enemy."*

In the recently published *House of Howard* it is stated that the keep was almost certainly built in the reign of Alfred. Some modern researchers are, however, of opinion that the monarch's association with the Castle is as mythical as that of Knight Bevis. The word in Alfred's will, formerly thought to be "Erundell," is now read Crundell (co. Hants). In the same way, though "castrum" in Domesday usually means a castle, the "Castrum Harundel" noted in the Survey as existing in the time of King Edward—when it rendered for a certain mill forty shillings, for three "conuvia" twenty shillings, and for one pasture twenty shillings—is now thought to indicate the *town* of Arundel, and the first unquestioned mention of the Castle is, therefore, 1088, when Florence of Worcester alludes to it as belonging to Roger Montgomery.

**History of Arundel*. By Canon Tierney.

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Montgomery, or Montegomerico, who was kinsman to the Conqueror, contributed sixty ships to his fleet and commanded the central division of the victorious army at Hastings, receiving in return for his services the earldoms of Arundel and Shrewsbury and two of the six rapes into which Sussex was then divided—Chichester, Arundel, Bramber, Lewes, Pevensey and Hastings. All were furnished with Norman strongholds, defending ports by which access could be had to Normandy, and all were confided by William into the keeping of his leaders.

A diversity of opinion exists with regard to the date of the construction of the earthen-work foundation of the keep, but Canon Tierney states: "To whatever age the foundation may be assigned, it is evident that the keep, alone of all that remains, could have existed at the period of the Conquest; it is more than probable that, with the exception of the outer rampart, it comprised the whole of the Saxon fortification."

Roger Montgomery's stronghold consisted of outer ramparts, enclosing a space of about five acres, within which rose the keep, or citadel, a circular building of enormous strength, erected on an artificial mound thrown up for the purpose of commanding the country in every direction. The perpendicular height of this mound on the external side was seventy feet from the bottom of the fosse, which, with the walls and battlements, made a total elevation of over a hundred feet; the thickness of the walls varied from eight to ten feet, and the nearly circular space enclosed by them had a diameter of about sixty feet; the apartments, as shown by the corbel stones still remaining, were ranged round the walls, and received their light from within, the central area being uncovered. As there were neither loopholes nor other openings in the masonry, the only part of the fortress from which the garrison could harass the enemy was the ramparts.

The military history of the Castle begins in 1102, when Roger Montgomery's eldest son, Robert, Earl of Belesme, revolted against Henry I, who thereupon laid vigorous siege to Arundel. We have proof of the strength of the

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fortress in the fact that, when Belesme surrendered himself three months later at Shrewsbury, Arundel Castle capitulated without having suffered any material injury. Robert Belesme's revolt ended the connexion of the Montgomery family with Arundel, which then became the property of the Crown. The one pipe roll of Henry I, now extant, tells how he spent £78 6s. 2d. on it in 1130, probably on the Early Norman inner gateway, which still retains its ancient oaken doors, and is connected by a passage with the outer gatehouse, of thirteenth-century work. The inner gateway, defended by a drawbridge and portcullis, formed the only entrance to the courtyard, around which the castle forms three sides of an irregular square, the keep being reached by a flight of steps within the curtain wall which crosses the fosse from the gatehouse.

Henry I settled Arundel Castle in dower upon his second wife, Adeliza, daughter of Godfrey the Great, Duke of Brabant and Lothair. Queen Adeliza, who is described as "a lady of transcendent beauty and grace, united to peculiar gentleness of disposition and of true virtue and piety," afterwards married William de Albin, an alliance of great importance in this history, as it formed the first link in the long chain of inheritance by which Arundel Castle has descended through seven centuries from the Albinis to the Fitzalans, and from the latter to the Howards, down to the present Duke of Norfolk. The authors of *The House of Howard* tell us that the title of Earl of Arundel has been held successively by three Montgomeries, five Albinis, fourteen Fitzalans and fourteen Howards.

The first of the Albin family to claim our attention is Roger, a Norman warrior of renown, who possessed the castles of Aubigny and Lithaire (opposite to Jersey), with the demesnes and honours belonging to them. He was besides Chief Butler or Cup Bearer of the Duchy of Normandy, and was appointed by William the Conqueror to the same office in England, where it became hereditary to his descendants. Roger married Amicia de Mowbray, and had two sons, William and Nigel, the founders of the great houses of Albin and Mowbray, through whom the How-

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ards get all their principal honours. Nigel, the younger son, inherited through his mother the lands of Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, whose name he assumed by special command of the King, and his descendant afterwards became Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England, while William, Roger's eldest son, succeeded to the patrimonial estates in Normandy and the chief butlership; both passing to his son William, who married the Dowager Queen Adeliza, and thus became Earl of Arundel.

When, shortly after the marriage of William de Albin and Queen Adeliza, the Empress Maud announced her intention of coming to England to try and wrest the crown from the head of the usurper Stephen, she was immediately offered shelter within Arundel Castle's strong walls. Besides relationship, an additional bond existed between the two royal ladies because of the close friendship which had united Adeliza's father, the Duke of Brabant, and the late Emperor, Henry V. On September 30, 1139, the Empress and the Earl of Gloucester landed at Arundel, and while her brother, escorted by a few knights, made his way to his stronghold at Bristol, Maud, attended by her Angevin suite, entered the Castle, where the room she occupied, in the Norman gatehouse before mentioned, can still be seen.

It is said to have been in gratitude for the welcome given to his mother that Henry II afterwards confirmed the grant of the earldom of Arundel to William de Albin and his heirs for ever, so that, in 1243, when Hugh de Albin died, without issue, the Castle and attendant honours, passed to his nephew, John Fitzalan, Lord of Oswaldestre and Clun and a Lord Marcher on the West Border. The direct succession continued unbroken after this till 1415, when Thomas Fitzalan died and was succeeded by his second cousin, John Fitzalan, Lord Maltravers, who was followed by seven earls of the united families of Fitzalan and Maltravers, and when Henry, the last of these, died in 1580, the earldom of Arundel became for the first time associated with the name of Howard, for Henry's only daughter and heiress, Mary Fitzalan, had married Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and their son, Philip

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Howard, was, in 1581, placed in Parliament as Premier Earl of England.

Having thus shown how Arundel Castle came to the Howards from William de Albini, we must now retrace our steps and see how they succeeded to the dukedom of Norfolk in 1483, through Nigel Albini's descendants, the Mowbrays.

The earldom of Norfolk belonged to the Bigod family till Roger, fifth Earl of Norfolk and Marshal of England, transferred both honours to Edward I, who settled them on Thomas de Brotherton, the eldest son of his second marriage with Margaret, daughter of Philip le Hardi, king of France. Thomas de Mowbray, great-grandson and representative of Thomas de Brotherton, was created first Duke of Norfolk in 1397. Shakespeare's tragedy of King Richard II has familiarized all with the subsequent history of the Duke of Norfolk, who in 1398 was accused by Henry of Bolingbroke of having spoken slanderously of the King and condemned to endless banishment.

Thomas Mowbray did not live long in exile, for within a year he died at Venice, and "gave his body to that pleasant country's earth," leaving by his marriage with Elizabeth Fitzalan four children, two sons and two daughters, the latter eventually becoming his co-heiresses, as the eldest son was beheaded in 1405 for participating in the rebellion raised by Scrope, Archbishop of York, against Henry IV, and the descent from Thomas de Mowbray's younger son ceased in 1476 when the last Duke of Norfolk of the name of Mowbray died, leaving his daughter, Anne, aged six, sole heiress. The importance of this little Domina de Mowbray is shown by the fact that the following year she was contracted in marriage to Edward IV's son Richard, Duke of York; she died, however, under age and without issue before the murder of her youthful consort and his brother in the tower, and the honours and estates were divided, as already said, between the heirs of Margaret and Isabel de Mowbray, daughters of the first Duke of Norfolk, who were married respectively to Sir Robert Howard and James, Lord Berkeley.

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We must now briefly consider the history of Sir Robert's antecedents up to the time of this all-important marriage. Considerable haziness surrounds the origin of the Howard family, though Burke upholds their claim to descend directly from Hereward the Saxon, who lived in the time of King Edgar (957), and whose son, Hereward II, afterwards made such an heroic resistance to the Normans on an island in the Fens near Ely, called the Camp of Refuge, where, with only a few hundred Fenners, he long kept the great Conqueror at bay, till at last William was glad to offer him, "Life, full pardon and liberty to live where he choose."

The above claim is supported by the Marquess of Northampton's famous MS., which is said to trace the Saxon origin of the Howards by a regular series of descents from the time of Edgar; but, on the other hand, many authorities, notably Mr John Horace Round—who, indeed, rides full tilt at most traditions connected with the Howard family—deny that they can claim any earlier ancestor than Sir William Howard, an eminent judge in the Court of Common Pleas from 1298 to 1309, who possessed much property in Wigenhall, Norfolk, and whose descendants remained wealthy landowners in the eastern counties till, early in the fifteenth century, Sir Robert Howard's marriage with "the most noble Princess Margaret Mowbray of the Blood Royal of England and France" laid the foundation of the subsequent splendour of a family which played a most important part in English history.

Sir John Howard—the only son of this illustrious alliance—distinguished himself very early in life in the French wars of Henry VI's reign and was Treasurer of the King's Household under Edward IV, of which position he has left valuable record in the *Howard Household Books of the Fifteenth Century*, which contain many interesting details on the mode of life of those days. In 1470 he was called to Parliament under the title of Lord Howard and afterwards created Captain General of all the King's forces at sea, in recognition of the services he had rendered against the Lancastrian troops then rallying under Neville, Earl of Warwick.

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In 1483, therefore, when, after the death of the youthful Lady Anne de Mowbray, Richard III came to divide the Mowbray honours between the heirs of the two daughters of the first Duke of Norfolk, Margaret and Isabel, he was naturally well disposed towards such a prominent Yorkist as Lord Howard, in whose favour he determined the abeyance of the baronies of Mowbray and Segrave, and further created him Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, Lord High Steward, and Admiral of England, Ireland and Aquitaine; at the same time Lord Howard's only son, Thomas, was created Earl of Surrey. The first Duke of Norfolk, of the second creation of the title, did not enjoy the honour much longer than his predecessor, for, with an almost quixotic loyalty, he and his son, the Earl of Surrey, remained faithful to the Yorkist cause, even to Bosworth Field, where the Duke, Shakespeare's "Jockey of Norfolk," fell by King Richard's side.

Thomas, Earl of Surrey, who was one of the finest men-at-arms of his day, also distinguished himself by his bravery on this occasion, but in the end, wounded and taken prisoner, he was brought before the Earl of Richmond, who, struck by his frank and noble bearing, asked him, "How he durst engage in the service of so unjust and cruel a tyrant as the late Usurper." To this Surrey made a memorable reply, characteristic of that hard-and-fast principle of loyalty to the Crown, to which, with few exceptions, the members of the Howard family have adhered:

"Sir, Richard was my crowned king, and if the authority of Parliament had placed the crown of England on yonder bush, I would have fought for it. Let it be once placed on your head, and you will find me as ready in your defence."

Henry VII's position was, however, so insecure that he was not inclined to run any additional risk, and he therefore committed the Earl of Surrey—who stood before him in right of succession—to the Tower, where he remained for over three years, till, on the prisoner's refusal to join in the Earl of Lincoln's rebellion, the monarch was convinced of his loyalty, and since he had now secured his own right

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to the throne by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, he probably felt he need no longer fear rival claimants, so he released the Earl of Surrey, who subsequently won great military renown in the campaigns against the Scots, and who is especially renowned for the victory he gained over the King of Scotland at Flodden Field, in recognition of which service the Dukedom of Norfolk and the Earl Marshalship were restored to him, and he obtained the famous Flodden augmentation which adorns the Howard coat of arms.

Henceforth, throughout the entire Tudor period, the Howards held, after the Royal Family, the most important position in the kingdom, for, in addition to their ancient lineage and great wealth, they were unusually well endowed with both physical and intellectual gifts, and were equally distinguished as Cardinals and Lord High Stewards, as Ambassadors and diplomatists, as admirals and generals, and as poets, scholars and patrons of art.

Not that the prosperity of the family was continuous—quite the contrary, for, briefly summed up, their history appears to be a tragic tale of imprisonments and deaths upon the scaffold, which it is customary to attribute to the jealous, suspicious nature of the Tudor monarchs, though in most cases these were the result of the constant plottings on the part of what were called the “new nobility” to oust the Howards from their pre-eminent position. Henry VII certainly had complete confidence in the Duke of Norfolk and his son, for, in addition to other honours, he created the former Lord Treasurer and allowed Lord Thomas Howard to claim the hand of the Lady Anne, youngest daughter of Edward IV, to whom he had been affianced when a mere boy, in the reign of Richard III; by this marriage there were several children, but all died young.

After the death of his first wife, Lord Thomas Howard, who succeeded his father as third Duke of Norfolk, in 1524, married the daughter of the great Duke of Buckingham, whose royal descent from the Duke of Gloucester finally cost him his head. Lady Elizabeth Stafford, one of the most accomplished women of her time, was twenty

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years younger than the duke, and was very averse to the marriage, having, it is said, fixed her affections on the Earl of Westmorland, to whom she was on the point of being betrothed when the Howard alliance offered. It was considered by the Duke of Buckingham to be too advantageous to admit of refusal, so he obliged his daughter to consent. The result was, as might be expected, disastrous, and after repeated quarrels they separated in 1533, the duchess ultimately taking an active part in the plot which caused the downfall of her husband and son in 1547.

Henry, Earl of Surrey, the eldest son of this marriage, born 1517, was one of the most gifted members of the house of Howard, and his unjust execution at the age of thirty has been a theme of eloquent lament with writers of most diverse personality. Horace Walpole says:

We now emerge from the twilight of learning to an almost classic author, that ornament of a boisterous yet not unpolished court, the Earl of Surrey, celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope, illustrated by his own muse and lamented for his unhappy and unmerited death on 21st January, 1547.

And from Sir Egerton Brydges' eulogy of the Earl of Surrey the following may be quoted:

Excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning, a genius and a hero; of a generous temper and a refined heart; he united all the gallantry and unbroken spirit of a rude age with all the elegance and grace of a polished era. With a splendour of descent and in the possession of the highest honours, of abundant wealth, he relaxed not his efforts to deserve distinction by his personal worth.

Surrey's poems, especially his Elegy at Windsor Castle, are still considered perfect of their kind, and he is celebrated as the introducer of the heroic blank verse which afterwards became such a prominent feature in English literature. Dr Nott, in his valuable work on the Earl of Surrey, gives much interesting information on the manner in which sons of noblemen were educated at this period, and, considering the complacency with which we pride ourselves on the progress we have made since then in developing the mental faculties, it is somewhat startling to read the following:

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It was customary to send children to school to learn to read at four years of age; at six they were taught languages and the first principles of manners; from ten to twelve they were instructed in dancing and music, and "to speak of gentleness"; at fourteen they were initiated into the sports of the field by means of which they were prepared for the ruder exercises of arms, and at sixteen they learned to joust, to fight at the barrier, to manage the war-horse, to assail castles, to support the weight of armour and to contend in feats of arms with their companions. Thus at the age of seventeen or eighteen they were fully qualified to take part in public business and to be entrusted with military command.

Surrey's education—and, in addition to proficiency in every accomplishment and exercise of arms, he was a perfect master of the Latin, French, Italian and Spanish languages—was practically finished when he was fifteen years of age. In 1532 he was affianced to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, though, owing to the extreme youth of both parties, the marriage was probably not solemnized till some years later; and their eldest son, Thomas, afterwards fourth Duke of Norfolk, executed in 1572, was born in 1536.

Historians of the Tudor period offer abundant proof of what Herbert Spencer describes in his *Study of Sociology* as "the perverting effects of political and theological bias," so that it is all the more striking to find them practically unanimous regarding the position of unique importance held by the Howards, their great services to the Crown and their unjust trial and condemnation. On minor points, however, much divergence of opinion exists: some writers—and these have the unqualified support of the authors of *The House of Howard*—describe the Duke of Norfolk as a schemer, full of guile, working perpetually for his own aggrandizement, who, though a staunch Catholic, supported Henry in defying the Pope on the subject of the divorce with Catharine of Aragon, solely in order that his own niece, Anne Boleyn, might be queen: while Froude, who certainly had no bias *in favour* of the duke, says:

The Duke of Norfolk, who represented the feelings of the great body of the nation, thought that the interests of the succession made the divorce a necessity, as the realm could not be exposed to

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the risk of another civil war. . . . But he as much admired Catharine as he disliked his niece. All the leading men regretted that the King should have fastened his choice upon a person neither liked nor respected. . . . Her elevation had turned her brain, she had made herself detested for her insolence and dreaded for her intrigues. Catharine, on the other hand, was a princess of Royal birth and stainless honour.

Considering that up to the birth of Prince Edward, the Duke of Norfolk was spoken of as a possible heir to the throne, he would appear to have given proof of his disinterestedness in furthering the divorce.

Hume writes of the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII:

The Duke of Norfolk and his father were regarded as the greatest subjects in the kingdom. . . . Fortune seemed to conspire with his own industry in raising him to the greatest elevation. From the favours heaped on him by the Crown, he had acquired an immense estate. The King had successively been married to two of his nieces, and the King's natural son, the Duke of Richmond, had married his daughter. Besides his descent from the ancient family of the Mowbrays, by which he was allied to the throne, he had espoused a daughter of the Duke of Buckingham, who was descended from Edward III. He was believed to adhere secretly to the old religion, and was regarded, both at home and abroad, as the head of the Catholic party. But all these circumstances in proportion as they exalted the Duke provoked the jealousy of Henry, and he foresaw danger during his son's minority, both to the public tranquillity and to the new ecclesiastical system, from the attempts of so potent a subject.

Though the disgrace of the duke's two nieces, Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard, caused Henry to withdraw his favour temporarily from their family, the monarch's confidence in "his bluff and honest Norfolk" appears, nevertheless, to have remained unshaken till bodily disease had somewhat clouded his intellect, for in 1541, about two months *after* the latter queen was beheaded, the Earl of Surrey was created Knight of the Garter by Henry VIII, an honour which was only granted to those whose ability and fidelity had been long approved.

Though the duke and his son had supported the King in his claim of supremacy, on all other points they were

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zealous patrons of the ancient doctrine, and, as the recognized leaders of the Catholic party, were naturally viewed with enmity by those who professed the new faith. They were also cordially hated by the new nobility, created by Henry VIII and wholly dependent on the Crown, which was headed by Jane Seymour's two brothers, the elder of whom had been raised to the Earldom of Hertford. The Earl of Surrey's impetuous spirit brought him into continuous strife with the Seymours, whom he and his father contemptuously described as "new men," and he did not always act with the caution and reserve which his position required. Thus on one occasion he is reported to have said to one of Hertford's followers: "If God should call the King to His mercy, who were so meet to govern the prince as my lord, my father?"

"Rather than that it should come to pass," retorted Hertford's partisan, "that the prince should be under the governance of your father or you, I would abide the adventure to thrust a dagger into you!"

At another time, when the governorship of Boulogne, given to Surrey when Henry took that town, was, without any fault on his part, taken from him and given to Hertford, Surrey incautiously dropped some menacing phrases against the minister on account of the affront put on him.

Green remarks:

A temper such as Surrey's was ill-matched against the subtle and unscrupulous schemers who saw their enemy in a pride that scorned the "new men" about him, and vowed that when once the King was dead "they should smart for it." . . . In the new reign Hertford, as Edward's uncle, was sure to play a great part, and he now used his influence—during the waning health of the old King—to remove the only effective obstacle to his future greatness. Surrey's talk of his royal blood, the Duke's quartering of the royal arms to mark his Plantagenet descent, and some secret interviews with the French Ambassador, were adroitly used to arouse Henry's jealousy of the dangers which might beset the throne of his son.

The King's end was now rapidly approaching, and Henry, in an irritable and suspicious state of mind, listening readily to every malicious insinuation, and, glad of an

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excuse to give vent to his savage humour, was easily persuaded that a conspiracy was on foot to place the reins of government in the hands of the Howards during his illness, and to give them the custody of the prince in the event of his death. In December, 1546, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey—each ignorant of the other's misfortune—were arrested and conveyed to the Tower; a council was appointed to inquire into their conduct, and though their enemies were invited to furnish charges against them, a considerable period elapsed before any were forthcoming—a fact which speaks significantly of the great respect in which the aged Duke of Norfolk and his accomplished son were held.

On January 13, 1547, Surrey, whose trial as a commoner was more expeditious, was arraigned at the Guildhall on an indictment of high treason, before a special commission, presided over by Wriothesley, the Lord Chancellor, and the proceedings are quoted by Hume as an example of the fact that neither Parliament nor juries seem ever to have given the least attention to proof in any cause of the Crown during the reign of Henry VIII.

Surrey was accused of being fond of the society of foreigners, and of entertaining some Italians who were suspected of being spies; a servant of his had visited Cardinal Pole in Italy, and he was suspected of holding a correspondence with this prelate, whose Royal lineage made him obnoxious to the monarch. The chief point, however, was that he had quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor on his scutcheon, and was therefore suspected of aspiring to the Crown.*

It was in vain that, in an eloquent and spirited defence, Surrey claimed that he and his ancestors had long, within and without the kingdom, borne without contradiction these arms, which had been assigned to them by a design of the heralds, and that he himself had constantly borne them in Henry's presence. The fact that he admitted

* Miss Strickland in her *Lives of the Queens of England* observes: "The gallant Earl of Surrey was put to death for a supposed difference in the painting of the tail of the lion in his crest."

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having used the arms was sufficient for the court, which immediately declared him "to have falsely, maliciously and traitorously set up and borne the arms of Edward the Confessor, then used by the Prince of Wales, mixed and formed with his own proper arms," and six days later the execution of the gallant and accomplished Earl of Surrey on Tower Hill marked out for everlasting opprobrium the last month of Henry VIII's reign.

Still more apparent was the innocence of the Duke of Norfolk, who, after reviewing a long life devoted to the service of his monarch, appeared genuinely bewildered as to the cause of his imprisonment. Unable to believe that Henry had really become his enemy the Duke wrote him the following pathetic appeal:

I am sure some great enemy of mine hath informed your majesty of some untrue matter against me. Sir, God doth know that in all my life I never thought one untrue thought against you or your succession; nor can no more judge or cast in my mind what should be laid to my charge than the child who was born this night.

Finding Henry obdurate, the duke tried another expedient, and agreed to sign a confession, in which he acknowledged that during his service of so many years he had occasionally communicated to others the royal secrets, contrary to his oath; also that he had concealed the treasonable act of his son in assuming the arms of Edward the Confessor, and had himself treasonably borne on his shield the arms of England, with the difference of a label of silver, the right of the Prince of Wales. Such a confession was a very usual proceeding at this period, and was often successful in appeasing the anger of the King, who, satisfied with this act of submission to his royal will, would often graciously pardon the imaginary offence.

Neither confession nor appeal could on this occasion mollify the King, whose virulence against the Howards seemed daily to increase. He assembled a parliament—always the sure and most expeditious instrument of his tyranny—and the House of Peers, without examining the duke, without trial or evidence, passed a bill of attainder against him, and sent it down to the Commons, who,

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agreeing with the King, pronounced the charges sufficient to sustain an indictment for high treason. In the dispatches which, according to custom, were forwarded to ambassadors abroad, it was stated that the duke and his son had conspired to assume the government during the King's life, and to seize the person of the prince on his death.

The duke now realized that he and his son were doomed, but on behalf of their descendants he made a final effort, and succeeded in thwarting the avidity of his enemies, who had already planned a distribution among themselves of the honours and estates of the Howard family. Confident that time would vindicate his memory and bring the Howards again to power, the duke foresaw that if the estate were preserved intact, it would be more easily recovered, and he therefore petitioned the King that it might be settled in its entirety on Prince Edward and his heirs for ever, an idea which, as he expected, so pleased the monarch that he rescinded the awards he had made of the Norfolk estates, and promised the recipients some other equivalent.

Feeling that his end was approaching, and fearful lest Norfolk should escape, Henry peremptorily ordered the Commons to hasten the bill on pretence that another Earl Marshal should be appointed to assist at the coronation of his son, and the duke's execution was fixed for January 29. The monarch's death on the eve, however, caused the lieutenant of the Tower to defer the execution, and even the Seymours—one of whom was now Lord Protector—evidently thought it undesirable to begin the new reign by putting to death the greatest nobleman of the kingdom, whose sentence was generally felt to have been unjust and tyrannical.

The duke was, nevertheless, kept closely confined in the Tower during the whole of Edward VI's reign, but in 1553, on the first day of Queen Mary's coming to London, he was released by her in person and restored to all his former honours and estates, so that when he died the following year, at the advanced age of eighty-one, he had

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the satisfaction of knowing that he would be succeeded by his grandson, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, who, as already related, first connected the family with Arundel Castle, through his marriage in 1556 with Mary, daughter and heir of Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, by whom he had one son, Philip Howard, afterwards Earl of Arundel.

This fourth Duke of Norfolk, whose career, like that of his gifted father, the Earl of Surrey, ended on the scaffold, commenced under peculiarly favourable circumstances, supported by both Catholics and Protestants, for, though he had been brought up in the latter religion during the imprisonment of his grandfather, by his liberality of mind he yet retained the friendship of the upholders of the older faith, most of whom, indeed, were closely related to him. His kinship to the Queen and the fact that there was no prince of the blood gave special prominence to the duke's royal descent and magnificent fortune; in addition to which he possessed all the qualities required for the maintenance of his high station. Affable and generous, he obtained the affection of the people, and by his wisdom and moderation kept in the good graces of Queen Elizabeth till the latter's jealousy was roused by the disclosure of his projected marriage with her hated rival, the unfortunate Queen of Scots.

The idea of a union with Marie Stuart appears to have been first suggested to the Duke of Norfolk by Maitland, the subtle envoy of the Regent Murray, shortly after the English commission had sat to investigate the charges against the Queen of Scots, founded on the famous Casket letters. Norfolk, then a widower, was of suitable age and rank, and the thought of such an alliance had already occurred to many friends of both parties. The Earl of Leicester, who afterwards betrayed the duke's confidence, was at first a zealous mover in the matter, animated probably by the hope that he might get Lord Burleigh entangled in the plot and thus draw Elizabeth's displeasure on the favoured Chancellor, who, however, behaved with his customary astuteness and would only promise not to oppose the project, adding cautiously that "*if*

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Elizabeth would approve, the marriage with Norfolk might succeed, but I wish myself as free from the consideration thereof as I have been from the intelligence of devising thereto."

In May, 1569, Leicester, in union with Throckmorton, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, and the Bishop of Ross, drew up a document to be sent to Marie Stuart the purport of which was, that on certain conditions she should be restored to the Throne of Scotland and receive a confirmation of her claim to the succession in England. On this the Duke of Norfolk immediately began a secret correspondence with Marie Stuart, through the agency of the Bishop of Ross; the approbation of the kings of France and Spain was obtained, and a solemn contract—also in Leicester's handwriting—was drawn up between them, signed by many peers of England, and agreed to by the Queen of Scots' relations in France, the deed being afterwards deposited for safety in the hands of Monsieur de Fénelon.

Then came the conspiracy of the Catholics in the North under the three great houses of the Border—the Cliffords of Cumberland, the Nevilles of Westmorland and the Percys of Northumberland—in favour of Mary and for the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. But before the actual revolt took place, Leicester, in a fit of simulated remorse, revealed all he knew to Queen Elizabeth, who, acting with her habitual decision, immediately gave Marie Stuart into the charge of the Puritan, Lord Huntingdon, imprisoned Norfolk in the Tower, and then without much difficulty quelled the revolt of the northern earls, for which Northumberland gave the signal on November 10, 1569. An incident of some interest in connexion with this rising is that the rebels broke into Durham Cathedral and found a priest to say Mass there, the last occasion on which this ceremony appears to have taken place in any of the old cathedrals of England.

At the close of the rising Norfolk, after some months' imprisonment, was released from the Tower under promise not to have any further communication with the

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Queen of Scots. While it is incontrovertible that the duke gave, and afterwards broke, this promise, historians differ considerably in their judgement on his action; it is noticeable that modern writers are generally much more severe in their strictures than those who lived nearer to the rule of absolute monarchy, and were therefore disposed to look more leniently on the conduct of those who "trimmed" according as majesty frowned or smiled. It is easy now, with more than two hundred years between us and the days of Elizabeth, to condemn Norfolk as faint-hearted and vacillating, and say he should have been firm, should have openly braved the Queen and insisted on his right to marry Marie Stuart. It is also, to put it mildly, decidedly open to question whether further events would have justified the optimistic opinion expressed in the Howard Memorial that "had the Duke refused obedience to the tyrannical behest of the capricious selfishness of Elizabeth, supported as he was by the most able, powerful and influential of the nobility and gentry, added to his own weight, *he would have saved her life and his own and probably have married her with advantage to his country.*"

The Duke of Norfolk was doubtless quite sincere when he promised to hold no further intercourse with Marie Stuart; but when he was released from prison he still found himself under surveillance, and imagining that he had lost beyond recovery Elizabeth's confidence and favour, he very probably, as Hume suggests, was led in a fit of despair and impatience to join what is known to history as the Ridolphi Plot, so called after the Italian banker who knit the threads of the intrigue together.

Quite apart from all ethical considerations, it would have been better both for himself and the Queen of Scots had the duke kept his word to Elizabeth and avoided conspiracy, for which he was quite unsuited by temperament, possessing neither the élan necessary to a successful leader nor the subtle diplomacy which would have enabled him to conceal his thoughts, besides which he appears to have been genuinely attached to his Sovereign and his country, and the idea of calling in the assistance of foreign troops was very

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repugnant to him, though he probably persuaded himself that the innocence of his aims justified the means employed, as he only aimed at re-establishing Marie Stuart in Scotland and obtaining Elizabeth's consent to their marriage.

The following letter from Marie Stuart to the duke will show of how solemn a nature the previous contract between them had been, and how difficult it would have been for Norfolk to draw back and leave the captive queen to her fate.

31st January (1571)

Myne own Lord, I wrote to you before to know your pleasure yf I should seek to make my enterprise: Yf it please you, I care not for the danger, but I would wish you to seek to do the like; . . . for if you and I could escape both another way, we would fynd friends enough,—and for your lands I hope they should not be lost; for being free and honourably bound together, you myght make such good offers for the Countries and the Queen of England as they should not refuse . . . You have promised to be mine and I yours: I believe the Queene of England and the Countrie should like it; meaning you promised me and could not leave me. Yf you find the danger great, doe as you think best, and let me know what you please that I doe; for I will ever be for your sake perpetual prysoner, or put my lyfe in perill for your weale and myne: As you please command me, for I will for all the world follow your commands, so you be not in danger for me in the so doing. I wyll either, yf I be out, by humble submission, and all my kynne were against ytt, or by other wayes worke for your lyberties so long as I lyve—let me knowe your mynde—I pray God preserve you and kepe us both from deceytful friends.—This last of January—Your owne faythful to death,

Queen of Scots—

My Norfolk.

Space does not permit of any detailed account of how the Ridolphi Plot—to which Green alludes as “a moment of such peril as England had never known”—failed, through a general lack of cohesion; the English Catholic awaiting vainly the arrival of the promised aid from Spain, while Philip II hesitated and delayed, suspicious lest, in the event of the enterprise being successful, the Guises, who were now triumphant in France,

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might reap all the advantage, and, besides, so fearful of the consequences of Elizabeth's wrath in case of failure, that he declined to make any decisive move till the Queen was secured and in safe custody. While the conspirators thus procrastinated, letting "I dare not wait upon I will," Lord Burghley heard of the negotiations, and in September, 1571, Norfolk and most of the other leaders were arrested and sent to the Tower.

In contrast to the treatment meted to his father and grandfather, the fourth Duke of Norfolk was tried in a regular manner, and on January 16, 1572, was arraigned on charges of treason before twenty-five peers, by whom he was unanimously found "guilty of imagining and compassing the death of Elizabeth by seeking to marry the Queen of Scots, who claimed the English Crown to the exclusion of Elizabeth; by soliciting foreign powers to invade the realm; by sending money to the English rebels and the Scottish enemies of the Queen."

At his trial the duke—who in this last period of his life displayed a composure and firmness which contrasted with his previous conduct—admitted that he had been made acquainted with various projects both for the surprise of the Queen and the deliverance of the Queen of Scots, but protested that there had never been any intention of injuring the person of the Sovereign or of interfering with the independence of England; that the only object was to restore Marie Stuart to her sovereignty in Scotland, and that for this purpose alone had money been sent there; that no preparation had been made for landing foreign troops in England, nor had this ever been contemplated; that all negotiations with Spain and other countries only referred to the landing of troops in Scotland, and their subsequent use there in behalf of Marie Stuart, and was therefore no English treason. In conclusion the duke made the following spirited address to the peers who had just pronounced sentence of death upon him: "I die no traitor, but a true man both to my Queen and country. And since you have put me out of your company, I hope to go where I shall find much better, who will regard that Inno-

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cence which you have rejected. I am at a point never to beg for mercy where I have no guilt."

Elizabeth was so skilled in the art of dissimulation that it is difficult to know whether the reluctance with which she consented to the duke's execution was genuine sentiment or simply a touch of finesse. Twice after signing the death warrant she revoked it again, saying to Burghley, that though the duke's guilt was great, she could not reconcile herself to the execution of one who was chief of the English nobility, and was besides closely related to herself, her grandmother being a Howard. Finally, after more than four months' hesitation, Elizabeth "yielded to the solicitations of her ministers and allowed the execution," which took place on September 30, 1572, when the duke, in his speech to the spectators, again confessed that he had failed in his duty to Elizabeth, but asserted his innocence of treason, after which he died with the utmost calmness.

Some days after the duke's execution, a deputation consisting of Lord Delaware, Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Thomas Wilson and Sir Thomas Bromley, visited Mary Queen of Scots, now overcome with grief, and expostulated with her by way of accusation, to which she made the following able reply, quoted from Camden's *Elizabeth*:

1. That she was an absolute Sovereign, dependent on none—she had not usurped the title and arms of England, but the French King, her husband, had imposed it on her; but since his death she had not borne them and would not challenge them as long as Queen Elizabeth or her children lived.

2. She never intended marriage with the duke to the Queen's prejudice, for she was of opinion it would be for the good of the Commonwealth, but she had not renounced it, *being contracted to him*. That she did advise the duke himself out of prison and danger, as she was obliged to do by the love of a wife.

3. Had raised no rebellion, nor was accessory to any—ready to discover any designs against the Queen—and never relieved the English rebels.

4. She had excited none to set her at liberty, but had lent a willing ear to such offer; her letters from the Pope were on subjects of piety, she was not the procurer of the Bull, and threw it into the

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fire. That she never desired aid from the Spaniard or the Pope for invading of England, but had indeed implored their assistance to resettle her in her kingdom, but that with the Queen's knowledge.

That Marie Stuart ever retained the duke in grateful memory was shown during her trial at Fotheringay Castle when, on some allusion being made before her to Philip, Earl of Arundel, then in prison, she burst into tears and exclaimed:

"Alas! What has the House of Howard suffered for my sake!"

An interesting souvenir of the Queen of Scots, which has since passed by purchase into the possession of the present Duke of Norfolk, is thus described by the compiler of the Howard Memorials, who wrote from Castle Corby in December, 1834:

I am in possession of a golden pair of beads with remains of blue enamel, and a small crucifix with drop pearls attached to it, which came to the late Duke of Norfolk, as part of the collection of Thomas, Earl of Arundel: this, by the tradition of the family, is the "Pair of beades at her girdle, with a golden cross at the end of them," which she wore at the time of her heroic death, and which she sent by Melville "to the Earl or Countess of Arundel, as the last token of her affection."

She is painted with these beads at her girdle, and the cross at her breast, in a portrait at Welbeck (Duke of Portland's) and also in her portrait at Hardwick (Duke of Devonshire's). There is also an engraving of her by Virtue, in which she wears these beads, which are supposed to have been sent to her by a Pope.

With the attainder and execution of the fourth Duke of Norfolk we must leave the history of this great family, whose members played such leading rôles in the dramatic history of the Tudor period. Subsequently, under James I, most of the family honours were restored to the grandson of the fourth duke, Thomas Howard, the great patron of art to whom Horace Walpole alludes as the "Father of Vertu in England."

Philip Howard, son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, was debarred from his father's titles, but, in 1580, inherited in right of his mother, Mary Fitzalan, the feudal earldom of

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Arundel and thus, as before stated, was the first Howard who bore the title of Earl of Arundel. Philip Howard's adoption of the Catholic Faith, soon afterwards, lost him the favour of Elizabeth, and, in 1585, the Earl—whose father and grandfather had both perished on the scaffold—was arrested as he was on the point of leaving England and committed to the Tower, where he died in the eleventh year of his imprisonment. Shortly before his death, as the authors of *The House of Howard* relate, he made a last appeal to Elizabeth to be allowed to see his wife and children and received the answer that "if he will but once go to the church—abjure his faith—he shall not only see his wife and children, but shall be restored to his honours and estates with every mark of favour."

To this the Earl of Arundel—"the Venerable Philip Howard" by Papal Decree, 1886—made the following reply:

"Tell her Majesty that I cannot on such condition accept her offers; and if that be the cause in which I am to perish, sorry am I that I have but one life to lose."

M. ANATOLE FRANCE on JOAN OF ARC

Vie de Jeanned'Arc. Par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française.
2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1908.

AT the moment when the cause of the Beatification of Joan of Arc is drawing to a close, and the Catholic world is awaiting the decision of the Holy See upon miracles alleged to have been worked through her intercession, there appears a new Life of Joan of Arc from the pen of a well-known man of letters. Seeing that no less than fourteen hundred histories and monographs relating to her had been published up to the year 1894, and that since then "Lives" and histories have been appearing at an increased rate both in France and in England, and also in America, it is not unreasonable to ask why a further work of considerable magnitude should be issued from the press. An interest, no doubt, attaches to the book by reason of the literary reputation of M. Anatole France, who might be expected to give an additional charm to a tale that has so often been told, and which never seems to weary successive generations of readers.

But some further explanation must be sought of the motive which has prompted the work, for therein we may naturally expect to find a clue to the character of the work itself. And in the first place we may turn to biographical books for some information about the author himself. In *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xxviii, 1902), the following sentences sum up his literary style and the general tone of his thoughts: "And thus one may say of M. France's own style that its beautiful translucency is the result of many qualities—felicity, grace, the harmonious grouping of words, a perfect measure. M. France is a sceptic. The essence of his philosophy, if a spirit so light, evanescent, elusive, can be said to have a philosophy, is doubt. He is a doubter in religion, metaphysics, morals, politics, æsthetics, science—a most genial and kindly doubter, and not at all without doubts even as to his own

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negative conclusions" (p. 501). In 1889 he published a pamphlet under the title of *Un Émule de Jeanne d'Arc, Le petit Berger*. Of this he himself says: "This story makes one of a series of biographies which I have undertaken, and in which I propose to make known all the persons who have had visions, who have prophesied, who have believed that they received a mission from God at the period when Jeanne was accomplishing great things. My object is to render the story of the maid quite intelligible, and to determine precisely its meaning, with the help of several stories which present striking analogies with her own, although infinitely less beautiful."

With regard to the style he has adopted in his *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc* he remarks in the Preface that he has thought that a continuous narrative is better than all controversy and discussion to enable the Life to be appreciated and the truth to be known, and that he has endeavoured to preserve a simple and familiar tone. In this latter point he has certainly attained success; and he has produced a narrative which, by its continuity and simplicity, is well adapted for the subject, rendering the book easy and pleasant to read. Exception may, however, be taken to a certain needless coarseness in some passages, and to the frequent use of *Godon* to designate an Englishman. It occurs but once, if I remember right, in the volumes of the *Procès*, and being the corruption of the oath, G—d—— is not an expression that is of agreeable recurrence. And there can be no doubt but that a continuous narrative is a surer method for creating the impression that is intended than a story interrupted by polemical discussions.

What, then, is the impression intended to be created by this book? To sum it up in a few words: it is that Jeanne was in a perpetual state of hallucination, that in the end she was found out, and that she finally discovered for herself that she had been throughout her whole career the victim of gross self-deception. Herein lies the vital interest of the book. For it is needless to say that the attraction of a Life of Joan of Arc does not lie in the history of the Hundred Years' War, nor even in the military events of the

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time of the Maid, but in the character of Jeanne herself. She is the centre of all interest and attraction. But for her, the siege of Orleans would have nothing more than a mere historical interest such as may attach to the many sieges which find a place in the annals of Europe. She is the central figure also in the *Life* by Anatole France. It is to make her "intelligible" that he has written these two volumes, that he has collected the stories of visionaries and prophets of the time of the Maid, and that he has gathered together all the details, historical, biographical and geographical, with which he has illustrated his subject.

It will now be well to examine in order some of the chief theories propounded by M. France, and we may take them thus: (1) The alleged hallucinations of Jeanne; (2) the effect of these hallucinations; (3) the alleged admission of her self-deception.

1. M. France's theory is that Jeanne was subject to constant or perpetual hallucinations (*hallucination perpétuelle*), and that these hallucinations were of hearing, sight, touch and smell. The voices that she heard, the visions that she saw, the saints that she touched—all these, according to M. France, were pure illusions and had no reality, and were the product of Jeanne's own imagination. Further, the priests and others perceived that Jeanne had all the qualities of an hallucinated visionary; they took her in hand to guide her and to direct her ideas into that course which they deemed advantageous and profitable to the cause with which they were identified. The whole plan of her mission was one suggested by some person under whose influence she fell. Not a peasant, for how could a "driver of oxen" arrange a scheme with all the circumstances that should give it colouring and probability? Therefore it must have been a priest, and one from the banks of the Meuse. His intentions easily reveal themselves. He, too, must have put into her mind the theory that the kingdom belonged to God and not to the Dauphin, who held it in trust. Also, when Jeanne arrived at Chinon, M. France has no doubt that the first thought of Charles VII must have been that priests had indoctrinated the young girl. Again,

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she was directed without knowing it; she was led, like other visionaries, by a director whom one does not see, and she was evidently indoctrinated by some of those priests of whom all trace is for ever lost. "It must have been so with Jeanne."

It may have been so, or again it may not. Some people have hallucinations, others have not. Some people had hallucinations in Jeanne's time, but it does not therefore follow that she was hallucinated. It is a question of fact. But it is strange that amongst those who knew her in the early days of her youth there is no one who alludes to her having been in any way odd or strange. Children are very quick to notice anything peculiar in their comrades and others, and it would be possible to call to mind from personal experience cases where children detected the beginnings of a life-long mental defect and a future insanity. The following are some testimonies from the friends of her childhood given on the occasion of her rehabilitation. Mengette Joyart, Hauviette Gerard and John Waterin, all of Domremy, say that she was a good, simple girl, who worked with a good will in all household duties, and also in the fields, at the plough and in time of harvest, and took her turn in tending the cattle. They were also her playmates; and John Waterin adds that he and others sometimes laughed at her for what they considered superfluous devotion. But there is no trace in these or in any other of the depositions of any impression that she was "cracked" or in any way odd. Moreover, the searching inquiry made at Poitiers during the space of three weeks resulted in no discovery of hallucinations. Further, it is hardly credible that a person who had hallucinations or "insane impressions made upon the mind by external objects" (as they are defined in *Manual of Lunacy*, Lyttleton S. F. Winslow)—it is hardly credible that these "insane impressions" should never have been detected by any of the numerous people with whom she came in contact during her public career. M. France cites the medical opinion of Doctor Dumas, which, in somewhat hesitating terms, favours M. France's theory that Jeanne was *hypo-*

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sically disposed to hallucinations from her early youth. Equally reliable testimony might be adduced to show that M. France's conclusions do not necessarily follow from his premisses. Moreover, theories and opinions adverse to Jeanne's sanity can hardly outweigh the general verdict of Jeanne's contemporaries in the contrary sense. Further, the persons whom M. France brings forward as visionaries in the fifteenth century are all forgotten, and indeed soon disappeared from public notice. But the memory of Jeanne is as fresh as ever, and has an unceasing attraction to the whole world. This is not consistent with her having been a person with "insane impressions."

2. We pass on to the second point: *The effect of these hallucinations*. She was, it is said, always impelled by a kind of blind impulse to carry out what her "insane impressions" put before her. They produced an "automatism" which determined her acts. She had no military genius, took account neither of localities, nor roads, nor distances, and exercised no judgement. Her only tactics were, according to M. France, to prohibit blasphemy and immorality. The various depositions made on oath at the *Procès de Réhabilitation* are ample to the contrary. As to military tactics, the Russian general, Dragomiroff, who died shortly after the termination of the war between Russia and Japan, wrote in 1898: "And how fully she understands military truths! How clearly she sees that where 'le brave se risque, Dieu aide au moins vaillant' (a popular Russian proverb), that having begun to strike, one must strike to the end, without giving the enemy time to recover himself, that impetuosity is good at the outstart of an action, but that perseverance alone leads to the goal; that to lose time is sometimes to lose the game." Simple maxims, no doubt, demanding for their appreciation no special genius. M. France says that the defenders of Orleans might easily have driven off their besiegers. Perhaps so. But they did not. Nothing was simpler, according to M. France. Such commonplace military maxims may seem to be things of a matter of course that anyone could put into practice. Concentrate a superior force upon a given point. So

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Napoleon won Austerlitz. He withdrew one of his wings from the attack of the enemy, transferred it to the other side, and crushed his opponents by the superior force hurled upon their weaker flank. So Wellington, by a counterstroke to Marmont's attack, drove back his columns upon one another by a superior force concentrated more rapidly than Marmont could meet it, and the battle of Salamanca was won. So Nelson, at Trafalgar, broke his opponent's fleet in two so that the weaker part was crushed ere the other ships could come to the rescue. What could be simpler? Yet it was the genius of Napoleon, of Wellington, of Nelson that saw the critical moment and seized the opportunity that was offered. The people of Orleans, the commanders in the French army, might have done likewise, so simple are those military maxims. But they did not. That was reserved to Jeanne. Again, M. France criticizes her military ability because instead of marching upon Normandy she urged the expedition to Reims. Had she wished to fight and to drive the English out of France, to attack Normandy was the obvious course to be taken. But there are sometimes higher aims in warfare than the mere winning of a battle. To gain the prestige for Charles VII that the crowning at Reims would confer upon him, to detach if possible the Duke of Burgundy from his alliance with the English—these were objects to be attained of more permanent value than successes on the battlefield apart from them. Whatever may be thought of the merits of the various plans that military strategists might have proposed, there can be no doubt but that the raising of the siege of Orleans, the battles on the Loire culminating with Patay, and the crowning of Charles VII at Reims, turned the whole course of events and were the beginning of the final evacuation of France by the descendants of William the Conqueror, who, having made themselves masters of England, wished also to retain their ascendancy in France.

Is it conceivable that these great results were obtained through the agency and influence of a girl of eighteen who was the perpetual victim of "insane impressions" and

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the puppet of some "wire-pulling clerics" whose identity, as M. France declares, has been completely lost to posterity? It is difficult to estimate the loss that the historical world has thereby sustained!

Another consequence of that blind impulse is that she was ready to seize upon any suggestion that was in accordance with her "insane impressions." So she readily accepted the theory that Charles VII held the kingdom in trust for God, although M. France says she could have thought neither of the word nor of the thing. Perhaps not of the word, for, as Mr Andrew Lang has pointed out in *The Morning Post*, we have the version of Bertrand de Poulengey in Latin and not in the original French in which his deposition was given. It needs but small perception to understand that it was translated, and that the translator would use the technical Latin expression *efficeret*[ur]. The passage is: "Etenim dicebat ipsa Johanna quod regnum non spectabat Dalphino, sed Domino suo; attamen Dominus suus volebat quod efficeret[ur] rex ipse Dalphinus, et quod haberet in commendam illud regnum, dicendo quod invitis inimicis ejusdem Dalphini fieret rex, et ipsa duceret eum ad consecrandum." It is of this *in commendam* that M. France says that Jeanne knew "neither the word nor the thing," but that she was evidently indoctrinated by some ecclesiastics. The expression *en commende* by which M. France translates *in commendam* was very likely not in her vocabulary any more than *en commande** is in M. France's spelling (I, 73, 74; cf. xxxix). The cleric was doubtless responsible for the word, as M. France's printer is for the spelling of *commande*. But there is no reason why Jeanne should not have had a word at her command to express the thing, unless, indeed, as M. France asserts, she was ignorant of the thing. Yet why should she be ignorant of the thing? What more natural for her than to say to one of her companions: "Please take care of my distaff till I come back"? There is the foundation of the idea; it only has to be transferred to matters of higher importance, and we

*See Littré: *commende*.

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have the holding in trust of something confided to another by the owner. Truly we may say in the words of M. France, "Sa folie fut plus sage que la sagesse."

3. *The alleged admission of self-deception.* This is the culminating point in the history of the Maid. It is the question determining her whole life and character, and one which every person for whom Jeanne has any attraction turns to for a solution. M. France has no difficulty about it whatsoever, for, although Jeanne's "perpetual hallucinations rendered her for the most part unable to distinguish truth from falsehood," the time would probably come sooner or later when a ray of the light would fall upon her mind and for the passing moment she would perceive the extent to which she had been deceived. That moment arrived, and Jeanne renounced her voices: she admitted that she had been deceived, she wept and lamented piteously upon the scaffold, yet finally at the very end was enveloped once more by the kindly veil of her hallucinations, which enabled her to sacrifice herself for the heroic persuasion that she was the envoy of heaven and the angel of the kingdom of France.

It will be well to examine carefully upon what grounds this theory is based. On May 24 Jeanne was placed upon the platform in the cemetery of St-Ouen, Rouen, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, and was there called upon to make a public recantation of all her sayings and acts that were reprobated by the clerics and to submit herself to holy mother the Church. To this she rejoined, "I will give you an answer. As regards submission to the Church, I have replied to them upon that point. As to all the things which I have said and done, let them be sent to Rome to our Holy Father the Pope, to whom and to God in the first place I appeal. As to my words and my acts, I have said and done them as from God" (THE DUBLIN REVIEW, January, 1891). The preacher, William Erard, who had held a paper in his hand whilst preaching, now passed it to the officer of the court, who was standing by Jeanne, with instructions that he should read it to her. At the same time he said to Jeanne: "You

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shall abjure, and sign this schedule." It was a piece of paper folded in two, on which were written about six or seven lines in French in large characters and beginning with the words "Je Jehanne." Finally, she signed a paper. M. France says it was this document, not longer than a *Pater Noster* and containing six or seven lines of writing. This is proved by the explicit deposition of witnesses at the trial of rehabilitation, and although M. France depreciates the evidence of the rehabilitation he accepts without a comment the schedule mentioned above. Now it is remarkable that the schedule given in the trial of condemnation, the value of which M. France amply extols, is not this short schedule, but the following one, beginning, "Toute personne," of which two versions are inserted in the minutes, one in French and the other in Latin:

"Every person who has erred and despised the Christian faith, and has afterwards, by the grace of God, returned to the light of truth and to the unity of our holy mother the Church, must guard himself carefully from the enemy of hell, lest he cast him back and make him fall again into error and damnation. For this cause, I, Jeanne, commonly called *The Maid*, miserable sinner, after that I have known the meshes of error by which I was held, and that by the grace of God I have returned to our holy mother the Church, in order that people may see that, not feignedly, but of good heart and good will, I have returned to her, I confess that I have very grievously sinned, in mendaciously pretending to have had revelations and apparitions as from God, through angels and Saint Katherine and Saint Margaret, in seducing others, in believing foolishly and rashly, in making superstitious divinations, in blaspheming God and His Saints; in transgressing the divine law, the Holy Scripture, the canon law; in wearing a dissolute dress, deformed and dishonourable contrary to the decency of nature, and hair cut round after the manner of men, against all honour of woman's sex; in bearing arms also with great presumption; in cruelly desiring effusion of human blood; in saying that I had done all those things by the command of God, of the angels and saints

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aforesaid, and that in those things I had done rightly and had not in any way done wrong; in despising God and His Sacraments; in making seditions and committing idolatry by invoking evil spirits. I confess also that I have been schismatical and that in several matters I have erred in the faith. Which crimes and errors, I, of sincere heart and without feigning, by the grace of our Lord, restored to the way of truth, by the holy doctrine and the good advice of yourself and the doctors and teachers whom you have sent me, abjure and entirely renounce and quit. And with respect to all those things aforesaid I submit myself to the correction, disposal, amendment and entire determination of our holy mother the Church and to your good judgement. Also I swear and promise to Saint Peter, Prince of the Apostles, to our Holy Father the Pope of Rome, His Vicar, and to his successors, and to you, my lord, reverend father in God, Lord Bishop of Beauvais, and to the religious person, Brother John le Maistre, vicar of the Inquisition of the faith, as my judges, that never by any persuasion or other manner will I return to the errors aforesaid, from which it has pleased our Lord to deliver and free me; but ever to remain in the unity of our holy mother the Church and in the obedience of our holy father the Pope of Rome. And this I say, affirm and swear by God Almighty and by these holy Gospels. And in sign thereof I have signed this schedule with my signature. Signed thus: 'JEHANNE +.'

Jean Massieu, the officer who received the short schedule from the hand of Erard, deposed upon oath at the rehabilitation as follows: "I am quite certain that it was not that schedule of which mention is made in the trial, because the one which I, who am giving evidence, read and which Jeanne signed is altogether different from that which is inserted in the trial." What, then, became of the short schedule which Massieu read to her and which Jeanne signed? It has entirely disappeared, and the long schedule which Jeanne did not either hear or sign stands in the records of the trial as that signed by Jeanne. He who reads only the *Procès de Condamnation* would never suspect that

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there had been any schedule but the *long* one; and he who reads only M. France's book would never imagine that there had been any schedule but the *short* one; M. France has entirely suppressed the long one. Yet we read in his Preface: "What is to be thought of an historian who, inconvenienced by the trial of Jeanne, suppresses it?" ["Mais que penser d'un historien qui, gêné par le procès de Jeanne, le supprime?"] To suppress a fact is no doubt a lesser fault than to suppress the whole. But even this we should hardly expect of an author who says of himself, "J'ai écrit cette histoire avec un zèle ardent et tranquille; j'ai cherché la vérité sans mollesse, je l'ai rencontrée sans peur."

After Jeanne had resumed her man's dress, for very grave reasons, which M. France dismisses against the weight of good evidence, the Bishop of Beauvais called together the assessors of his court to deliberate upon the course to be taken under the altered circumstances. The assessors were forty-two in number, and their opinions stand recorded to the number of thirty-nine in accordance with the opinion of the Abbot of Fécamp. His vote is, therefore, of the highest importance. In the article in this REVIEW of January, 1891, it is thus translated from the Latin: "Jeanne is relapsed. Nevertheless it is well that the schedule which has just been read to us should be read again before her, that it should be explained to her, and that she should have recalled to her the word of God. And this done, the judge will have to declare her a heretic and to abandon her to the secular justice, begging of it to act towards her with tenderness." It is well here to take note of the Latin: "Tamen bonum est quod schedula, nuper lecta, legatur iterum coram ipsa, et sibi exponatur, proponendo ei verbum Dei. Et, his peractis, nos iudices habemus declarare eam hereticam et ipsam relinquere justitiæ seculari, rogando eam ut cum eadem Johanna mite agant." M. France translates it thus: "Jeanne est relapse. Toutefois, il est bon que la cédula, qui *lui* a été lue, lui soit relue encore une fois, et qu'en même temps on lui rappelle la parole de Dieu. La sentence une fois portée par

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les juges, il faudra laisser Jeanne à la justice seculière en la priant d'agir avec douceur." Really one is tempted to ask whether M. France knows Latin, or whether as an author of works of fiction he has not forgotten his rôle of historian. *Nuper lecta* means "which has just been read." To whom? Not to Jeanne, for she was not present; but to the assessors in court. Which, again, was the schedule? Not the short one, but the long one inserted in the minutes of the trial. It had never been read to *her* at all. By what right does M. France insert *her*? He has told us that an historian must not *suppress* anything. By what title does he suppress "that it should be explained to her" (*sibi exponatur*)? Again, *his peractis* means "when these things have been done." M. France renders it, "La sentence une fois portée pas les juges" ("When once the sentence has been passed by the judges"). The classics have been somewhat superseded in France by less antiquated studies; but an historian of Jeanne d'Arc should at least know Latin. The greater part of her history is written in that language.

It is clear that the overwhelming majority of the opinions of the assessors was given under a distinct condition: that the schedule which had been read to *them* should be read to *Jeanne*, and should be explained to her. Then, when this had been done, if she still remained of the same mind, their decisions were to take effect. But it is easy to see that if the long schedule had been read to her, it would have met with her most indignant protest. Hence the conditions were never fulfilled, the schedule was never read to her, still less explained; and the next day she was led out to die at the stake. There she maintained the truth of her visions and mission to the very end, so much so that M. France, obliged to admit the fact, explains it by suggesting that she was enveloped in the kindly veil of her hallucinations. Wednesday, May 30, 1431, was the eventful day of Jeanne's death. On Thursday, June 17, the Bishop of Beauvais took certain informations respecting the last hours of Jeanne in prison. They purport to show that, while in prison, on the morning of her death, she made statements to the effect that she renounced all that

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she had said about her voices and that she no longer believed in them. There is not the smallest reference to such an abjuration in the records of what passed at the execution. Since Jeanne loudly proclaimed the truth of her revelations on the scaffold, how loudly would she have protested against being credited with such an abjuration? This document held its own for five-and-twenty years until the time of the rehabilitation, when the secretaries deposed that they had refused to sign the minutes of that so-called interrogation in the prison. M. France, admitting that the document was irregular, asserts that it constitutes an historical document of certain authenticity. It is indeed written in the same handwriting as the preceding minutes and is no doubt the work of the Bishop of Beauvais, but the mass of evidence is entirely against its being a document worthy of acceptance. M. France thinks that "things passed pretty much as this extrajudicial *procès-verbal* reports": most students of the documents think otherwise. But as M. France had started with the conclusion that Jeanne was hallucinated, it is consistently in accordance with his mind that the theory of hallucination should be supported to the end. Hence the (to him) undoubted trustworthiness of the document.

However, Jeanne did make some admissions in the cemetery of St-Ouen. Can that schedule, "Je Jehanne," be reconstituted from any trustworthy evidence? Four things, according to the testimony of those who had means of knowing, were included in it: not to bear arms, to put off man's dress, not to wear her hair cut short, and to submit to the determination and judgement of the Church. The first three promises were in no way compromising to her; the last, namely, to suspend her own judgement upon the revelations pending their being submitted to the Holy See, was an act of piety and humility. In exchange for these promises she was to be lodged in the ecclesiastical prisons and to have a woman as her keeper—stipulations which were never observed. Very explicit is the sworn testimony of the Dominican Father, Martin Ladvenu, that "always, up to the end of her life, she held

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and asserted that the voices which she had had were from God; and that whatever she had done, she had done by the precept of God; that she did not believe that she had been deceived by those voices; and that the revelations which she had had were from God" (*Procès*, III, 170). It is against all reason that the schedule which Jeanne signed should have contained the contradictory to what she is known, upon very full evidence, to have held. So far, therefore, as is possible, the short schedule may be reconstituted as follows: "I, Jeanne, promise not to bear arms in the future, nor to wear man's dress, nor hair cut short, and to submit myself to the determination, judgement and commands of the Church." The time occupied in reading the schedule occupied about the space of the *Pater Noster*. The above has thirty-two words; the *Pater Noster* has forty-nine words—seventeen more words would have to be supplied, about one-third of the whole. That small remainder can hardly have contained so vital a matter as the abjuration of all that Jeanne held dear without its having been noticed at the time by those who were near her. She was charged on May 28 by the Bishop of Beauvais with having admitted in the cemetery of St-Ouen that she had mendaciously boasted that her voices were Saint Katherine and St Margaret. To which she replied that she had not understood that she had so done or said (*Procès*, I, 458).

Fair criticism, therefore, seems to leave the Maid in the position which she has so long held; and the common-sense of England, at least, recoils at the idea that Jeanne was either the *idiot* of Voltaire or the hallucinated dupe and puppet of Anatole France. Her cause has been the subject of a searching inquiry by the Holy See during the last fourteen years; and it is not too venturesome to affirm that there will be few Englishmen who will not rejoice if a decision of the Holy See shall declare Jeanne entitled to be numbered in the roll of the Blessed, for the heroic virtues which she practised and her saintly fidelity in the service of God.

FRANCIS M. WYNDHAM

RECENT WORKS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT

Canon and Text of the New Testament. By Caspar René Gregory (International Theological Library). T. and T. Clark. 1907.

Der Stammbaum Christi bei den Heiligen Evangelisten Matthäus und Lukas (Biblische Studien, xii, 3). By Peter Vogt, S.J. Herder, Freiburg im Br.

L'Origine du quatrième Évangile. Par M. Lepin, professeur au Grand Séminaire de Lyon. 2me éd. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 1907.

St Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians: the Greek text, with introduction and notes. By George Milligan, D.D., Minister of Caputh, Perthshire. Macmillan. 1908.

The Cities of St Paul. By Sir W. M. Ramsay, Kt, Hon. D.C.L., etc, Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen. Hodder and Stoughton. 1907.

Jerusalem: the Topography, Economics and History, from the earliest times to A.D. 70. By George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Old Testament Literature and Theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow. 2 vols. Hodder and Stoughton. 1907.

And other works.

A NEW verse of the Gospel according to St Mark; that is the most remarkable novelty in recent textual study. And this new find seems really to belong to the last twelve verses of St Mark. Those twelve verses (xvi, 9-20) were confidently defended by Scrivener and Cook and Burgon, but no textual critic will now lift up his voice in their favour. The passage is certainly not the original ending of the Gospel. If it is absent from but few existing MSS., yet in very many it is obelized, and its absence in others is noted in the margin. Eusebius (perhaps quoting Origen) says that the end of the Gospel was marked at verse 8 in nearly all MSS. in his time (or in Origen's time). St Mark's story breaks off suddenly at the end of verse 8: "They said nothing to any man, for they were afraid," and verse 9 starts afresh: "But He rising early on the first day

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of the week . . . ” (this date had been given by St Mark in verse 1). What follows is a summary of the history of the Resurrection and Ascension—the appearance to Mary Magdalen (from St John), to two walking in the country (from St Luke), to the eleven as they sat at meat (from St Luke, cp. St John), then the charge to the Apostles, the Ascension and the preaching of the Apostles. Up to verse 8, St Matthew and St Luke have followed St Mark, though with divergences of detail; at this point they leave him, and each goes his own way. It seems clear that neither of them knew the present ending of St Mark. Did St Mark leave his book unfinished? Or was the last page of the original manuscript accidentally lost? Has the original ending survived in substance in Matt. xxviii, 9-11 and 16-20, or (as seems more likely) in John xxi? No certain answer is forthcoming.

Another question seemed once to be equally unsoluble: Who wrote the present ending of St Mark? But in 1897 Mr F. C. Conybeare made his famous discovery of the Etchmiadzin codex, in which these twelve verses have a heading to themselves, “Of Ariston the Presbyter.” This Armenian MS. is generally recognized as having supplied the key we needed. Papias, at the beginning of the second century, speaks of Aristion, the Presbyter, the Disciple of the Lord, who had survived till his own day, and whose traditions he reported. According to the Apostolical Constitutions the first two bishops of Smyrna were named Aristion. This may embody some recollection of the Disciple of the Lord. If he dwelt at Smyrna he would be within the reach of Papias, the Bishop of Hierapolis.* The

* In *The Expositor*, 4th series, no 8, 1893, p. 246, in an article entitled “Aristion, the author of the last twelve verses of St Mark,” Mr Conybeare, after announcing his discovery, wrote as follows: “In a twelfth-century Bodleian codex of Rufinus’s Latin version of *The Ecclesiastical History*, this story,” viz., the story told by Papias of Justus Barsabbas, that he drank poison without harm, “is mentioned in the margin against the name of Aristion (in p. 136, 31) from which we may suppose that the scholiast of Rufinus regarded the story as in a peculiar manner due to or suggested by Aristion.” The casual reader of Eusebius would naturally gather from his account that Papias had the story from the daugh-

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first citation from the twelve verses attributed to him is by St Justin Martyr, who was converted at Ephesus before the year 131. Thus the verses are probably not by Mark, the interpreter of Peter, who was not a follower of the Lord (so Papias says of him), but by a direct disciple, who survived till nearly the end of the century. Obviously they may well be accurate in their information, and "inspired." They have certainly been treated by the Church as Holy Scripture, even if it is not absolutely certain whether the Council of Trent implicitly defined them to form a part of the canon.

Now St Jerome, writing against the Pelagians in 415, quotes in Latin a verse, otherwise unknown, as occurring after St Mark xvi, 14, "in some copies, and especially in Greek codices." No such codices have come down to us in libraries. But Egypt, whose dry sands have preserved so many precious treasures of ancient times till our own day, has recently yielded a set of four Biblical manuscripts of early date. These were bought last year at Cairo by Mr Charles Lang Freer, of Detroit. One of them, of the fifth or sixth century, contains the four Gospels. From this hitherto unknown codex, Professor H. A. Sanders published in *The Biblical* ters of Philip; but a more careful examination shows that he need not be so understood, but that the story may perhaps be a tradition of Aristion. But in any case it looks rather as if Papias had quoted it in illustration of Mark xvi, 18; for this is the only one of the five signs which are there promised by Christ which is not actually related in Acts as having "followed them that believe." But the reference to the codex of Rufinus is a mistake. Two or three years ago Mr Conybeare helped me to find the place referred to by him; it is in MS. Laud 294, fol. 31 b. The MS. has a series of marginal notes, calling attention to the chief points in the text, which is in two columns. The note refers not to the column in which the name Aristion occurs, but to the other column, against which it stands, and merely notes the place in which the story of Barsabbas occurs; it has no significance whatever. Mr Conybeare was of the same opinion. I have only mentioned this fact because Dr Belser (*Einleitung*, p. 98) and an anonymous writer in the *Civiltà Cattolica* (no. 1339, April 1906, p. 43) have built upon the mistake. They suggest that the note in the Armenian codex was due to the erroneous inference made by a scribe from a marginal note in his copy, wherein it was said that Aristion related a story about poison being drunk without harm.

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World for February, 1908, the original Greek of the verse quoted in Latin by St Jerome, together with another verse which St Jerome had no occasion to cite. For convenience of reference I give here the twelve verses from the Douay version, inserting in italics the verse cited by Jerome and in small capitals the new verse supplied by the American manuscript:

⁹ But He rising early the first day of the week, appeared first to Mary Magdalen, out of whom he had cast seven devils. ¹⁰ She went and told them that had been with Him, who were mourning and weeping. ¹¹ And they hearing that He was alive, and had been seen by her, did not believe. ¹² And after that He appeared in another shape to two of them walking, as they were going into the country. ¹³ And they going told it to the rest; neither did they believe them. ¹⁴ At length He appeared to the eleven as they were at table; and He upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, because they did not believe them who had seen Him after He was risen again. *And they excused themselves, saying, This world of iniquity and unbelief is under Satan, who by reason of unclean spirits suffereth not the true power of God to be apprehended. Therefore do thou reveal thy justice now.* AND CHRIST SAID TO THEM, THE TERM OF THE YEARS OF THE POWER OF SATAN IS FULFILLED. BUT OTHER TERRIBLE THINGS ARE AT HAND, AND FOR THEM THAT HAVE SINNED I HAVE BEEN DELIVERED UP TO DEATH THAT THEY MAY TURN TO THE TRUTH AND SIN NO MORE, THAT THEY MAY INHERIT THE SPIRITUAL AND INCORRUPTIBLE GLORY OF JUSTICE WHICH IS IN HEAVEN. But ¹⁵ going into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature. ¹⁶ He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned. ¹⁷ And these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; ¹⁸ they shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover. ¹⁹ And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God. ²⁰ But they going forth preached everywhere; the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with signs that followed.*

* The Greek runs thus (emendations bracketed): *κακέεινοι ἀπολογούντε [-το] λέγοντες ὅτι ὁ αἰὼν οὗτος τῆς ἀνομίας καὶ τῆς ἀπιστίας ὑπὸ τὸν Σατανᾶν ἐστὶν ὃ μὴ ἔων τὰ ὑπὸ [for τὰ ὑπὸ read διὰ?] τῶν πνευμάτων ἀκάθαρτα [-των] τὴν ἀλήθειαν [-θινήν] τοῦ θεοῦ καταλαβέσθαι δύναμιν, διὰ τοῦτο ἀποκάλυψον σοῦ τὴν δικαιοσύνην ἥδη (ἐκείνοι ἔλεγον τῷ Χριστῷ) [omit].*

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What is to be said of these additions? Are they interpolations? Harnack thinks we must rather see in them an original portion of the work of Aristion from which the twelve verses are an extract. These two verses had been omitted by the person who placed the twelve verses as a patch to St Mark, and were supplied in some copy by an interpolator who had the work of Aristion before him. Harnack urges for this view that there is no sequence between v. 14 and v. 15, and that the new passage partly fills up the gap, though probably more is wanted. The proof is insufficient, and has not been accepted by Dr Swete nor by a writer in the *Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique* of Louvain. But I think there is more to be added in favour of Harnack's hypothesis.

1. The twelve verses are mainly concerned with belief and unbelief in the Resurrection. The disciples will not believe Mary Magdalen; they will not believe the two disciples from Emmaus. Christ upbraids them for not believing; and promises salvation to those who believe and damnation to those who disbelieve. Now the additional verses carry out the same idea: the Apostles excuse their unbelief by laying the blame on Satan. Our Lord replies that the days of Satan's power are numbered, and for the future all will be judged according to their belief or disbelief.

2. These last words are the reply to the prayer "reveal thy justice now."

3. The complaint that the true power of God (as manifested in the Resurrection) cannot be apprehended by reason of the unclean spirits seems to be answered by the promise of the signs which are to follow, and by the manifestation of the power of Christ, who sits at the Right Hand of God.

καὶ ὁ χριστὸς ἐκείνοις προσέλεγεν, ὅτι πεπλήρωται ὁ ὅρος τῶν ἐτῶν τῆς ἐξουσίας τοῦ Σατανᾶ, ἀλλὰ ἐγγίζει ἄλλα δεινὰ. καὶ ὑπὲρ ὧν [τῶν] ἁμαρτησάντων ἐγὼ παρεδόθην εἰς θάνατον, ἵνα ὑποστρέψωσιν εἰς τὴν ἀλήθειαν καὶ μηκέτι ἁμαρτήσωσιν, ἵνα τὴν ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ πνευματικὴν καὶ ἄφθαρτον τῆς δικαιοσύνης δόξαν κληρονομήσωσιν. ἀλλὰ πορευθέντες κ.τ.λ. The manuscript is carelessly written and full of errors and repetitions.

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4. The Gospel to be preached to every creature is explained by the preceding declaration that Christ died that sinners might sin no more but inherit glory in heaven.

But it may be said all this only shows that the interpolator had studied well the drift of the passage. The similarity of vocabulary is also inconclusive, although an analysis shows that the new verses, like the twelve, have little analogy with Matthew, Mark or John, while they are particularly close to the vocabulary of St Paul and that of St Luke, 1 Peter and Apocalypse (all these have many similarities with one another). But there is a small point which seems to me particularly illuminating. One noticeable characteristic of the twelve verses is the constant use of *ἐκεῖνος* where we should expect *αὐτός* or *οὗτος*. In the rest of St Mark *ἐκεῖνος* occurs only five times, in Matthew six times, in Luke six, in Acts four, in John sixty-three. In the twelve verses it occurs five times; at the same rate it would be found 365 times in the 878 verses of St John. We find 10. *ἐκείνη πορευθεῖσα*, 11. *καὶ ἐκεῖνοι ἀκούσαντες*, 13. *καὶ ἐκεῖνοι ἀπελθόντες*, . . . *οὐδὲ ἐκείνοις ἐπίστευσαν*, 20. *ἐκεῖνοι δὲ ἐξελθόντες*. Notice twice *καὶ ἐκεῖνοι*, and that four times out of five a participle follows. Similarly the new passage begins: *καὶ ἐκεῖνοι ἀπελογοῦντο λέγοντες*, (why not *οὗτοι* or *αὐτοί*?), and again *καὶ ὁ χριστὸς ἐκείνοις προσέλεγεν*, where every New Testament writer (except possibly St John) would have written *αὐτοῖς*. Now there is no other connexion with the vocabulary of St John.* The new verses therefore connect themselves closely with the twelve verses of Aristion, for it is indefinitely improbable that an interpolator would imitate this unusual trick of style.

It is on this ground that I am inclined to agree with Harnack that the new verses are really by Aristion, the disciple of the Lord. If this be true, we have actually gained a new saying of our Lord, or a summary of a

* The vocabulary of St John's Gospel is peculiar. It can hardly be a mere accident that such common words as *ἀπιστέω*, *ἀπιστία*, *ὀνειδίζω*, *ἀναλαμβάνω*, *πανταχοῦ*, *ἕστερον*, *κατακρίνω*, *λοιπός*, never occur in it, though they are found in the last twelve verses of St Mark. The new verses similarly contain words (*ἄφθαρτος*, *κληρονομέω*, *πνευματικός*), unknown to St John's Gospel, but thoroughly Pauline.

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speech by Him, on good authority. Whether in this hypothesis we ought to regard the lost writing of Aristion as inspired or not is another question; and I think there is no need for us to have an answer so long as the origin of the words remains doubtful, and it will perhaps always remain doubtful. In any case the words represent what our Lord may well have said—that the end of Satan's tyranny is come, though not the end of evil, that He died for sinners that they might sin no more, but inherit the incorruptible glory of heaven.

In comparison with this addition to the text of a Canonical Gospel, the new *Fragment of an Uncanonical Gospel** from Oxyrhynchus must fall rather flat. It gives a curious dialogue between our Lord and a High Priest. Nothing certain can be said of its origin, nor need anything be added to the excellent notes by the editors, which may be bought with the text and translation for one shilling.

Dr C. R. Gregory's *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf and his German *Einführung* were meant for scholars. He has now published an English work on the *Text and Canon of the New Testament* which is intended to be popular and deserves to become so. Dr Gregory is an American; but he has lived so long in Germany that he has forgotten his English, and this is a drawback. His sentences are sometimes quite German in form, sometimes quaint, sometimes scarcely intelligible. The general account of the text is made interesting by Dr Gregory's vast knowledge of the peculiarities of the MSS. which he mentions. In theory he is content to follow Westcott and Hort; and his remarks on the published instalments of Von Soden's great work are amusingly severe. The history of the Canon is well put together, though it seems to have been rather hastily written. It gives an excellent summary of the evidence from a Protestant Conservative point of view, and deserves to be recommended to Catholic readers as a good introduction to the subject. The author is very fond of exhibiting the links which bind the witness of the end of the second cen-

* Edited by B. F. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. With one plate. Oxford Univ. Press. 1908. 22pp.

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tury to the times of the Apostles, and prove the continuity of early tradition:

If we are scientific enough to consider the whole growing Church from Jerusalem and Antioch to Ephesus and Smyrna and Thessalonica and Corinth and Rome and Vienne and Lyons in Gaul, and to conjure up to ourselves the occasional Christian societies in countless places between—if we consider this large field, and I shall now not say the possibility but the necessity of there being many men and women of seventy and eighty and some men and women of ninety overlapping each other, we shall be ready to concede that the course of Christian tradition has not been in the least a weak and frail passage from Paul to Irenaeus, from John to Clement of Alexandria (p. 162).

Among instances of “links,” he mentions the curious case of Sir Stephen Fox’s daughters:

He married in 1654, and his first child, a daughter, was born and died in 1655, three years before the death of Cromwell. After losing several married children, he married late in life, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727, seventy-two years after her eldest sister. This daughter lived ninety-eight years, and died in 1825, when Queen Victoria was six years old. Thus there passed one hundred and seventy years between the deaths of these two sisters (p. 160).

Professor Deissmann, who has just migrated from Heidelberg to Berlin, continues his studies on the Greek of the Bible:* one must not say “biblical Greek,” for this is just what Deissmann denies the existence of! The recent study of inscriptions, ostraca and especially papyri shows that the old idea of a peculiar Greek called “biblical Greek” is a mistake; the Bible is in the Greek of its own age, neither bad Greek nor good Greek, but simply late Greek; semitisms are far rarer than was once supposed; peculiar words are not more than one per cent of the whole number. Dr Deissmann, in the little book of lectures before us, is at pains to impress upon us that the Greek Bible is a whole, and that we cannot study the New Testament language without studying that of the Septuagint also. The lectures are especially useful as an introduction to the subject, because

**The Philology of the Greek Bible, its present and future.* Lectures delivered at the Cambridge Summer School of the Free Churches. By Adolf Deissmann. Hodder & Stoughton, 1908. 3s net.

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they give a rapid review of the recent literature of biblical philology, with appreciations by a first-rate specialist. It is a pity that few Catholic scholars have as yet turned their attention to the new materials of which the *Archiv für Papyrusforschung* is the organ.

A new number of the *Biblische Studien*, edited by Dr Bardenhewer, is on the Genealogies of Christ, by P. Vogt, S.J. His arguments are not invariably convincing, but he is worth reading, and he gives a marvellous list of the opinions of previous writers—some three hundred and twenty of them! His conclusion is that St Matthew gives the legal genealogy of our Lord through St Joseph, whereas St Luke gives the natural genealogy through Mary. This is, of course, in itself the most reasonable solution, when we consider that Matthew gives only the incidents in which Joseph had a part, while Luke tells his story from the point of view of our Lady. But the difficulty has always been the wording of St Luke: can we take *ὁν υἱός . . . τοῦ Ἡλεί* together? Father Vogt has another translation, which certainly deserves consideration. He renders Luke iii, 23, thus: "And indeed Jesus himself was—he who was beginning his ministry at the age of about thirty years, being, as was supposed, the son of Joseph—(the son of) Heli (the son) of Matthat," etc. He rightly claims that this version gives for the first time a real meaning to the word *αὐτός* at the beginning of the verse.

Dr Swete presents us with a beautiful little book on *The Appearances of our Lord after the Passion*.* It need hardly be said that he believes in the substantial accuracy of the Gospels, and the harmony which he proposes is simple, while the treatment is devotional. He only incidentally attacks rationalistic interpretations; Professor Ladeuze of Louvain, on the other hand, in his lecture on the Resurrection,† is apologetic throughout. He has chosen Meyer's

**The Appearances of our Lord after the Passion*. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., Regius Prof. of Divinity in the Univ. of Cambridge. Macmillan. 1908. Page 147, where it is denied that resurrection means resuscitation, must be read with caution.

† *La Resurrection du Christ devant la critique contemporaine*, par le chanoine P. Ladeuze, professeur de l'Écriture sainte et de patrologie, président du collège du St Esprit. Louvain: Peeters. 1907. 32pp.

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book as the type of objection to be answered, and his replies are forcible and well put.

Books on the Fourth Gospel continue to pullulate. A thick book by Jean d'Alma,* of whom I know nothing, is devoted to the reconciliation of Loisy with Renan, since the author holds that two such great men cannot be irretrievably at loggerheads. He wishes on the one hand to accept with both hands the thoroughgoing allegorism of Loisy, yet to hold with Renan that the writer of the Gospel had good historical authority to go upon, and did not simply invent his incidents. The attempt is laudable, but the writer is insufficiently equipped for his task. As to his knowledge of philosophy, the following passage is not reassuring: "The Logos of John, like the Idea of Plato, is the soul of the world, the immanent principle of existence and of light." For history, I cite his remarks on Elchasai: "It is possible that John of Ephesus combated him, opposing to his two women Martha and Marthana the true Martha and Mary." Only it happens that Martha and Marthana lived in the time of Epiphanius, in the second half of the fourth century! Besides Loisy, Réville, Calmes and Renan, the writer has also used Origen against Celsus, and a translation of the Jerusalem Talmud. He knows no German, and quotes even Harnack at second hand from Loisy. In his second appendix he says he has seen Abbot's *Johannine Vocabulary*, though he knows no other works of that author. He is clever, and it is to be hoped he will study seriously before his next appearance in public.

**La Controverse du quatrième Evangile*. Paris: Nourry. 1907. 5 frs. An example of M. d'Alma's mystical interpretation must be given. He deserts Loisy's explanation of the six waterpots of Cana; for him the important matter is that they contained "two or three measures apiece"; twelve or eighteen is the product, meaning the twelve tribes and the eighteen "measures" of the rabbinical code. "Il semble qu'il ait voulu partager les six urnes de Cana le long de son ouvrage, de manière que chacune d'elles corresponde à un thème spécial: L'eau du puits de Jacob serait en opposition avec la parole qui désaltère à jamais (ix, 14); celle de la piscine probatique, avec la parole qui donne l'action vitale (v. 7, 8);" the lake of Tiberias, the libations of the Temple, the pool of Siloam, that of the Jordan, or the brazen laver (only there was no brazen laver in Herod's temple!) fill up the number! Surely this is Loisme run to seed.

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M. Marius Lepin, a professor at the seminary of Lyons, replies in detail to all the attacks made in recent years on the fourth Gospel.* He is as familiar with English and German literature as with Loisy and Réville; he uses, for instance, Drummond and Stanton and Westcott against Abbot and Schmiedel and Sanday, though he takes no notice of lesser fry (much lesser, I think) such as Bacon and Percy Gardner and others. He summarizes the opinions of his opponents with care, treats them with courtesy, and is never contemptuous. He seems to me to have produced the best book on St John that has yet appeared. At all events it is in the first rank, and I hope it will be widely read. I have only found one important point where I should venture wholly to disagree with M. Lepin, and I regret only two omissions of good arguments. One of these omissions is supplied by Dean Armitage Robinson in an Appendix ("on the alleged Martyrdom of St John") to his altogether admirable little book *The Historical Character of St John's Gospel*;† here the Dean deals with the evidence adduced from Martyrologies, which M. Lepin had rather neglected. The Dean of Westminster is a real scholar, and one hopes his clearheaded and carefully worded exposition of the question may have considerable influence. It is a pleasure to be able to recommend his sixpenny publication to Catholic readers with perfect security.

Mr H. L. Jackson has read much German criticism, but his own views are hazy and uncertain, so that his book is not likely to be very useful to those who wish for guidance through the maze.‡ Mr E. F. Scott on the other hand knows his own mind; but I am not sure that he will convince his readers that he knows St John's mind.§ He has considerable talent, and his account of the purpose of

* M. Lepin's book has 500 pages, and costs only 3.50frs.

† Published by Longmans, 1908: 6d. net in paper, 1s. in cloth.

‡ *The Fourth Gospel and Some Recent German Criticism*, by H. L. Jackson, B.D., Vicar of St Mary's, Huntingdon. Cambridge Univ. Press, 1906, 3s. 6d. net.

§ *The Fourth Gospel: its Purpose and Theology*, by Ernest Scott, M.A., B.A. T. & T. Clark, 1906, 6s. net. A good criticism by Dr Lock will be found in *The Journal of Theological Studies* for April, 1908.

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the Fourth Gospel is ingenious, but I have no space to discuss it. He starts by assuming the truth of "the position now generally accepted by Continental scholars." But there is no such position, for their views are legion. What would Zahn or Harnack or Jülicher say to Mr Scott's notion that the Epistle is by a different author from the Gospel? It should be added that he writes with reverence (though he finds St John full of inconsistencies), and that he fully accepts the dogmatic teaching of the Gospel: "It describes the Saviour not merely as He was, within the narrow limits of His life on earth, but as He is for ever, to those who have known and loved Him."

The most important recent work on the Epistles is Dr Milligan's *Commentary on Thessalonians*. If he needed to make his reputation, this would make it, for it is an extremely thorough and praiseworthy performance. The commentary is less interesting reading than the introduction, for it goes deeply into the grammar. Dr Milligan's large use of papyri for illustration is the most noticeable feature of his work. Here, again, is a work by a Presbyterian which Catholics will be able to use without finding anything to annoy them. (Why does Dr Milligan call Erasmus a Protestant scholar?)

Sir W. M. Ramsay's latest book, published at the very end of last year, is on *The Cities of St Paul*. The first part, dealing with "Paulinism in the Græco-Roman World," is very stimulating reading. In St Paul, he says, there is a Hellenic element as well as a Jewish element; if we neglect either side of him, we shall inevitably fail to understand him. In St Paul's philosophy of history, "a society or a nation is progressive in so far as it hears the Divine voice; all else is degeneration." This view is boldly supported by Professor Ramsay himself; he rejects the modern opinion of an evolution of religion and society from bad to good, from totemism and fetishism to spiritual worship; he makes good his view by a survey of the history of the basin of the Mediterranean: the story of the world around this sea is a story of degeneration and decline. St Paul gets his idea of progress, development, fruit-bearing, from Hellenism, which in his

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day had lost its delicate grace and had become very practical. "The world is always to him fluid and changing, never stationary. But the change is towards an end, not mere flux without law; it is either degeneration towards death, or increase towards perfection and true life; it is the purpose of God working itself out in the affairs of men, a truly Greek idea, which can be traced in the highest expression of its literature, beginning from Homer, who sums up the whole drama of the *Iliad* as the consummation of the purpose of Zeus, Διὸς ἐτελείετο βουλή. . . To St Paul moral excellence is not a mere quality; it is a purpose to be attained, an end to be reached, a prize to be won." This is an admirable instance of Ramsay's unfailing vein of paradox—as if all this was not expressed a thousand times as clearly in the Old Testament as in the classics! The freedom of the life of Hellenic cities is an important element in Pauline thought (here he is on surer ground). The section on "The Empire and the World's Hope" gives an interesting commentary on Virgil's Fourth Eclogue and its prophecy of a new era about to begin and of a Child to be born of a Virgin. Section vii is again somewhat paradoxical: Pauline Christianity in the Roman Empire was the only alternative to the Imperial policy of Cæsar-worship, and it was the only hope for the Empire; however—a stray fragment of Protestantism—it was adopted too late; by the fourth century and the days of Constantine Pauline Christianity had perished, to be revived only at the Protestant Reformation!

The cities described are only five in number: Tarsus, the most Oriental among them, and the richest and greatest; Antioch of Pisidia, a Seleucid city, with a tribe of Jew citizens; Iconium, proud of its position as a Roman colony, dating its origin back long before the Flood, and still a place of importance; Derbe, lying desolate now beneath the great peak of Hadji Baba; and Lystra, not a large town, yet a Roman colony. Sir William manages, as is his wont, to make a great deal of a little information, though he is perhaps less imaginative here than he was in *The Seven Churches of Asia*. But though a large number of his inferences are extremely uncertain, we cannot but

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feel that he has a vast knowledge of the country and of the period, so that the general trend of his viewy disquisitions is pretty sure to be carrying us in a right direction on the whole. We shall look for another book on the remainder of the Pauline cities.

Exaggeration is plentiful, of course. We are told more than once that the exact mingling of the Hellenic and Oriental influences in Tarsus was just what was necessary to act upon the Jew who was also a Roman, for the production of a Paul. This is a truism, for it did, as a fact, produce him. But we are asked to believe that no other combination could have worked out precisely the balance which resulted in Paul. Does not the reader feel that Ramsay's ingenuity would have succeeded in proving, had St Paul been like Apollos an Alexandrian, or like Barnabas a Cypriote, that no other place than Alexandria or Cyprus could have produced him? Had he been a Roman, like Aquila, how easy the demonstration would have been—the Hellenic polish on the old Roman virtue perfecting the sensitive and tender Oriental, and covering the opulence and passion of the Jew!

Cities of Paul, by W. B. Wright,* is a much smaller book, dedicated by its author to his children. The descriptions are striking, and one might have welcomed it as an excellent book for the young had it not been disfigured by a number of outbursts against Catholicism of the most gratuitous kind.

Mr Douglass Round assures us that the Epistle to the Galatians was written before the Council of Jerusalem.† His arguments are good, and should be accepted by those who hold Ramsay's view that St Paul means by "Galatians" the inhabitants of Antioch, Iconium, Lystra and Derbe. But Dr Milligan rightly urges that it is hard to put Galatians before Thessalonians, and the South Galatian theory is by no means certain. Mr Round's theory has been elaborately upheld in Germany by the Catholic Dr

*The writer is an American. It is published by Constable, at 4s. 6d. net.

† *The Date of St Paul's Epistle to the Galatians*. By Douglass Round, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1906. 2s. net.

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Weber—it is odd that Mr Round has not made himself more fully acquainted with the literature of the subject. This reproach cannot be addressed to Dr Steinmann of Breslau,* another Catholic scholar, who seems to have assimilated the learning of an astounding number of books. His earlier study established the old-fashioned view that St Paul in Gal. ii is describing his Council visit to Jerusalem and not his famine visit. A second study gives detailed proof that St Paul preached in North Galatia and addressed his letter to that region. In spite of all the brilliancy of Ramsay's argumentation, his certainty and his contempt for his opponents, displayed in such an array of volumes, I must say I think Steinmann has much the best of it in his two closely reasoned and painstaking brochures. No one who writes on the subject will be able to overlook them in future.

The Pastoral Teaching of St Paul, by W. E. Chadwick (T. & T. Clark. 1907. 7s. 6d. net), is a thoughtful and moderate book intended as a help to those engaged in pastoral work, and it will no doubt fulfil its purpose.

A Sister of the German order *der Christlichen Liebe* has written a learned and careful study of the shorter epistles of St John.† She upholds Dr Zahn's view that the second letter is mentioned in the third, an opinion which seems to me far from proved.

Professor George Adam Smith has devoted two large volumes to the topography, economics and history of Jerusalem up to the siege by Titus, yet a detailed history of the Roman period and a separate chapter on the siege, which were to have been included, have been crowded out. One hopes they will soon appear in a separate volume. Some of the geographical and topographical portions of this great work may frighten the general reader, but if he boldly starts on the first chapter he will certainly be captivated by the charm of style which Dr Smith is always ready to dis-

**Die Abfassungszeit des Galaterbriefes*, 1905, 3.60m., and *Der Leserkreis des Galaterbriefes*, 1908, 6.80m.; both published by Aschendorf, Münster.

†*Das Verhältniss des zweiten Johannesbriefes zum dritten*, by Schwester Bennona Bresky. Münster, 1906.

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play when dry exposition is not unavoidable. The first volume contains such titles to the chapters as The Royal Revenues, The Temple Revenues, Government and Police, The Multitude; and it is unnecessary to point out of what importance these subjects are for the study of the Old and New Testaments. Dr Smith's Hebrew scholarship has been attested by his commentaries on the Prophets, and his topographical competency by his *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. The second volume is mainly historical; it describes the Jerusalem of the kings and the prophets, of the exile and return, of the Maccabees and of the Gospels. There was no work in English which gave the same information thus gathered together from various sources. The task of the historian and topographer of the Holy City is no light one:

In all it has been thirty-three centuries of history, climbing slowly to the Central Fact of all time, and then toppling down upon itself in a ruin that has almost obliterated the scenes and monuments of the life which set her alone among the cities of the world.

The bare catalogue of the disasters which have overtaken Jerusalem is enough to paralyse her topographer. Besides the earthquakes which have periodically rocked her foundations, the City has endured nearly twenty sieges and assaults of the utmost severity, some involving a considerable, others a total destruction of her walls and buildings; almost twenty more blockades or military occupations, with the wreck or dilapidation of prominent edifices; the frequent alteration of levels by the razing of rocky knolls and the filling of valleys; about eighteen reconstructions, embellishments and large extensions, including the imposition of novel systems of architecture, streets, drains and aqueducts, athwart the lines of the old; the addition of suburbs and the abandonment of parts of the inhabited area; while over all have gathered the dust and the waste of ordinary manufacture and commerce. Even such changes might not have been fatal to the restoration of the ancient topography, had the traditions which they interrupted been immediately resumed. But there also have happened two intervals of silence, after Nebuchadnezzar and after Hadrian, during which the City lay almost if not altogether desolate, and her natives were banished from her; five abrupt passages from one religion to another, which even more disastrously severed the continuity of

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her story ; more than one outbreak of fanatic superstition, creating new and baseless tradition ; as well as the long careless chatter about the holy sites which has still further confused or obliterated the genuine memories of the past (p. 8).

Dr Hastings continues to edit encyclopædias with industry and success. His *Dictionary of Religion and Ethics* is expected shortly, and the concluding volume of his *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels* (T. and T. Clark. 2 vols, 4to, 42s. net) has appeared. This work is intended for the use of preachers, and it will doubtless be found of great service for those for whom it is meant. But it is too fundamentally Protestant in tone to be of much service to Catholic preachers. The treatment of our Lord's character in the innumerable articles on various virtues and qualities to be found in Him, is never, I think, positively irreverent, but it falls far short of what we demand in the way of awe and reticence. It strikes one as tinged with the fashionable Nestorianism, though it is all so well meant that it is unpleasant to have to criticize. No doubt there is something to be learnt from all the articles ; some are certainly excellent. The extra articles at the end are rather anti-Catholic.

It is impossible to chronicle all that is written nowadays, and I have omitted one or two works of the first rank. New books on Holy Scripture appear every week, and the innumerable articles in Reviews are often more enlightening than the books.

J. CHAPMAN, O.S.B.

THE TOMBS OF BATALHA

Os Filhos de D. João I. Joaquim Pedro Oliveira Martins. Lisbon. 1871.

Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator. Richard Henry Major. London. 1868.

Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Gomez Eannes de Azurara. Translated by C. R. Beazley and E. Prestage. Hakluyt Society. 1896-9.

Chronica del Rey Joam I. Fernão Lopes. Lisbon. 1644.

Leal Conselheiro. Dom Duarte. Paris. 1843.

And other works.

TO approach the church and monastery of Batalha is to see, built and carven in stone, the heroic age of Portugal. Entering between the ranked saints of the central portal, where the exquisite ogive arch springs upward with a flame-like curve, one steps less into a record of past times than into those times made visible and immediate. Like the Battle Abbey which stands by the Sussex shore, Batalha was built in commemoration of a victory, not, however, the triumph of an invader, but the successful resistance of a people and its chosen king. Behind the election of the Master of the Knights of Aviz, bastard son of Fernando, "the Handsome," to the throne of Portugal lay a dark and intricate drama of intrigue and national degeneration. Fortunately, the story of Batalha begins in nobler and more militant days, when the people had risen against the shameless and beautiful Leonor, widow of Fernando, who was acting as regent for her daughter Beatriz, the child-wife of Juan of Castile. Portugal was resolved against the rule of the regent and against acknowledging a queen who would bring the country into the power of Spain. The Master of Aviz took upon himself the office of "defender" of the nation, and the revolution speedily swung him to the throne. Portugal was but little fitted to resist alone the onslaught of Castile; but João held out against the Castilian besiegers in Lisbon while his ambassadors besought help of England, even then the recognized ally of his country. John of Gaunt, who still laid claim, by right of his wife

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Constance, daughter of Pedro the Cruel, to the futile dignity of King of Castile, was a natural friend to the foe of Juan of Trastamare. So it came to pass that when the Master of Aviz mustered his forces at Aljubarrota, English archers, led by English squires, were among his followers, ready to renew the recent glories of Crécy and Poitiers. Outnumbered as they were by the Castilians, the chivalry of Portugal, led by the Holy Constable, Nuño Alvarez Pereira, and by their new-made king, fought fiercely round the standard of the Wounds of Christ and the green banner borne by the *Enamorados*, volunteers sworn to death on the field rather than retreat. Fasting fought the devout soldiers under the blaze of the August sun, for it was the vigil of the Assumption, and Dom João cried on the Virgin whom they thus honoured, vowing to her a noble church in the event of victory. Across the splintering of lances, clash of swords and twang of bow-strings, sounded the heavy note of the ten cannon of the Castilians, the first ever seen in the Peninsula. Yet in spite of such advantage, the invaders were repelled again and again from the ranks of the *Enamorados*, and the personal valour of Dom João quickened his soldiers to a desperate devotion. The cry of "St George for Portugal" outrang that of "Castile and Santiago"; King Juan turned bridle from the field, and darkness fell on a confusion of flight and pursuit. St Mary of the Victory had won her shrine, and João I was undisputed King of Portugal.

Aljubarrota was won on August 14, 1385, and three years later the great building was begun and donated to the Order of St Dominic. But between the triumph on the heathery plain by the two rivers and the laying of the first commemorative stone, much had befallen Portugal and its King. In pursuance of his Castilian dream John of Gaunt came over-seas, bringing with him his two daughters, Philippa and Katharine. João of Portugal recognized the help which he had received from the alliance with England and made ready to pay his debt, by moving with John of Gaunt against Castile. The two kings, actual and titular, met at Ponte do Mouro, a significant and brilliant meeting which took place

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in the royal pavilion of Castile, one of the spoils of Aljubarrota. There John of Gaunt in his armour and heraldic surcoat, nobly attended by nobles of Castile and England, met João of Portugal and his knights, who wore the white robes and crimson cross of the Order of Aviz. João put his forces at the disposal of his ally, and the tie between them was drawn closer by marriage. João sought a bride from the house of Lancaster. True to his wise policy of avoiding all dynastic complications with Castile, he chose not Katharine, heiress of her mother's claims, but Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt by his first and dearly beloved wife Blanche, the White Lady,

Debonair, goode, glade and sadde,

of Chaucer's gracious verse.

On February 2, 1387, Philippa came in state from the old palace of the warrior bishops of Oporto. Mounted on white horses with gold-embroidered housings, trumpets and flutes sounding before them, the bridal pair rode across the open space to the stern granite Cathedral. An old illumination depicts the scene: the King in his fur-edged robes and crowned cap, the tall, grave bride in her brocade and ermine, and high, veiled head-dress, joining hands before the Bishop, while John of Gaunt, in his illusory royal pomp, looks on, grasping the sceptre he was never to wield. So João of Aviz, duly released by Boniface IX from those vows of chastity which had never pressed irksomely upon him, took to wife Philippa of Lancaster, with what result Batalha was to witness and the uncharted seas were to learn.

The invasion of Castile by the allied English and Portuguese is a story which has little to do with the record of Batalha. It has been told by the great Portuguese chronicler, Fernão Lopes, and by Froissart in his vivid, untrustworthy narrative. The plague played a grim part in the campaign, and at last forced John of Gaunt to accept the compromise offered by Juan of Trastamare. Peace was made, and with it came recognition of Portugal's independence.

It was in a time of dawning tranquillity, therefore, that the building of Batalha was begun. With that tranquillity

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and with the coming of Philippa of Lancaster began a new age for Portugal. As one passes up the noble nave of the church, it does not seem fantastic to read in the severe beauty of its architecture some influence of the English Queen. The whole effect is more akin to that of some English cathedrals than to the fantastic elaboration and subdivision of Portuguese architecture. Space, serenity, a grave and gracious restraint, such are the suggestions of that beautiful nave, and it is hard to resist the conclusion that the taste and, all unconsciously, the temperament of Queen Philippa mirrored themselves in the work. Coming to a court disorganized by the dissipations of Fernando and the shameless excesses of Leonor, to a husband whose hot southern blood and masterful virility had urged him to dangerous intrigues, she brought an ideal of chaste and somewhat strict conduct, and, by virtue of her noble personality, imposed it on those about her. She brought, moreover, to a country whose struggles with Moor and Castilian had left little room for gentler developments, the love of letters which she had naturally from her father, a patron of learning and friend of Chaucer. Pride, purity, a desire for knightly honour and noble repute, a reverence for learning and poesy, these were among the qualities which Philippa transmitted to her sons, in whom they were blended with the tireless vigour, the natural leadership of João of Aviz. In the Capella do Fundador is written the record of those sons and the work which it was theirs to do.

That chapel is like a separate shrine, abutting on the south side of the nave, and is in form a simple square of sixty feet. On entering, the first impression produced is that of quiet and an intimate companionship. It is the meeting place of the sons of Aviz. There are gathered those elect princes who once took counsel with the King and Queen in the tiled rooms of Cintra and Lisbon, knit in an equal love and confidence, rare indeed in those formal days, which is depicted by one of themselves in the pages of the *Leal Conselheiro*. The chapel is a fit resting-place, in its reticent and balanced beauty of design, its richness of finely subordinated ornament, for those who lie there—

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statesman, soldier, martyr, poet, and the wide-visioned dreamer in whose plans were enwrought statesmanship and soldiership with something of the poet's and martyr's fire. In the centre of the space lie João I and Philippa, his Queen, carven effigies which portray effectively and with seeming faithfulness João's massive strength and Philippa's fine precision of outline. The tomb on which they rest is wreathed with briar leaves, through which are twisted the chosen mottoes of the royal pair: *Por Bem* being engraved beneath the King's figure, *E Me Plet* below the Queen's, devices which might not inaptly have been reversed to suit Philippa's severe idealism and the masterful will of João. Above these figures lifts the exquisite octagonal lantern, forty feet in diameter, with its eight magnificent piers, similar to those in the church, its arches touched with colour on the mouldings, its rarely wrought vaultings, where angels bear the arms of Portugal.

On the south side of the chapel, beneath windows of admirable tracery, are four tombs set in recesses under ogive arches of great delicacy of design. The general effect of the four is the same, though the carving on the front differs in detail. One of the niches only shows an armoured figure beneath a canopy, in each of the others the round top of the sarcophagus is quite plain. Yet so strong is the sense of presence in the place, so potent were the personalities of those who rest there, that it is difficult to avoid the feeling that each of those carven couches bears visibly its carven sleeper, resting there after his so vivid and varied day. It would seem not seldom in the world's history that some one figure typifies one of the great movements of his age. More rarely an entire race is singled out to represent a period or a tendency, as the house of Hohenstaufen through five brilliant generations was identified with the resistance of the intellect and spirit to the shadowy yet irresistible dominion of the Papacy. In the house of Aviz, a stranger phenomenon presents itself. The brothers who lie together in the Capella do Fundador summed up in their natures and lives the opposing ideals of past and future, of the old world, the chivalric pageant of which was soon to pass away,

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and of the new age which was but dimly descried by here and there a daring eye, on the uttermost horizon of possibility. In this little group, so straitly bound by kinship and by love, the ancient fire of the Crusades, the dream of devotion and chivalry which had lured the warriors of Europe for three centuries, burned side by side with the newly kindled ardour which was to beacon men to the conquest of the seas and the sighting of strange shores, which was to light the discoverers and adventurers of the "spacious days," which was to reveal the full circle of the globe. Each of these great ideas found its type and champion in one of the sons of Aviz. In a third the two met and blended, unrestfully, leading to long discord in the soul of the man who was not wholly of the old world or of the new, who made pilgrimage to bathe in the sacred waters of Jordan and who sought no less across those other uncharted waters a way for Portugal to African dominion and to the treasures and the wisdom of India.

One tomb is missing which might have belonged to the group. Dom Duarte—Edward, so named in honour of his great-grandfather, Edward III of England—who succeeded his father for a short and troubled reign, lies before the high altar beside Leonor, his wife. Duarte, as he reveals himself in the pages of his own work, the *Leal Conselheiro* (Faithful Counsellor) was a scrupulous and sensitive nature, burdened by the responsibilities of kingship and lacking the strenuous will and purpose of his brothers. A pathetic figure of somewhat passive virtues, Dom Duarte "the Eloquent" is but a shadow and a voice beside the dominant personalities of Pedro and Henrique. One tomb among the four in the chapel lacks the historic significance of the others. Dom João, Master of the Order of Santiago and Constable of Portugal, through a chivalrous and loyal nature, as proved by the part he played after the ruin of Tangiers, is but a minor character in the great drama of his race.

The sepulchre on the extreme right bears the arms of Portugal, the cross of St George, and the device of a balance, fitting symbol of Dom Pedro, as the single word *Desir* was his chosen motto. Significant was the twofold choice

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of the strict justice which governed the Infante's outward career and of the vague and boundless aspirations which ruled his inner life, seeking satisfaction alike in far wanderings to courts and shrines and battlefields, in mystical contemplation and in a poet's visions. Next to Pedro rests the brother nearest to him in years and in spiritual kinship. *Talant de Bien Fere*, "the desire of well-doing," to give the phrase its modern equivalent, is engraven on the tomb of Dom Henrique, above the arms of Portugal, the cross of the Order of Christ, of which he was Grand Master, and the simple cross of St George. Under its canopy lies the figure of the great Prince, in armour, with folded hands. So near together sleep the brothers who in life were so closely knit, so tragically severed. Vivid, across the lapse of years and of centuries, are the personalities, the very face and stature of these two men, with their strange likenesses and stranger contrasts of temperament and fate. Pedro, the elder by two years, born in 1392, tall and lean—a true fighter's figure—with the tawny fairness inherited from the Plantagenets and the dreamer's vagueness in his blue eyes, which yet had looked so eagerly on the actual world, Pedro carried the mood of a philosopher and poet through all the strenuous work of his life. He was a mystic, wearing with admirable effectiveness the mask of a man of action. Dom Henrique, on the other hand, tall and strong no less, for the sons of Aviz came of warrior stock, his brown hair early grizzled from toil and vigil, his far-sighted grey eyes grown stern by concentrated dwelling on a single purpose, shut himself away from the world with his charts and stars and the hopes that all men judged illusions. In that solitude and among those visions he shaped the great practical future for his nation—for the world. His wildest dreams were of the stuff of achievement. The one brother pursued his ideal through all the changing aspects of the world as his generation knew it; the other, in isolation and monotony, shaped the world that was to be.

The first scene in which the princes stand forth clearly is that Crusading enterprise against Ceuta in which their spurs were won. In place of the great tournament by which

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Don João designed to celebrate the bestowal of knighthood on his three elder sons, the princes desired to prove themselves in real, not mimic, conflict. The story of the attack on Ceuta reads more like a page of some old chivalric romance than sober history. It begins, significantly, with the scene at the death-bed of Philippa, when she called her three elder sons to her side, putting into the hands of each a sword with jewelled hilt and laying on him the observance of a supreme duty. On Duarte, the heir to the crown, she impressed the virtue of justice, which in later life he upheld with deed and written word; to Pedro, in whom, it may be, she discerned the roving spirit of the knight-errant, she commended the care of the defenceless; she bade Henry, in whom, indeed, was the gift of natural leadership, to have a general's care for his men. So she died, her last thought being for the success of the expedition. "The wind," she said, hearing it sigh against the casement, "sets fair for your voyage." On July 25, 1415, the fleet sailed down the Tagus from Lisbon harbour, galleys, triremes and pinnaces, a noble armada; and a praying Dominican saw heaven give its sign of victory in a sword of light in the sky. Ceuta, the Septa of Justinian, was the chief port of Morocco and the rallying-point for all the Moorish invasions of the Peninsula. To wrest it from the hands of the Infidel was at once a national success and a religious service. At length the Portuguese, after storms and difficulties, brought their ships to their destined anchorage, and for a night the windows of Ceuta, lighted as for a festival by order of the Governor, blazed out across the water to where the Portuguese galleys and triremes waited for the morrow. João of Aviz and his sons were not to be turned from the purpose by the lighting of candles. On the next day the attack was made. Dom João, disabled by a fall, remained aloof by the ships, like Edward on the hill at Crécy, leaving the glory to his sons. There was glory enough to be reaped, and to Henrique fell the richest harvest. His was a pre-eminent figure in the struggle that carried the gates of the harbour town, where a gigantic negro, naked and hurling great stones for weapons, imparted a

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touch of primeval savagery to the conflict. He was "the first Royal Captain who took possession by the walls of Ceuta . . . and his square banner was the first that entered the gates of the city, from whose shadow he was never far off himself. On that day the blows he dealt out were conspicuous beyond those of other men, since for the space of five hours he never stopped fighting." In those fierce five hours it was not valour alone which he proved, for truly there were no laggards in the Portuguese host, but a power of discipline which held his soldiers from scattering for pursuit and plunder, a grim tenacity which enabled him with a handful of followers to hold the conquered gate for a space of two hours till reinforcement reached them from the ships. "And whether their toil were idle or no could be well seen by those who had fallen and lay dead there, stretched out along the ground." So completely was the Prince hemmed in and lost to his friends that word of his fall was borne to the waiting King, who responded with stoic brevity: "It is the fate common to soldiers." But while the King resigned his son to a warrior's death, that son, coming in dented and bloody armour from his chosen post, was holding counsel with his brothers in the conquered town. The Moorish citadel still remained unvanquished, but on the next morning it was found abandoned by its defenders. The Portuguese were secure in their victory; they proceeded to sack the town and give thanks to God. There followed the consecration as a cathedral of the great mosque of Ceuta, and in the building so redeemed to Christian uses, the sons of Aviz held their vigil of knighthood. In honour of his exploits, Henrique was offered the right to precede his brothers and be first to don the chain and spurs, but he refused to take the place of the elder born. In further recognition of their services, João created Henrique Duke of Vizeu, and Pedro Duke of Coimbra, titles till then unknown in Portugal. There was another son present in battle and victory who received no honour, but remained Count of Barcellos. This was Affonso, the King's eldest son, but born out of wedlock, who watched the career of his younger brothers, the Royal princes, with all a bastard's resentful

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envy. He did not go empty-handed from Ceuta, but for his share of the spoil carried away six hundred columns of marble and alabaster from the palace of Zala ben Zala and other buildings of the city. The choice was ominous. In building up his own fortunes Dom Affonso was to shake the structure of the House of Aviz itself and bring one of its noblest pillars to the dust.

The capture of Ceuta, "the key of all the Mediterranean Sea," quickened and directed the daring plans of Dom Henrique, which were even then beginning to take shape. In Dom Pedro the voyage and the achievement roused a restless spirit of adventure, not to be satiated for a decade. In 1418, he set out for those wild wanderings which earned for him the title of "The Traveller" and in which he satisfied at once the demands of the medieval ideal and assuaged that thirst for knowledge which was to be the dominant passion of the Renaissance. Urged by a twofold impulse he went far afield indeed. To follow his footsteps closely would be to stray too far from the sepulchral chapel of Batalha. The Prince set out attended only by twelve companions, "in memory of the twelve disciples of our Lord." One of these was his lifelong friend, Alvaro Vaz de Almada, who had fought for the English at Agincourt and been made Knight of the Garter and Count of Avranches by Henry V. Between these two companions was a tie which endured unbroken to the end when the friends lay still united on the field of Alfarrobeira. In his years of wandering Pedro saw all that the world of his day could offer. Under the Emperor Sigismund he fought for the Catholic faith he loved against the Hussites of Bohemia, who had learned their beliefs from Wycliffe, the friend of Pedro's grandfather, John of Gaunt. The valour first tested against Moorish scimitar and javelin served him well against Ziska's followers, fierce behind their defences of chained wagons, and the Emperor rated his services so highly as to reward them with the Mark of Treviso. Almost as a neighbouring sovereign, therefore, the Infante entered Venice, and there amid the splendid festivals which greeted him, the processions flashing along the pale green water of the Grand Canal, under the rose and white of its palaces, he found time

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to confer with scholars and sailors concerning the geographical knowledge in which the Venetians, masters of the trade of the world, were deeply versed. When he left he carried with him a copy of *Marco Polo's Travels* and a map believed to be by the hand of the explorer. These spoils of his journeyings were to bear fruit, beside which the records of his more distant and dangerous explorations were of little worth. Much time was to elapse before he placed them in his brother's hands. He was to pass from Venice by way of Cyprus and stand as a pilgrim beside the shrines of the Holy Land; was to be a guest at the courts of the Grand Turk and the Sultan of Babylonia, was to be royally entertained in England and to be elected Knight of the Garter there, was to tread the Seven Hills of Rome and win from Pope Martin V, the Colonna, the prerogative that the Kings of Portugal should be crowned with the rite of unction as were those of England and France. Then at length he returned from the Bohemian woods and Venetian waters, from the Golden Horn, the silver windings of the Thames, the weighted Tiber, flowing by the Aurelian walls, to sail again up the stream of the Tagus and see the sixty-seven towers of Lisbon.

While Pedro was investigating the known world, Dom Henrique was making ready to push into the unknown. As early as 1418, according to the decision of most Portuguese historians, the young Prince, then but twenty-seven and in the fullness of the warlike renown which had followed Ceuta, left the brilliant court of Lisbon for the solitude of Sagres. The wind-beaten promontory—the sacred cape of the Romans—was almost the bleakest spot in the fertile country, but with its unimpeded outlook to the wide Atlantic, it was also the fittest spot for the Infante's purpose. What that purpose was, those nearest to him understood but dimly. Azurara, the Prince's chronicler and eulogist, sets forth what he understood of his hero's far-reaching plans and gives what appears to him sufficient explanation of their cause. First, he says, was a wish to know what lay beyond Cape Bojador, "for that up to his time neither by writings, nor by the memory of man was

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known with any certainty the nature of the land beyond that Cape." The second was the possibility of commerce with those unknown havens; the third a desire to search out the full resources of the Moor in Africa, "because every wise man is obliged by prudence to wish for a full knowledge of the power of his enemy." The fourth reason was because he had found no Christian king to aid him in his wars against the infidel, "therefore he sought to know if there were in those parts any Christian princes [here we catch a hint of the fabulous Christian kingdom of Prester John] in whom the charity and love of Christ was so ingrained that they would aid against those enemies of the Faith." The fifth reason was his great desire "to make increase in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ and to bring to Him all the souls that should be saved . . . whom the said Lord Infante by his travail and spending would fain bring into the true path." Thus purely and loftily began the terrible traffic of the slave trade. Azurara adds a sixth reason from which all the others sprang: "The inclination of the heavenly wheels," and proceeds to draw Dom Henrique's horiscope. "And that was because his ascendant was Aries, which is the house of Mars and exaltation of the sun, and his lord in the eleventh house in company of the sun. And because the said Mars was in Aquarius, which is the house of Saturn, and in the mansion of hope, it signified that this Lord should toil at high and mighty conquests, especially in seeking out things that were hidden from other men and secret, according to the nature of Saturn, in whose house he is. And the fact of his being accompanied by the sun, as I said, and the sun being in the house of Jupiter, signified that all his traffick and his conquests would be loyally carried out, according to the good pleasure of his King and lord."

Such was the medieval version of the work which opened the modern world. The scope of that work it was indeed hard to realize, when Dom Henrique, having gathered from Moorish captives all that he could of more distant Africa, sent out his first ships, timorous, heroic little craft, to creep along the coast towards the mysteries which lay beyond

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Cape Bojador. The vessels which were to search out the

Undreamed oceans and unpathed ways

of which Camoens wrote, were but pygmies set to a titanic task. Half-decked boats carrying some thirty men were the first to venture; later on Henrique had made such improvements in ship-building that the ships could carry sixty men, and, according to the Venetian explorer, Cadamosto, "the caravels of Portugal were the best sailing ships afloat." And the menace of real and fancied peril confronting these audacious adventurers was such as can be but dimly realized by later generations. Not merely the actual dangers of stormy seas and unknown shores, but those other darker terrors of the imagination. For into that "Sea of Darkness" which lay beyond the long barrier of Cape Bojador, none had penetrated. The Saracen geographers showed it on their maps as peopled by monstrous and serpent shapes. Dreadful legends haunted it, not only of treacherous and irresistible currents, but of blasting fire, of spells which blackened into negroes any who should impiously press beyond the boundary drawn by God. At first, Dom Henrique's efforts fell far short of the mysterious Cape. He pushed his men forward cautiously, step by hard-won step, as a player moving his pieces in some mighty game. And like the player, he remained himself aloof. In that age of restless personal prowess, possibly the strongest proof of Henrique's greatness was the iron restraint by which he, the fieriest leader in the breach at Ceuta, compelled himself to be merely the brain of the movement, husbanding the life on which all depended, leaving the individual exploit and triumph to his captains. The earlier voyages resulted but in re-discoveries, touching at those islands already half within the verge of clear knowledge, but often let slip again into doubt and mystery. Thus the Canaries had been reached by John de Bethencourt in 1402, long before the Prince's captain, de Trasto, sighted these Fortunate Isles. Even Madeira, though unclaimed when in 1420 João Gonçalvez Zarco steered for the misty line which marked its

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woodlands, had earlier, if the romantic tale of his love and adventure may be trusted, given refuge and a grave to the fate-driven Englishman, Robert Machin. Yet the discovery of Madeira, with its wealth of wood and its fertile soil in which Henrique set out the vine and cane, was a triumph for the explorer and an encouragement to further and more daring projects. Yet when Pedro returned from his wanderings in 1428, the barrier of the Cape was not yet passed. The famous map which the Infante brought back from Venice—a gift for a king in those days—helped, it may be assumed, to alter the direction of Henrique's next endeavours, as well as to inspire him to further attempts at improved cartography. Henrique indeed devoted himself with passion to his maps and charts, rejecting in the main those pretentious and pseudo-scientific inventions whereby the learned of the time strove to illustrate the theories of Ptolemy and the legends of the Churchmen, in favour of *portolani*, or maps of the coast drawn up by Italian sailors, which boasted no magnificence of fabulous cities and strange races, carefully indicated on unexplored spaces, but were mere charts for practical use, based on experience. As far as these went they were trustworthy. Beyond lay mystery, invading which men must trust to the stars and their steadfast purpose. Pedro's Mappa Mundi, of which only vague descriptions now remain, appears to have set forth with unusual accuracy all that was known of the African coast, and to have inspired Henrique's next attempts, westward to the Azores, southwards to Guinea. The first was reached in 1431. In 1433 King João died on the anniversary of Aljubarrota, commending Henrique's purpose almost with his last breath, and in the following year was made a final effort to break the spell of Cape Bojador. The Infante sent forth Gil Eannes, one of his most trusted captains, with strict injunctions not to be appalled by superstitious terrors but to push forward and gain knowledge of the unknown waters. Henrique's generosity and habitual courtesy made him beloved by all who served him, while his terrible infrequent anger was dreaded as the wrath of God. Gil Eannes set forth in his "barcha" resolved to do his master's

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will. On that voyage he doubled the Cape, "despising all danger," and found that the sea could be sailed, the sky did not rain fire, and no monsters met them when they landed on the thither side of the great barrier. "And since, my Lord," said Gil Eannes on his return, "I thought that I ought to bring some token of the land since I was on it, I gathered these herbs which I here present to your grace, such as we in this country call the Roses of St Mary." So the great enterprise was accomplished, the spell of terror broken and all the further ocean set free for the prows of the venturers. So much was symbolized by the plucking and offering of the Roses of St Mary.

Well for Henrique and his house had he been content to approach the dark continent by sea. But a mighty land dominion in Africa entered also into his schemes, and in his desire for a second Ceuta he was passionately upheld by Dom Fernando, his youngest brother, heroic and visionary, longing for knightly fame or a martyr's crown. Their combined ardours conquered the doubts of Duarte, the new King, and not all Dom Pedro's warnings availed against them. Followed the fatal attack of Tangier, in which Henrique, forsaking Sagres and breaking through his long restraint, himself led his soldiers and led them to disaster. Ill fortune dogged the expedition from the first, and Henrique, in leading his men inland and forsaking the safe base by the seashore, was carried away by an impetuosity strangely uncharacteristic. The struggle by the wall of Tangier was as valiant as that at the gates of Ceuta, but less fortunate. Again and again the Christians beat back the ever increasing Moslem hosts, but they were hemmed in by superior force: the ensigns and lances of the King of Fez and other neighbouring princes drawing in on the doomed army. Only after a fierce struggle, and when provisions gave out in the Christian camp, was defeat acknowledged, and so great had been the losses of the Moors that they, too, were inclined to parley. In the end Dom Henrique—who had narrowly escaped death during the siege by the sacrifice of Cabral, his chief engineer—was permitted to lead his broken remnant to the ships, on condition of

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giving hostages to be retained till Portugal should accept the terms of the conqueror. Then it was that Dom Fernando

Betrayed himself his leaguered host to save,

giving himself as prisoner and pledge to the Moors. The end of his story is well known, and has been sung by Portuguese, Spanish and English poets. The *Principe Santo*, the "Constant Prince," could only be ransomed by the surrender of Ceuta, and Fernando sought no release at such dishonouring cost. Instead, he endured with saintly fortitude six years of captivity, torment and insult, then won the martyr's crown which had been his boyhood's dream. Something of martyrdom was endured by Duarte, free and enthroned, but unable to rescue his beloved brother, save by the cession of a Christian city into Moslem hands. Every other offer was made and refused. It was Ceuta or Fernando. Pedro and Henrique agreed that the price might not be paid even for a brother's life. Duarte was of stuff less stern; in the conflict between love and honour his heart broke, and in 1438 he dropped dead at Henrique's side. The waiting tombs of Batalha were slowly claiming their dead. In 1451 the heart of Fernando was brought by a faithful servant to Thomar and followed to its place in the Capella do Fundador by the brother who had fought beside him under the walls of Tangier and had spoken, with what strain of will and spirit none may know, against the surrender which would have saved him. Two years before that funeral procession from Thomar, another of the sons of the House of Aviz had fallen, who did not at once find sepulchre with those of his race. This was Dom Pedro, who, after Duarte's death, left his philosophy and his poems, wrested the reins of power from Leonor, the widowed Queen—with the full approval of Henrique and the people, who dreaded the rule of a Spaniard and a woman—and held thenceforward the office of Regent for the young King, Affonso V, who later became his son-in-law. The story of his wise and strong rule belongs indeed to the history of Batalha, but it is a long one; so, too, is the chronicle of the pitiful intrigues by which Affonso of Barcellos, then Duke

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of Braganza, and the discontented nobles poisoned the King's mind against the great Regent. Henrique and Pedro had wrought together for the welfare of Portugal; it had been through the Regent that Henrique's schemes were supported after "the Navigator" had spent his own fortune and when the people cried out against money being lavished on the seas. But Henrique could not save Pedro in his hour of ruin more than he had saved Fernando. Stripped of his office, insulted by his foes, pursued by the Conde de Barcellos' shameful accusations, even to the horrible one of his having poisoned King Duarte, Pedro was goaded into armed resistance. From the hour when he brought on Portugal the danger of Civil War, he could count no more on Henrique. He marched on Lisbon, still desiring merely to force an audience from his King and nephew, and halted at Batalha to stand by his father's tomb, claiming that kinship which the living denied. At Alfarrobeira, May 5, 1449, the armies met, and there Dom Pedro ended his journeyings and his "Desire," falling in the thick of the mêlée beside Alvaro Vaz, the friend who, indeed, stuck closer than a brother. Among the ranks of Pedro's enemies rode Dom Henrique. Months later, when the King at length conceded burial to the man who had kept his kingdom in peace and order so long, Dom Henrique, in the rough sackcloth garb of an almost penitential mourning, went to lay in the tomb at Batalha his brother and lifelong ally. He was the only one left of the group of brothers who had taken counsel with João of Good Memory, the last wielder of Philippa of Lancaster's jewelled swords. Thenceforward he was alone with the great purpose that was dearer to him than the dearest of his kin.

The working out of that purpose could be better judged by later times than by his own day. His contemporaries saw, indeed, enough to fill them with superstitious awe for the student Prince. They saw the *Villa do Infante* at Sagres grow into a school of navigation and geography, into a centre for scholars and discoverers of all nations. They saw Dom Henrique, patient, indomitable, living the life of a sage and an ascetic, in purity and perfect temperance, devo-

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ting to days and nights of toil the iron strength which would have won him renown in battle. Round that austere figure, with its terrible serenity and power of sacrifice, gathered the daring captains who did his will and found their highest guerdon in his praise. Henrique's fellow-countrymen saw the gradual opening up of the coasts beyond Cape Bojador, whence could be brought spice and gold and negro slaves, though the latter traffic was held in strict bounds by the Infante, who desired only captives to learn the Faith and bear it back to Africa, and was roused to terrible anger by treachery or cruelty towards the natives. All the picturesque detail of those forty-five years of exploration was visible, vivid, to the men in whose time it took place; who heard of the expeditions as they set forth and saw the dividing of spoils in the market-place of Lagos, where Henrique, disdaining profit, often gave away his fifth share, contenting himself with the triumph. Like a series of brilliant illuminations those voyages show in the language of the old chroniclers: the landing of Affonso Baldayo, the Prince's cup-bearer, by the Rio d'Ouro, so named from his dream of gold; the exploits of Antam Gonsalvez, who being but a stripling was given but a light task, and eager for greater service, brought the first captives to Henrique's court, together with gold and ostrich eggs, the latter "fresh and good as those of any other domestic fowl"; the many adventures of Nuno Tristam, who meeting Gonsalvez during their voyaging, dubbed him knight after a battle with the savages, the first man to receive that Christian and chivalric rite on those far shores of the Sea of Darkness. That Tristam, long after, fell himself under the poisoned arrows of the natives and so died "desiring a more knightly death." Step by step the explorers pushed on; Diniz Diaz passing Cape Blanco and reaching the Senegal—the Western Nile, he believed it—where the land breathed sweet as some "gracious fruit garden," and Gomez Pires sailing up the river, fighting the negroes and winning ivory and strange fruits. By this time it became evident that rich gains were to be had on the Guinea coast and volunteers flocked to the work.

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Greed of gold and slaves entered into the motives of the venturers, but there was still a small inner group of those who had been in personal touch with Henrique and were inspired with something of his spirit. If they did not share his passion for pure knowledge, they caught something of his national and Christian zeal in their desire to plant the Standard of Portugal ever a hand's breadth further and still further on savage soil. Above all it was their pride to do "according to the will of our lord the Infante" and in his service they dreamed great dreams, trusting to go "beyond the Negro Nile to the Earthly Paradise, to the furthest East, where the four sacred rivers flowed from the Tree of Life." So the work went on, through the famous voyages of the Venetian Cademosto, till 2,000 miles had been explored and the coasts of ivory, spice and gold lay open to the commerce of the Christian world.

So much could be seen by Dom Henrique's contemporaries, but the work of the master mind stretched far beyond their ken. He turned the energies of his people away from the old paths to the task of systematic discovery, so that instead of splendid accidents the touching at new islands and coasts became part of a great whole. He broke the superstitious terror of the unknown and laid open the highways of the sea to the tread of the world. In the way marked out by him went Bartholomew Diaz, Cabral and Vasco da Gama and Magellan. The inspiration that burned in Columbus was caught from the light kindled by Dom Henrique in the turret room at Sagres where he toiled among his charts.

Passing from the Capella do Fundador to the cloisters of Batalha and the Capella Imperfeita of Dom Manoel, one steps into a lavish and bewildering beauty wholly alien to the restrained richness of the older building. In the cloisters those amazing and intricate arches, those columns of endless variety of design, dizzy the brain with an exotic splendour. The stone lives, leaps, breaks into strange growths; oak and ivy and pine climb the columns and enrich the monials, lizards peep out from the tangle which wreaths itself round the Sphere of Dom Manoel and the

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Cross of Dom Henrique. In the Unfinished Chapel the sun shines and the rain beats down on inlaid marble and indescribably delicate and elaborate carving, in ironic symbolism of Portugal's century of boundless aspiration and achievement and her sudden unexplained decline. In all these later buildings is the same lavishness, the same sense of a pride and jubilation which penetrated the very stone. In this intoxicated richness, this eager and triumphant energy which could not set its marbles close enough nor twist its carving into sufficiently fantastic magnificence—in all this, speaks the Portugal of Dom Manoel "the Fortunate," the Portugal at whose quays crowded the treasure ships of East and West, of India—reached at last as Dom Henrique had dreamed—and of the far forests of Brazil. The greatness slipped from Portugal's too passionate grasp, leaving the structure of her dominion broken, like the chapel which was to commemorate it. But though her inheritance passed to others, of one glory she cannot be deprived: the memory of the shaping hand and guiding brain which made possible the conquest of the sea and the rounding of the globe. That hand and brain rest now in the Capella do Fundador, among the tombs of the House of Aviz.

The IRISH UNIVERSITIES BILL, 1908

TO effect a settlement of the Irish University question which would at once satisfy the great majority of the persons for whom that settlement was designed and at the same time have some reasonable prospect of passing through a British House of Commons is a task which has been several times essayed but so far with conspicuous want of success. Now another gallant effort is being made to remove this stigma on English Government and every reasonable person will devoutly hope that the effort may be successful, for there are few things more needed for the prosperity of Ireland than a proper system of education, and that no system can begin to have a chance of being successful which does not include really efficient University arrangements is a truism over which we need waste no time.

And wonder of wonders, this effort at the settlement of a University Question in an overwhelmingly Catholic country is being made by a Government controlled by the strongest Nonconformist majority ever known since the ill-omened days of Cromwell. Truly the minister, who under these circumstances attempts to legislate, cannot lack courage, and, incidentally, one may add that his attempt most fully brings to light the shortcomings of the Opposition on this point. For the Opposition has always declared that England can and will do everything for Ireland which that country would do for itself were it independent; the Opposition, moreover, has always declared itself to be the champion of denominational and religious education; and its leader in the House of Commons has always been personally an advocate of a just settlement of this very question.

Yet, by some strange fatuity which is not to be understood by the ordinary individual, the Unionist Party, when in power, has always allowed itself to be swayed by the Orange Party in the North of Ireland, and has, on their

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account alone, refrained from settling a question which seemed to be one specially designed for them to settle. It has been left to a Nonconformist, representing a highly Nonconformist Party and Ministry, to endeavour to settle a question which concerns above all the Catholics of the sister island, as she is somewhat sarcastically called. Let us see how he attacks his task.

He has to reckon with the following items out of which to construct his new institution or institutions. First there is the ancient University of Dublin, better known as Trinity College, grown hoary in Protestantism and, at this moment, impregnated with that form of religion. A chapel in which services according to the rites of the disestablished Episcopal Church are performed, a divinity school in which neophytes are trained for the ministry of the same Church, a governing body consisting entirely of members of that Church and for the most part of its ministers and a clientele ninety per cent Protestant and mostly drawn from the same church: all these things constitute that Protestant atmosphere to which Catholics have always objected, and respecting which the senior member for that university spoke so fairly and convincingly in the debate on the second reading of the Bill. Then there are the three Queen's Colleges, languishing under the ban placed on them by the finding of the Synod of Thurles, but presenting, when closely examined, very considerable differences in detail. Belfast, in the midst of a population where Presbyterians have the upper hand, though presenting no very great majority of the people even in the immediate district, has, whatever may be said by interested persons, a distinctly Presbyterian atmosphere. Its President is a most highly respected Presbyterian minister, and it is an open secret that any government might as well close the college as appoint any other than a Presbyterian to that position. The majority, we believe, of its professors are Presbyterians; at any rate, we understand that there is not a single Catholic upon the staff, and the overwhelming majority of its students are Protestant and Presbyterian.

Here, again, there is a very definite atmosphere and not

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one which can be looked upon with any satisfaction by Catholics. In Cork, on the other hand, there has always been, as there now is, a Catholic President, and at the present moment there is a majority of Catholics upon the governing body and a substantial majority of Catholics amongst the teachers. As about seventy-five per cent of the students are also Catholics it might be claimed that here there was a Catholic atmosphere, and so, no doubt, there is, but it is vitiated by the attitude which the Church has felt bound to take up with regard to this, as well as the other Queen's Colleges, and which forbids the appointment of Catholic chaplains or, indeed, the participation in any portion of the work of the College by any priest. Still, it is clear that here is an institution which, so one would imagine, might by a very little reorganization, be brought into perfect harmony with the people for whom it was designed, and that such is the case seems to be proved by the remarkable meetings which have been held in Cork on behalf of the local college and the resolutions asking that it may be improved and rendered freely available by all persons which have been passed thereat. Galway was given a Catholic priest for its first President but he had to retire under the papal rescript, and since his day, Galway, in the centre of an intensely Catholic population has only once, and that for a very short time, had a Catholic President. It has, we believe, three or four Catholic professors, but the overwhelming majority are Protestants and so, strange to say, are the majority of students. This will appear less wonderful when it is remembered that the greater number of them do not come from Connacht, the province to which the college belongs and for which it was designed, but from Ulster. Galway has a little over 100 students, Cork has about 260, Belfast has about 380. Finally there is the Catholic University College in Dublin with which is connected the Medical School of the Catholic University, the largest medical school in Ireland. The number of students in the college and school is not published, but its President has stated that on his rolls are Catholics and Protestants, the latter very naturally in the minority and it is

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known that, though the majority of the governing body and of the professoriate is Catholic, yet both these categories contain non-Catholic representatives. This college is, if one may use the word, surreptitiously endowed, to the extent of a few thousands, by the scheme of the late Lord Beaconsfield, whereby dust was thrown into the Protestant eyes and a sum, but a totally inadequate sum, of money allowed to flow into Catholic channels.

Such then were and are the bodies with which Mr Birrell found himself confronted when considering his schemes for university education and of these he had no lack amongst which to make a choice.

He succeeded, indeed, to the legacy of the Bryce scheme, which contemplated that hopeless dream of all centralizers, a national university. Trinity College, Belfast and Cork, with University College, Dublin, were all to be combined into one body and Galway was to be "affiliated" to them. A national university was the scheme which Napoleon, that master-centralizer, attempted in France, a scheme which led, as all witnesses testify, to the utter sterilization of education in that country; which was more responsible than anything else, so the same witnesses declare, for the debacle of 1870; which has recently been undone by the establishment of a number of new and independent universities. Mr Bryce had not even favourable precedent in England to appeal to, for the Victoria University resolved itself into its constituent atoms before it came of age, and the University of Wales only persists because it must on account of the weakness of two of the colleges and not because its coefficients desire it. Nor could Mr Bryce appeal to any educational evidence on behalf of his scheme, for all educationists of all creeds denounced it in their evidence before the last Commission. Hence few were surprised when Mr Birrell threw overboard a scheme which, it was obvious from the opposition excited against it, could never have been got through the Houses of Parliament.

Then there was the Two University Scheme, favoured by many, whereby a second college suitable to and accept-

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able by Catholics would have been established in the University of Dublin, side by side with Trinity, set up avowedly to be *mater universitatis*. This would have formed one university and the three Queen's Colleges would once more have been grouped together under a resuscitated Queen's University. A variant of this scheme provided Belfast with its own Northern University and left Cork and Galway, a pair of unwilling Siamese twins, to the Royal, converted into a teaching university.

The difficulty about this scheme at least was, and is, the opposition of Trinity College, an opposition which its best friends will be unable either to explain or to excuse some fifty years hence, but an opposition which was, and is, quite sufficient to endanger, if not destroy, any measure introduced into Parliament. To the Bryce scheme it would certainly have been fatal, for it was quite clear that the whole academic influence of England, Scotland and Wales would have been brought to bear against a scheme for making an ancient institution like Trinity a part of what has been, not inaptly, called a "sprawling university" against its will. Whether the same weight of opinion could or would have been brought against the scheme for creating a new college in the University of Dublin is open to grave doubt, for here no more would be in contemplation than has taken place a score of times in the history of Oxford and Cambridge. And certainly it may be said, without any fear of contradiction, that a scheme on these lines would have pleased a very large section of Catholics, and was amongst the plans to which the Hierarchy were prepared, subject to the details being satisfactory, to give their consent.

Finally, there was what is commonly called the Three University Scheme by which Trinity was to be left alone to live or die on its own lines, Belfast was to be provided with an independent institution, and Cork, Galway and a new college in Dublin were to be linked together in a common federal university.

To this scheme there are obvious objections, as there would appear to be to any scheme which can be suggested, but that it presents the line of least resistance is quite

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obvious from the reception which it has met with in Parliament up to the moment of writing.

It is an odd, almost Gilbertian position, however, to find Belfast provided with a separate university, in spite of the ardent and constant protest of all the Orange members from the North that no such thing is required or desired, whilst Cork, which has through its members and by means of public meetings and the resolutions of all sorts of public bodies clamoured for such a boon, is refused it. Nor can one help wondering whether the difference of one hundred students which exists between the two institutions is the real and adequate reason for this differentiation of treatment.

No doubt the Government was confronted with great difficulties in preparing their scheme, and not the least of them was the anomalous position and condition of Galway. "Abolish it," said some, "transform it," said others, but neither had any idea of the political rock on which the Government barque would run if either project were attempted, a rock which is none the less dangerous because only a small portion of it appears above water. Hence one must suppose the linking of these three colleges together, for were Galway non-existent, to establish three new universities, for Dublin, for the North and for the South, would obviously have been the simple and proper policy.

Mr Birrell and others have declared that the day when Cork will have its own university is not far off, and, indeed, that seems likely, for, if the ban which at present hampers it, were removed, as one supposes it now will be, if a satisfactory settlement is arrived at, there can be no doubt that that college would receive a very large addition of students, much larger than Belfast, for example, can, for obvious reasons, expect.

However, it is with the present and not with the future that we are concerned, and we must now endeavour to explain the provisions which are to be found in the Bill, and in the series of draft charters by which it has been accompanied and, in making this explanation, we wish it to be understood that we are doing so from a purely educa-

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tional point of view and are in no wise desirous of usurping the prerogative of the Hierarchy of deciding whether these educational provisions are such as they can accept. That the preliminary proposals are not impossible of acceptance one may assume from the fact that there is a Catholic Archbishop and a Catholic Bishop as well as at least one priest on each of the governing bodies of Cork and Galway, that several ecclesiastics—though oddly enough, no Bishop—are on the governing body of Dublin College, and that two Archbishops and several priests are on the governing body of the “university which is to have its seat in Dublin.”

It must, however, clearly be borne in mind that the acceptances of these prelates and clergymen have been conditional on the Bill emerging from Parliament in a condition not unsatisfactory to them, a consummation which is most devoutly to be desired. Moreover, even if we were disposed to criticize the provisions of the Bill and Charters, it would obviously be impossible to do so at the moment of writing, since no one can say what changes may be made whilst the measure is making its way through Committee.

Let us leave Belfast aside and turn to the other and more Catholic institution. The university and its colleges will each be ruled during a limited period by wholly nominated bodies and in each instance—as far as the colleges are concerned—these consist of the President, of members of the professoriate, of Catholic and Protestant clerics, though there do not appear to be any of the latter on the Dublin body, and of representatives of municipal and county institutions, of commerce and of other interests. The governing body of the university is of a somewhat similar character; it has upon it an overwhelming majority of Dublin representatives, and has been exposed to very severe and perhaps not unjust criticism on account of the very large number of members of the medical profession which it contains.

Perhaps it is fair, however, to say in connexion with this piece of criticism, that the medical schools in Dublin and in Cork form the largest part of the colleges which will be taken over under the measure now before the House of Commons.

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The Temporary Governing Bodies of Cork and Galway will govern their respective colleges during two periods. They will come into operation as soon as the Act does, and for a limited period they will have to govern under the existing charters of the colleges. This limited period will conclude with the day on which "our Royal University in Ireland" shall be dissolved, and that day will be named by the Lord Lieutenant and cannot be until the Commission—of which more has yet to be said—has concluded its labours and the statutes of the new institutions set up by the Act have been confirmed. It is obvious that during this period the new Dublin College will have no actual existence save as it exists at this moment, and its governing body will, therefore, come into being only for the purpose of negotiating with the Commissioners, a function which the other governing bodies will also discharge in addition to that of managing the institutions placed under their control.

When the Royal University is dissolved the new governing bodies will come into full operation under the charters and statutes and will hold office, in the case of the University for five years, and in that of the colleges for three years and three months. After these respective periods they will all be succeeded by permanent governing bodies, which will be composed of the President and certain professors, of Crown nominees, of representatives of the graduates and, in the case of the colleges, of the University; and in that of the University, of the colleges. To these will be added certain representatives of City and County Councils, on the plan evidently of the newer English universities. Some adverse criticism in papers notoriously unwilling that any settlement of this old cause of complaint should take place, has been directed against the element of popular representation to be found on these bodies. It is a remarkable thing that these papers had no such criticism to offer when similar plans were laid and carried out in England. Can it be that what is highly commendable when applied to Englishmen and Protestants becomes most highly improper when meted out to mere Irish Catholics?

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Something should here be said as to the composition of these governing bodies from a religious point of view. The evident idea of the Bill is to provide the universities and colleges with governing bodies representative of the districts to which they belong and in harmony with the religious sentiments of those districts. Here again they are following the precedent of the newer English universities, which are as they are because the people around them wish them to be what they are, and which would change their colour slowly but surely with any profound change in the tendencies of the several districts to which they belong.

In the Dublin University and in its three colleges the governing bodies may roughly be said to be about three parts Catholic and one part Protestant. This division cannot be said to be in any way unfair to the Protestant party since in Munster and in Connacht at any rate they form but about one-tenth of the population. And on the other hand the Catholic majority ought to be sufficient to ensure that nothing contrary to the Faith is taught or done in the institutions under their charge. There is a strange contrast when one looks at the university in Belfast. Here the population is more nearly divided than it is in Munster or in Connacht or even in Leinster. Yet out of the thirty-five members of the governing body only one is a Catholic, a strange commentary on the unsectarian character of that college which is so constantly insisted upon in the North.

Respecting the permanent governing bodies it is, of course, less possible to speak with certainty, since we have here to deal not with names but with representatives. All that one can say is that whilst Ireland is Catholic, her public bodies are likely to be Catholic and those bodies we may presume will elect Catholic representatives on the councils of the new colleges. At the same time we cannot but express our regret at finding that whilst Lord Mayors and Chairmen of county councils will, *ex officio*, have seats on the new governing bodies no such consideration is shown to the Hierarchy of the provinces in

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which the colleges are situated. One or two Bishops on each body could hardly have effected any serious harm even to the most tender-minded Protestant and their presence would have given great satisfaction to the parents of many students.

It must not be supposed, however, that these bodies will have anything like a free hand in settling the affairs of the institutions over which they are set. Far from it. There is another element in the situation which is far the most important of all and that is the Executive Commission which the Bill sets up. In fact what the Bill really does is to bring into solution a number of existent bodies. To the fluid substance thus prepared is added a further element in the shape of the Commission, and the combination is to recrystallize out into new and characteristic forms. It is obvious from this that the composition of the Commission is of the first importance and, under the Bill as issued to Parliament, it was to consist of seven individuals of whom four were to be nominated by the Senate of the new University and three by Government. Mr Birrell has now announced an alteration in this plan and has nominated all the members of the Commission himself as was the case in connexion with previous Commissions of a similar character. This change will, we think, meet with general approval and has this obvious advantage that it will enable the Commission to get to work at an earlier date than would otherwise be possible and thus permit them to bring their labours to an earlier conclusion and the earlier the better, since the new institutions cannot properly commence their labours until this has been effected.

The Commission will have the power of drawing up the Statutes for University and for colleges and it will, *inter alia*, declare what professors and lecturers there shall be who are heads of departments. We may presume that this applies only to professors and lecturers who are paid out of public funds, for another and a very significant clause declares that private foundations of teaching posts

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may be made and that such posts, as to appointment, duties and tenure, may be under such conditions as founders of the posts desire and this in spite of any provisions to the contrary in any of the Charters. The significance and value of this provision can hardly be overlooked.

Moreover, the Commission will have the appointment of all the teachers in all the colleges, under the provisions of the Bill. By amendment it appears that Mr Birrell is about to exclude from this provision the existing professors of the Queen's Colleges, who hold under Royal Warrant. But the professors of the Dublin College will have to be appointed by the Commission, and it may be taken, we suppose, that those gentlemen who have so long, so faithfully and so successfully taught in connexion with University College and its medical school will become the first professors and lecturers in the new college.

They will hold office for a period of six years, and then will come up for final election by the Senate of the University, a provision which has not been explained and the significance of which does not seem obvious, unless it is to impose a period of probation on the teachers in question, an educational expedient which does not very greatly commend itself to us.

In future cases of appointment to professorships and lectureships paid out of public funds the final decision lies with the Senate of the University, but in each case and in the case also of the presidents of colleges, the Senate must consult with the college concerned. Moreover, the college in question may send up three names, if there are more than three candidates, and from what we know it seems likely that there generally will be, and from amongst these three names the University must select the person who is to receive the appointment.

Subject to the provisions which we have just been sketching, and it must be admitted that they are important enough, the colleges will possess, as indeed was urged by the last Commission, a considerable amount of autonomy. Each of them can draw up its own courses of study, and the University is to approve them if they are of the requi-

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site standard. Moreover, the examinations will be held in each college, if the college desires it (and we may take it for granted that it will), and will be conducted by the teacher and an extern Examiner. The wording of the clause laying down these regulations is rather clumsy. It places the external examiner in a position of prominence which he ought not to occupy, and which might be utilized by an angular person to make himself very disagreeable, and we cannot but hope that Mr Birrell will see his way to making changes in this instance which will in no way infringe upon the absolute right of the extern to a veto, but will not make him appear to be so entirely the be-all and end-all of the examination as the present phraseology might be taken to imply.

It is also greatly to be hoped that the colleges will be allowed to have their degrees conferred locally, so that the people of the districts concerned may have the opportunity of seeing functions of this kind, and of having their interest and their imagination stimulated by such University proceedings.

In a word, if a federal university is ever to be a success—and that it can only be so in a modified way we are very firmly of opinion—but if it is ever to be any sort of a success it can only be by its colleges being all but universities and only bound together by the link of a controlling and co-ordinating university. No attempt to bind all the colleges down in the same procrustean bed can ever be successful, and whilst the university holds together, which we venture to prophesy will not be very long, we hope that the bonds will not be drawn any tighter than can possibly be helped.

One great and important change we have not yet alluded to and that is the disappearance of the private student. Like the London University, the Royal University has examined all and sundry for its Arts Degrees, and this plan, whilst doing a certain amount of good, has not been an unmixed advantage to the country any more than the similar plan has been for England. After five years these external students will come to an end, and no one

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will receive a degree from the University who has not been taught in one of the constituent colleges or in some affiliated institution, a regulation which is at this moment meeting with very serious criticism.

Power is given, as in the case of the English universities, to affiliate, and over this clause of the Bill very fierce discussion is taking place, at the moment that we write, in Committee, and very naturally, for on it hang a number of matters which considerations of space forbid us here to enter into. Indeed it is not too much to say that this point is the most difficult and dangerous of all that Mr Birrell has had to deal with in his parliamentary proposals.

We have dealt here only with the most salient points of the Bill, and we may find it necessary to return to its consideration should it emerge from the Parliamentary ordeals which it has yet to undergo. For the present we can only say that it seems to contain at least the germs of a satisfactory settlement; that it is on the road—so it would appear—to a still more satisfactory and final settlement, and that since some settlement of this question is most ardently to be desired, it is greatly to be hoped that nothing will occur in the course of its Parliamentary career, which may lead to a break-down of the Irish Universities Bill, 1908.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

June 12, 1908.

THREE NOTABLE EDITORS

Delane, Hutton, Knowles

John Thadeus Delane, Editor of "The Times," his Life and Correspondence. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. London: John Murray. 1908.

Memories of Men and Books. By A. J. Church. London: Smith Elder. 1908.

The Nineteenth Century and After. Catalogue of contributors to the first fifty volumes. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. 1901.

THE publication of Mr Dasent's *Life of Delane* has been followed at a short interval by the *Recollections* of Mr A. J. Church, containing a valuable chapter on another great editor, the late Mr Richard Holt Hutton, of *The Spectator*; and in the early months of the present year we have lost the veteran Sir James Knowles, one of the most successful of editors on lines totally distinct from those in which either of the other two made their reputation. In the 'seventies all three were at the very height of their position, and they were in this sense contemporaries—although these years were comparatively early in Knowles's career and late in Delane's, while for Hutton they found his editorship in mid-stream. Three men differing more from each other alike in gifts and character, and in the nature of their success, could scarcely be imagined.

A comparison between them is hardly possible. Yet to set side by side some features of their career will, perhaps, be instructive in itself and in relation to the history of our times.

"Editors of *The Times* have existed before and since Delane," writes Sir Algernon West in his *Recollections*, "but none, I will venture to say, ever filled the place in Society that he did. He was in the confidence of everybody of both political parties, and this confidence he never betrayed. No minister would have thought it odd if he had sent in his card and asked to see him at any hour of the day or night."

Delane's nephew, Mr Dasent, has given us in two

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extremely interesting volumes enough material to justify this verdict. "Material," we say, for these volumes are the material for a biography rather than the finished biography itself. They lack both desirable compression and literary form. Still their reader has no cause to complain. Once he has begun to peruse the book he will not readily set it down. When he has finished it, he will have before him very clearly the outlines of the character and career of the very strong journalist who was so great a power in his generation.

What were the main sources of a power so unusual? is the question which will at once obtrude itself on the reader's mind. In attempting to answer it, I must begin with a paradox. The gifts of the great editor appear to me not to have been primarily literary. His letters show little sense of literary form. His temperament had not the sensitiveness or the fastidious refinement of the literary artist. We see the character and power of the man and something of the secret of his success in tastes and endowments far removed from his life work. He had a great love of horses and was a constant and very plucky rider. He and his horse seemed to his friends to be almost inseparable. Even his morning calls were paid on horseback. "Like the Centaurs of old he is part and parcel of his horse," said his Oxford tutor. He was a good boxer, and a memorable scene is recorded in his undergraduate days when he found that he had to fight the "Chicken of Wheatley"—and this without any boxing-gloves—and emerged victorious from the fray. The river also attracted him at Oxford, and deer-stalking and all forms of sport in later years. He had, too, a distinct taste for racing. Nerve, love of action, readiness of resource, courage, prompt and sound judgement, keenness, the determination to succeed and win were apparent in these tastes; and they contributed largely to his success as an editor.

Equally remarkable and of value in his career was Delane's sure instinct in dealing with men. He was in this respect essentially a man of the world. As we read we feel constantly that in his relations with his fellowmen he strikes

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the happy mean which so many miss. He is absolutely independent in his judgements and determined in matters of importance, yet ever considerate in dealing with others. He respects rank and position, and yet is never in the smallest degree unduly subservient or excessive in deference. These qualities were not the outcome of any theory as to what best befitted an editor's rôle. They were not, I think, cultivated deliberately but were developed spontaneously. They formed part of his character, and they would have told for success in any field of action—in the House of Commons, at the bar, in diplomacy. Fortune gave him *The Times* to edit, and to these characteristics rather than to any great literary gifts is, I think, due the position which he won for that journal. It may be objected to this that in his work of literary revision he was quite exceptionally careful, touching and retouching, modifying every article, and that this needed great literary aptitudes of a certain kind. Doubtless it did, but—again to risk a paradox—they were not the literary aptitudes distinctive of a man of letters. He had none of the brilliancy of a *Saturday* reviewer of the 'sixties. It was not to literary form that he gave such close attention. It was to the effect on the public mind, on public opinion, of the articles. And as to this he was unsparingly critical down to a sentence, a phrase, a word. It was the statesmanship and the diplomacy of journalism, not its literary side, which so engrossed him and in which he was such a master. And this required a gift akin to that shown by a great ambassador in his dispatches rather than literary brilliance.

Finally must be added to the causes of his success that all-important driving power without which the greatest gifts fail of effect—single-minded and entire concentration. "No man can serve two masters." In course of time many of the distractions of social success came upon Delane: the court paid to him by Society was an inevitable consequence of the power he came to wield. Delane was no ascetic, and he tasted with pleasure, though always in moderation, of the enjoyments of social life. But distractions in a literal sense they never were to him. In the last decade of his life when

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he dined out and gave dinners constantly in the season, and his holidays were spent among the most influential people both socially and politically of the kingdom, when royalty singled him out for marked civilities, and the great ladies added their attentions to those which he had long received from the leading ministers of the Crown, his absorption in his work for *The Times* remained what it had always been. "He allowed no mundane pleasures," writes his biographer, "to prevent his going every night to his room at *The Times* office at half past ten or eleven." No man could afford to be more absolutely indifferent to Disraeli's sneer at his increase of social engagements in 1858. The allusion—in a speech to his constituents—was made in Dizzy's most characteristic phrase. He spoke of "the once stern guardians of popular rights" as "now simpering in the enervated atmosphere of gilded saloons." Certainly the "gilded saloons" were far more to Disraeli's own Oriental imagination than they ever were to Delane. His head was never in the least turned or his firm and consistent course affected by the attentions either of great ministers or of their wives. He took gladly the social recreations that came when they did not interfere with his work. He never allowed them to be distractions. It was in his last years, those in which invitations were most numerous, that the late warden of Merton describes him in terms that testify to his kindness and considerateness as well as to his habits of constant work.

Always at his post by half-past ten in the evening [writes Dr Brodrick], never to quit it until four in the morning, he took breakfast when others took lunch, and was busily engaged with interviews and correspondence during all the earlier part of the afternoon, and perhaps during emergencies up to dinner time. In looking through letters of his which now lie before me, I am chiefly struck by the kind consideration for my own health and feelings which some of them show. He speaks little of himself, but always cheerfully until his final breakdown. In one letter, written in September, he says: "I have not stirred from this place since last I saw you, and I believe not a column has been published in *The Times* which had not some of my handwriting in the margin."

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Delane's political independence is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the two ministers with whom his friendship was most intimate and who most constantly sought his advice—Aberdeen and Palmerston—were on occasion strongly criticized or opposed by him, while the statesman for whom his expressed admiration was most unstinted—Sir Robert Peel—was hardly known to him at all. The opposition of *The Times* to Palmerston's foreign policy in 1850, when Aberdeen's party accused him of having helped to cause the overthrow of Louis Philippe's government, was in no way mitigated by the famous Don Pacifico speech. On the other hand, when, four years later, English public opinion was deeply moved by the want of energy and competence of the responsible authorities in the conduct of the Crimean war, Delane, at the cost of attacking the Government of so firm and valued a friend as Lord Aberdeen, gave constant voice to this criticism. Kinglake's testimony to the influence of *The Times* at this juncture is worth recording :

No more able, more cogent appeals [he writes] were perhaps ever made than those in which its great writers insisted again and again that the dispatch of reinforcements must be achieved with an exertion of will strong enough to overthrow every obstacle interposed by mere customs and forms. When the story of Inkermann reached them, they uttered, if so one may speak, the very soul of a nation enraptured with the hard-won victory, and abounding in gratitude to its distant army, yet disclosing the care, the grief which sobered its joy and its pride.

And again, when a few days later the further accounts from our army showed the darkening of the prospect before it, the great journal issuing its leadership, and moving out to the front with opportune, resolute counsels, seemed clothed with a power to speak, nay, almost one may say to act, in the name of a united people.

The House of Commons endorsed the verdict of *The Times*. The Aberdeen Government fell and Lord Palmerston, at the age of seventy, became for the first time Prime Minister. From this time to the end of his life Palmerston worked in close co-operation with Delane, and when he died, full of honours, in 1865, a very competent judge—

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Lord Torrington—wrote to Delane after the great funeral in Westminster Abbey this striking estimate of the value of *The Times*' support to Palmerston's career:

I thought very much of you on the day of the funeral, and of the great manifestation which took place and the respect shown to his memory. It recalled to my mind what was his position and popularity till *you* gave him aid and support! In fact *but for you* he would have died almost as unnoticed as I should be, and possibly quite as little regretted. *You* made the show of last Friday, and carried him in triumph through the last dozen years of his life, and yet I fear that all the set which lived round Cambridge House will hardly duly and sufficiently remember the hand who raised and made their departed friend.

There can be no doubt that it was the very independence, arising from the strong convictions of a strong man, which made Delane prepared on occasion to oppose his great political friends, which gave also such value to his support. A like independence is visible in his dealings with his contributors; and even so valued a writer as Henry Reeve—Don Pomposo as Delane facetiously called him—was dismissed without a pang in 1855 when he failed to meet the editor's views of the requirements of the dignity and honour of *The Times*. "Much as I hate quarrelling, I would rather quarrel with a whole parish of Reeves," he writes to Sir George Dasent "than submit to such insolent assertions as his letters display. He just wanted to job the paper to his own purposes, to prove to his patrons that he was supreme and to receive their pay in flattery and dinners while he was taking ours in hard cash." Even so old a friend as Disraeli found that he touched very delicate ground when he infringed on the editorial prerogative and asked for Charles Greville as reviewer of his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*. Another reviewer was at once selected by Delane and the review was by no means enthusiastic.

The ability and independence, then, of Delane, won for *The Times* an almost unique position: and it is startling to look at the statistics of the circulation of daily papers in 1852, when against the 40,000 sold by *The Times* the other London journals taken all together did not approach that

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figure—*The Morning Advertiser* coming next with 7,000, and *The Daily News*, *Morning Herald*, *Morning Post* and *Morning Chronicle* selling only about 3,000 each. Those were the days of Trollope's Tom Towers and "the Jupiter." The decree of *The Times* had all the authority of great Jove's nod.

Perhaps the most graphic picture of the man at work—his determination to form first-hand judgements in matters of vital importance—is Mr Dasent's account of Delane's journey to the seat of war at the Crimea with his own illustrative letters written *en route*. *The Times* prided itself on always being the first to announce any important news. Of bold and shrewd ventures, made with this object, Delane's announcement of Lord Northbrook's appointment as Viceroy of India in 1872 is a good instance—on the strength only of Northbrook's having asked his doctor (a friend of Delane's) if a warm climate would suit his daughter's health. The appointment—though of course antecedently probable—was a perfect secret and was, indeed, only accepted after the doctor's favourable reply. The divination of *The Times* completely amazed Northbrook. Another editorial *tour de force* of a very different kind was Blowitz's accomplishment of Delane's suggestion—which to its own author seemed hardly possible—that Thiers' great speech of April, 1872, which the two men had heard together in Paris, should be reported in next day's *Times*. Blowitz's wonderful memory served him in good stead, and he transmitted in the afternoon a report (*in extenso*) which was acknowledged to be substantially accurate—a feat in those days most memorable.

In spite of his complete absorption in his work it is interesting to know that Delane would never talk "shop" or allude to *The Times* in general conversation. Among the noteworthy judgements of this acute observer of political life we may record that he placed Sydney Herbert—whose premature death cut short so promising a career—higher than his fellow Peelite W. E. Gladstone, whom he "admired as a financier and orator without feeling any enthusiasm for him as a statesman."

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To Catholics, and the interests dear to Catholics, *The Times* was not friendly, though it opposed the extremes of "no-popery." It was too faithful an index of English public opinion to be really just to the Church. The outcry of 1850 against the new Hierarchy was largely promoted by *The Times*, and the Italian Revolution and invasion of the Papal States received its active support. On the other hand, in 1867, Delane's sense of justice revolted against the attempt to charge the Irish bishops with complicity in the Fenian movement, and his letter to Dasent on the subject is strongly expressed. Equally emphatic was his public support on this question of the bishops in *The Times* itself.

We may add as part of the picture left us in these volumes that Delane's family affections were strong; and his devotion to his mother is a touching and attractive trait in his character. Religious movements seem to have inspired him but little, and his attendance as an undergraduate at Newman's Oxford sermons was probably mainly due to their being the event of the times. He looked death in the face with the eyes of a philosopher, and meant to work as long as his health permitted it, not caring to live when work was past. All his enthusiasms were those of a man of the world and a man of affairs, and in many respects he recalls to us Lord Macaulay, although he lacked Macaulay's literary genius. The keenness of their interests, the immense extent of their general information, their strong domestic affections, the apparent absence in them both of the deeper human passions and of other-worldliness, the glow of imaginative interest with which they watched the movement of the world, coupled with the lack in both of the higher poet's imagination—both their powers and their limitations—were largely similar. Delane's momentary enthusiasm for Newman meant no more than Macaulay's excitement over Ranke's *History of the Popes*. Both men lived for work and for success, yet ever working with conviction and public spirit; and both passed away after three score years of active life without having to face what would have tried them so intensely—a protracted experience of life's decline.

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When we turn from John Thadeus Delane to Richard Holt Hutton we pass to an absolutely different type—akin only in that secret of influence which is found in strong convictions and independence of mind.

Hutton's intellectual gifts were those of a thinker on the problems of life and a literary critic of fine insight. Although his judgements on politics were weighty and often wise, and his political views strongly held and finely expressed, they were but a small part of the man. His influence on the political history of the country, of course, cannot compare with Delane's. Yet it was considerable—largely owing to his friendship with Mr Gladstone. And an intimate friend of Gladstone's told the present writer that that statesman felt none of the separations from old allies, which his Home Rule Policy caused, more than the breach with Hutton.

If, however, Hutton's political influence was small compared with Delane's, I believe that his influence on English public opinion was, from its range and its *momentum* in so many departments, far greater. It is very rare that a weekly journal should be the *medium* whereby a great thinker and spiritual leader exercises his power over his generation. It was so in Hutton's case. Much of the influence on human lives which a great teacher of philosophy exercises in a university, or a great preacher from his pulpit, was exerted week by week by Richard Hutton in *The Spectator* for the space of thirty-five years on a large number of English readers. It was not primarily a matter of direct teaching or preaching. It was the treatment of all the subjects of the day and the literature of the day, and the utterances of public men, with earnestness and a high standard which all felt to be absolutely sincere, and to represent the unswerving rectitude and principle of the writer. The effect of this would have been great even had his gifts as a thinker and writer been less remarkable. As it was this high standard was enforced by a really great critic and thinker. He was indeed a literary critic of rare insight and independence. Occasionally—as, for example, in his essays on George Eliot, Goethe, Matthew Arnold

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and Browning—he rose to the very highest point in what Tennyson used to call the critic's highest function—the analysis of the genius of his author, of the secret of his greatness, as distinguished from the perception of his defects.

His power of seizing and delineating a personality, too, was very unusual. His personal studies of Newman, R.W. Church, Matthew Arnold, W. G. Ward and many another, written at the time of their death, have well deserved to be preserved as they have been by posthumous publication. Of Hope-Scott—whom he never knew—he gave so faithful a portrait from the evidence contained in his biography, and appreciated that evidence so far better than did the biographer himself, that Hope-Scott's relations took the article to be the work of one of his most intimate friends.

But Hutton's work in *The Spectator* year after year, not merely in placing before the public a serious and comprehensive view of events and persons, but in communicating to his readers some of that elevated moral atmosphere in which he himself lived, probably had a far wider and deeper effect on the country than his achievements for literature proper.

In this work he had, indeed, from the first, the ablest collaboration. But the stamp of Hutton's mind was unmistakable, and his style and spirit were caught by his colleagues. Some people complained that *The Spectator* was dull. There is always an element of dullness in prolonged attention to the duties of life. And in Hutton's view the formation of public opinion in regard to those duties was one chief function of journalism. In truth those who found *The Spectator* dull did so greatly in consequence of an opposite view of journalism from Hutton's. His paper had, indeed, the seriousness attaching to a responsible formative influence on public opinion. It consistently eschewed pettiness and personalities. On the other hand, with humour of a certain kind Hutton was abundantly endowed, and there were ever in *The Spectator*, for those who looked for them, traces of a powerful individuality, original and often *piquant* in its exhibitions, and con-

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stantly at war with the insincerities and frivolities of the hour. This was the antithesis of real dullness. Hutton in one of the numbers of *The Spectator* described our own day as one "in which Society imposes its conventional assumptions and insincerities on almost every one of us." He recommended his contemporaries to learn their lesson from Dr Johnson, who, "whatever else he was, was always true to himself," who was "more afraid of his conscience than of all the world's opinion"; and who "towers above our own generation just because he had the courage to be what so few of us are—proudly independent of the opinion in the midst of which he lived." These words might be used with absolute truth of Hutton himself. And great as were his gifts, high as were the intellectual and moral lessons he read to his generation, it was the almost personal communication of this ethical character to the readers of *The Spectator*, the feeling they caught from living in his company week by week that the sentiments and opinions they read were the expressions of a strong man's character, to which his special and lasting influence was due. "The world will miss in him," wrote Mr Aubrey de Vere, one of Hutton's oldest friends, to the present writer at the time of his death, "what is, perhaps, greater than what it most admires." And I interpret these words in the sense I have indicated. What it has missed was the constant unconscious quasi-companionship in *The Spectator* with his noble mind—with one whose words it had come to regard as identical with the man himself—having, therefore, the influence of example as well as of precept.

Doubtless he had the defects of his qualities, but they were literally, for the most part, defects inseparable from the qualities. The occasional neglect of form of expression, the sentences over-pregnant with condensed and complex reflection and analysis told unmistakably of laborious effort rather to convey genuine thought to his readers than to earn for himself a reputation for artistic workmanship. His strong prepossessions on certain subjects—prejudices they might fairly be called—were such as are found in nearly all men of deep convictions: among them was his exaggerated

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feeling as to any pain inflicted on animals—however good the object of such infliction might be. "You must generally choose," Tennyson used to say, "between bigotry and flabbiness." Hutton's prejudices were generally lovable, and they were his own. He never helped a popular prejudice to survive its natural lifetime, and he generally succeeded in cutting short its career. His championship of a great man or of a literary genius was uncompromising—of Mr Gladstone, of Cardinal Newman, of Mr Matthew Arnold and later on of Mr Watson and Mr Balfour. It was, perhaps, now and again too unqualified. But that it was not blind, even when most impassioned, was shown by his strenuous opposition from 1886 onwards to the policy of the man who had for so long been his political prophet.

Let a word be added as to Hutton's extraordinary kindness. To do a kind act to a beginner or to one in need, or again to one who was ill or in suffering, was one of his greatest joys. There was often little of the *suaviter in modo*, and the kindness would surprise those who did not know him. I published in *The Nineteenth Century* a dialogue on *The Wish to Believe* in 1882—almost my first literary effort, and Hutton, who had seen it in MS. and liked it, had growled out something which I took to mean that he would notice it in *The Spectator* when it appeared. When it came out, with the impatience of youth, I called at the office to remind him of this, and was greeted so gruffly that I almost repented having come. Without looking up from his writing, he said: "Why do you come on Thursday, my busy day? I can't attend to you." I faltered out some words about the appearance of my article, and he interrupted me by saying: "The longer you keep me talking, the shorter will be my sub-leader on your article, which I am this moment writing." I retreated with alacrity, and the sub-leader appeared on Saturday—an excellent introduction of a new-comer to the world of letters.

Hutton was quite as assiduous at his work as Delane, and as little given to distractions from what was the pursuit of his life. For "gilded saloons" he had no taste

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at all, and he was never a figure in Society, as Delane was in his later years. He was by temperament as well as by virtue unworldly. The great world did not appeal to his imagination in the least. Yet Hutton's social influence was considerable in the circle of his friends. I have dined with him at the Devonshire Club in company with such men as Mr Gladstone, Mr W. E. Forster, Dean Church and Canon Liddon, and heard at these dinners as good talk as I have ever heard anywhere, Hutton generally taking the lead. Dean Church used to recall Hutton's power in the debates of the old Metaphysical Society of raising the tone and earnestness of the discussions; while perhaps he was at his very best at breakfast parties of three or four persons, when his prolonged tea-drinking—of perhaps six or seven cups of excellent tea—was, I think, the only instance of keen enjoyment of anything in the way of food or drink which I ever observed in him. He enjoyed his cup of tea as a parson of the old school would enjoy his bottle of fine old port. His conversation on literature was greatly helped by his remarkable verbal memory. From Dickens, especially, he could quote whole pages, and I doubt if anyone was more familiar with the sayings of Mr Pecksniff or Mrs Gamp. I have only very rarely heard of his presence at more fashionable social gatherings. I recall meeting him at one dinner about the year 1885 at the house of Lady Clifden—then Mrs Leo Agar-Ellis—in Green Street, to which he was tempted by the presence of Mr Gladstone. The late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Hartington) was also there, and Cardinal Vaughan (then Bishop of Salford); and the occasion is stamped on my memory by the fact that the future Cardinal and the future Duke combined in being excessively bored by the theological discussion which Gladstone and Hutton carried on when the ladies had left us, and resolutely resisted all attempts to draw them into it, finally moving to some distance and enjoying a talk together on topics more mundane, including both shooting and racing I think.

To Catholics there were special points of interest in Hutton's life. He certainly did very much to get rid of

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the old "no-popery" prejudices which long had so paralysing an influence on English Catholics. Ever since 1864, when his strong words aroused the public to an enthusiastic acceptance of Newman's *Apologia*, he has repeatedly said the word in season for the "Papists" of England, and been to them a friend in need. Hutton's defence of the *Apologia* was especially influential from his known admiration for Kingsley. He has rightly ascribed the great change of public feeling in regard to English Catholics mainly to the influence of Cardinal Newman, but it needed a certain relation between Newman and the public for the creation of that influence. When in 1851 Newman lectured at the Birmingham Corn Exchange on the position of English Catholics, the Press did its best to boycott him. It may be open to question whether Newman would ever have completely emerged from the cloud which stood between him and the English public after the events of 1845, had it not been for the outspoken and independent admiration of *The Spectator*.

Hutton was strongly drawn towards many features in Catholic belief. I think that Mr A. J. Church is right in saying that his devotion to Newman helped more than anything else to foster this attraction. But he had also many familiar friends among Catholics. In the days of the old Metaphysical Society, Father Dalgairns, Cardinal Manning and the other Catholic members were his close allies in the debates. He might be seen at Mass Sunday by Sunday at Twickenham during the last decade of his life, but he never could believe the Church to be more than a Communion with special spiritual gifts, indeed, but advancing claims which were, in the light of modern thought and criticism, untenable.

Hutton was so regardless of fame that he published comparatively little under his own name. There are some Literary Essays, and some very valuable studies in theology, including one which is really autobiographical, on his progress from Unitarianism to belief in the Trinity and the Incarnation. He passed under the influence successively of Martineau, Frederick Denison Maurice, and

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Cardinal Newman. He retained to the end traces of the modes of thought of Martineau and Maurice, and these remnants of a liberalistic theology always qualified his attitude in relation to the Catholic ideals towards which Newman drew him. His love and admiration for Dean Church was one of the deepest feelings of his later years. Great, too, was his affection for Dr Liddon. But from the latter especially he was, I think, intellectually separated by a difference of sentiment with regard to the Sacramental system traceable to his early Liberalism.

Hutton had intimate friends of nearly all schools of thought. And, however otherwise divided, they were united in regarding him not only as what he was often called—a great teacher—but as one who in practical sympathy with the distressed, personal holiness and unswerving devotion to duty, had in him something of the saint. Perhaps it has never before happened that Catholics, Anglicans and inquiring Agnostics have repaired, on occasion, to an editor's office in the Strand, with feelings somewhat akin to those with which the Savoyard went to St Francis de Sales, for advice in perplexity or a stimulus to do his duty. And the memory of the rugged face—which was sometimes compared to that of Socrates—at first sight so little encouraging, of the manner which might for a moment be mistaken for an uninviting brusqueness, will ever remain for many of us coupled with that of unfailing sympathy and high-minded counsel.

Delane and Hutton represented in different ways the high-water mark of the influence of strong men in the editorial chair who exercised the principle of "protection" in their journals for the views they desired to urge on their fellow-countrymen. Sir James Knowles was the most successful representative of the opposite principle—of "free trade" for all competing opinions. Though not the originator of the signed article, he was its greatest and most successful promoter, first when he took over from Dean Alford the editorship of *The Contemporary Review* in the later 'sixties, and then when in 1877 he founded *The Nine-*

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teenth Century. The system was in some sense a response to new conditions. The increase in the number of journals and of the reading public had already made the debates in the House of Commons addresses to the country through the newspapers, and not merely to those who heard them. But politics were after all but one department of public affairs. A platform was needed from which distinguished men of all ways of thinking could address the whole reading public on all great topics of the hour. The idea was that of public debating in which the name and antecedents of each speaker as well as his arguments should have their weight, as they have in the House of Commons. Before the signed article came into fashion, the clumsy system of pamphlets had been the only way of effecting this object. But a pamphlet needed advertising and was consequently expensive to produce, and was not in the end widely read unless the occasion or the author was exceptionally important. *The Contemporary* and *The Nineteenth Century* on the other hand were read by every one. For those who had a wish and right to claim a hearing from the public no rostrum commanded so wide an audience, except a letter to *The Times*, as *The Nineteenth Century*. And letters to *The Times* were ever necessarily strictly conditioned as to length and subject, while the range of *The Nineteenth Century* was very wide.

In the early years of his editorship Knowles obtained an immense accession of weighty contributors from his connexion with the Metaphysical Society, of which he was the founder. I remember his coming with Tennyson to our house at Hampstead in April, 1869, to discuss with my father and Archbishop Manning the scheme of the proposed society, and the idea met with such general approval that in a few months its members included nearly all the eminent thinkers of the day on the philosophy of religion; the only notable exceptions, I think, being J. S. Mill, Cardinal Newman and Herbert Spencer, who all three declined to join. Many statesmen were of the company—including Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Grant Duff, Lord Arthur Russell and the late Lord Selborne—and the number of

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poets and men of letters and of science, in addition to the professed metaphysicians, made the Society far more representative of wide interests than its name and object promised. Aided by this powerful group of supporters, Knowles, in 1877, threw off the fetters imposed by a Review of which he was not himself proprietor, and founded *The Nineteenth Century*. Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, the Duke of Argyll, Ruskin, Gladstone, J. A. Froude, are the names of only a few writers among others equally eminent, who contributed from the very first. Both as to what people wished to hear about and whom they wished to hear, Knowles' instinct was unerring. It was indeed to this quality that both the foundation of the Metaphysical Society and the success of *The Nineteenth Century* were due. Knowles was no metaphysician. The philosophy of religious belief had no special interest for him. But accident led him to discover that the subject had at that moment very special interest for a large number of exceedingly eminent and representative men. Having known Tennyson slightly, he met him accidentally when he was planning his house at Aldworth, near Haslemere. Knowles—who was an architect by profession—offered to design the house for him, and Tennyson accepted the offer.

To the intimacy which hence arose with Tennyson—who was profoundly interested in the subject of the metaphysics of religious belief—was due the foundation of the Society. The idea caught on with Tennyson's friends and with others. And Knowles' activity and power of organization both brought the Society into being and secured its active and flourishing life. His peculiar quickness of perception and acquisition was once spoken of by Tennyson to the present writer in special reference to the Metaphysical Society. "No man ever had his brain in his hand as Knowles had," Tennyson said. "He could learn in half an hour enough of a subject which was quite new to him to talk about it, and never talk nonsense. When we first planned the Metaphysical Society Knowles did not know a 'concept' from a hippopotamus. Before we had talked of it for a month he could chatter metaphysics with the best

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of us." And it was this quickness and alertness which also made his editorship so singularly successful in the years of his prime. He applied at the right moment to the right man to address the public on the right topic. He often told me that when he saw what was wanted he made it a rule to insist on having it, and would gladly pay with even excessive liberality rather than lose it. Indeed, everything was conducted on a liberal scale in the Review, and nothing was more noticeable to a contributor than the absence of petty economies and the facilities afforded for any amount of revision of contributions—a luxury for which I confess to being particularly grateful. Knowles once told me that my four revises had meant more expense than breaking up the article and resetting it, but the fact was conveyed to me without the slightest reproach. He aimed at securing the best known representatives of competing views on subjects of the day, but he also had an eye to the future and was quick to recognize rising talent and give young men their chance. He always wished to be on good terms with the representatives of every department of activity, political, social and religious; and I remember his dissatisfaction at not knowing the present Archbishop of Westminster, having been intimate with both Manning and Vaughan. I brought them together at his desire, and he was afterwards, I believe, a not infrequent visitor at the Archbishop's.

His gifts and his opportunities made *The Nineteenth Century* one of the most signal immediate successes, I suppose, in the history of reviews. Before starting it—so he once told me—he asked his father to guarantee £2,000 against possible loss in setting it on foot. In the event not only did he never apply to his father for a penny, but he made from the beginning many thousands a year and at once outstripped all competitors in the same kind in popularity. In the days of the Metaphysical Society his house, like his Review, was a great rendezvous for persons of varied interests and different opinions. Manning, Huxley, J. A. Froude and Dean Stanley were often there. Tennyson on several occasions stayed with him, and Gladstone was a frequent guest at his table. After the Home Rule

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Bill the story was current that Tennyson telegraphed proposing to stay with Knowles, and found on arrival that Mr Gladstone was dining. After first refusing to dine in his company he was afterwards prevailed upon to come down after dinner, and Gladstone's charms were too much for him. The intended stern reserve which was to bring home to him the error of his Home Rule ways entirely disappeared. Gladstone's conversation and animation completely won the day, and acted as good wine in compelling friendliness and fellowship. Next day at breakfast Tennyson was as one who in the light of the morning headache and calm reflection repents the genial potations of the night before. "That's the worst of Gladstone," he said, "he gets round one at once if one sees him."

Such was Sir James Knowles as an editor and as a man—a wonderful and most universal medium of communication between different men and between thinkers of all schools and the public. In conversation he had a very happy art of finding the subject on which different members of the company could and would talk freely, and of himself putting in the right word and as it were winding up the clock. He used to be compared to Boswell; but I think this comparison materially inaccurate. Knowles was a far stronger man as well as more business-like and methodical. Boswell could never have edited a review with success. On the other hand the extraordinary intuitive perception of another man's mind and ways of thought which enabled Boswell to record Johnson's conversation with such absolute fidelity did not exist in Knowles. One feels that Boswell could do what by some unexplained power our dreams do for us—depict actions or conversations entirely characteristic of our friends, which have never actually occurred. Boswell could have written down a conversation between Johnson and Goldsmith which never took place and yet which would be precisely what they would have said in given circumstances. This creative power as of the novelist was different from Knowles' gift which was a more practical one—that of drawing out the different interlocutors in a conversation. Boswell could, perhaps, on occasion, do

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this also, but he entirely lacked Knowles' practical and business-like sense of what was wanted at the moment, his promptness in action, his reliable and systematic habits of work.

Although primarily the purveyor of the views of others—he never or hardly ever wrote in his Review himself—Knowles had the strong convictions of an energetic man, and he liked energy and strong convictions in others. He liked every one to be a good party man, and once told me that he particularly appreciated his Roman Catholic and Nonconformist contributors because they could always be relied on to write when appealed to, and write strongly and definitely. He was alert and prompt to the end in asking for those contributions on matters of the hour as they arose, which were necessary for the character of the Review in addition to the large mass of articles standing in type. My own last connexion with him was on the occasion of M. Briand's Law of Associations. Knowles came to me at the Athenæum and asked me, at only a fortnight's notice, to write on the situation. I said it would entail going to Paris and putting off engagements—and with characteristic determination and generosity he placed the offer on so liberal a footing that my hesitation was overcome. When the Papal *Encyclical* on Modernism appeared, he was equally prompt, and went to Archbishop's House to get the best Catholic official statement of the Pope's views, and secured an article from the Canon Theologian of the Diocese, Monsignor Moyes. Knowles loved the society of his friends and loved beautiful things. He was an excellent judge of pictures. His collection of pictures in his house in Queen Anne's Gate was a very fine one—including Millais' "Tennyson," Leighton's "Clyte"—the last picture painted by the great artist—and a magnificent "Claude," purchased by him from the Wynne-Ellis collection. He lived to be older than Hutton or Delane, but kept his full powers till the last. He was proud of the success of his Review, as he well might be. If anyone looks through the catalogue published by him at the end of 1901 of its contents from the beginning they will realize that it was for years the mouthpiece of the

Three Notable Editors

representatives of all that was most interesting in England. The roll of contributors, in the first twenty years especially, would be hard to rival. He regarded the promotion of the signed articles as his great achievement. In his prefatory remarks to this published list of contents he thus writes on the subject:

More than a quarter of a century's experience has sufficiently tested the practical efficacy of the principle upon which *The Nineteenth Century* was founded, "of free public discussion by writers invariably signing their own names."

The success which has attended and continues to attend the faithful adherence to this principle proves that it is not only right but acceptable, and warrants the hope that it may extend its influence over periodical literature until unsigned contributions become quite exceptional.

No man can make an anonymous speech with his tongue, and no brave man should desire to make one with his pen, but, having the courage of his opinions, should be ready to face personally all the consequences of all his utterances. Anonymous letters are everywhere justly discredited in private life, and the tone of public life would be raised in proportion to the disappearance of their equivalent—anonymous articles—from public controversy.

In so far as *The Nineteenth Century and After* has helped to further that good end, it may claim for the writers whose names are recorded in the following catalogue that they have rendered a public service.

Delane was editor of *The Times* for forty years: Knowles' editorship of *The Contemporary* and *Nineteenth Century* lasted about the same time, and Hutton's of *The Spectator* only five years less. Each proved his capacity by realizing possibilities which others had failed to realize. *The Times* was well established when Delane took it, but Delane gave it an influence new in kind as well as in degree. Hutton gave to *The Spectator*—which also was a going concern when he took it—its distinctive character and power. If *The Nineteenth Century* was Knowles' creation it was but the development of the signed article system which others had planned and begun, but Knowles realized. It was he who effectively established a recognized platform for free discussion. All three are notable figures in the

Delane, Hutton, Knowles

annals of editorship—the two whose views in different ways so profoundly influenced the country and the one who systematized the total absence in a review of any editorial views whatever. In mere practical success, perhaps, the man who set a review on foot which became from its first number one of the most successful in the country performed the greatest feat. As a great political force in the country, swaying its destinies, the man whom the Queen of Holland called “le quatrième pouvoir de l’État Britannique” was unrivalled. Yet that unrivalled power died with the man. Hutton alone of the three has left behind him in the thoughts which he published to help an earlier generation a legacy which is still prized by our own (as the sale of his republished essays from *The Spectator* attests) and which will descend to our children along with the tradition of the noble and austere character, which made his great thoughts so intimately part of himself.

WILFRID WARD

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

A PROMINENT feature of biological study at the present day is the increased attention shown towards the deeper problems which underlie all manifestations of life. Professor Windle has treated the question of vitalism and neo-vitalism with great lucidity in the volume entitled *What is Life?* (Sands and Co. 3s. 6d. net. 1908), which forms the latest addition to the series of "Explanatory Essays in Christian Philosophy." Without venturing upon a new theory, the author brings forward a number of facts which require a more adequate explanation than that afforded by a mechanical philosophy of life, and at the same time gives reasons for adhering to the vitalist theory.

The best scientific opinion has indeed of recent years largely receded from the rigid mechanical views which till lately completely dominated all inquiries into the nature of biological phenomena, to the exclusion of any theory savouring of vitalism. This predominance of the mechanical philosophy was no doubt in a great measure due to the exaggerations of the old vitalist school; for it is not in accordance with the advance of scientific knowledge to attribute vital processes solely to the agency of an internal principle, and to exclude the action of chemico-physical forces. But between the extremes of a purely mechanical and an ultra-vitalist theory there is room for a theory which on the one hand takes into account the chemical and physical changes concerned in these phenomena we call vital; and on the other, recognizes that in these phenomena an energy, a force is displayed which is of a nature not met with elsewhere. The tendency now is to consider vital phenomena as distinct from physical phenomena. Hence the mysterious entity which is ultimately responsible for this fundamental difference is variously termed a "specific influence," a "bathmic force," or "biotic energy,"

Vitalism

and so on, apparently with the object of not calling it, as we should do, a vital principle, which is too suggestive of scholastic philosophy to be accepted. One contemporary writer, however, is an exception, for Driesch does not hesitate to borrow an Aristotelian term, and call this entity an "entelechy."

When the extreme complexity of cell structure, and the marvellous movements executed by those elements of the nucleus, the chromosomes, during the process of cell-division, are considered, the conclusion is forced upon one that physical forces alone are insufficient to bring about such effects. Professor Hartog has shown that figures similar to those observed during cell-division can be produced artificially by suspending iron filings in a viscous fluid, which is then brought into a magnetic field; but he concludes, nevertheless, that cell forces are distinct from any known physical force.

Experiments performed on the segmenting ova of animals clearly tend to confirm this conclusion. The normal course of the development of a frog's egg, or of a sea-urchin's egg, can be modified very considerably by compressing the ova between plates of glass, so as to disturb the position of the cells, but the final result is the same as in normal development, which shows that the organism has some intrinsic power of righting itself. Still more extraordinary, however, is the example of the amphioxus' egg, which, after the first two or three cleavages, may be broken up by shaking, so that the cleavage cells are separated from each other; the cells then proceed to develop on their own account each into an amphioxus.

Akin to the self-regulatory processes exhibited by the ova of these and other animals is the process known as regeneration, a few typical examples of which are set forth by the author. The little worms called planaria, the majority of which are aquatic, can, for instance, be cut in pieces, and each piece, if not too small, will regenerate a complete worm, and similarly, if its head is cut off, a new one will be formed in its place.

By way of explaining these curious instances it is some-

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times said that these animals are able to act in this manner because they are adapted to this end, or, in other words, the self-regulation of ova, the development of which has been interfered with, and the phenomena of regeneration are looked upon by some as adaptations; but, as Professor Windle clearly shows, this is no explanation at all. The word adaptation merely gives the appearance of an explanation without the reality, and is but a convenient mask wherewith to hide one's ignorance of the real nature of the process.

Another interesting example of a so-called adaptation, is the amœba-like organism, *vampyrella*, which feeds, according to Cienkowski, on a particular form of alga, the *spyrogyra*, in preference to any other. Cienkowski considers that this shows that the *vampyrella* possesses conscious life. The behaviour of this animal is, according to our way of thinking at least, decidedly purposive, although this view supposes a considerable sense of discrimination in a form the organization of which is on a very low scale. Many indeed would claim that it is only a special form of *tactism*, by which is meant a certain group of effects due to the influence of external stimuli, such as chemical compounds, heat, cold, light, pressure and so on, upon the protoplasm of the organism. It seems that many actions of animals and plants, particularly among the lower forms, are attributable to *tactisms*, although it by no means follows that all animal or plant behaviour can be ascribed to a *tactism* of some kind. The question is not without difficulties, but it may be said that it does not materially affect the vitalist theory, since the responses evoked in the organism by stimuli are essentially of a vital character, and are founded upon a vital property of protoplasm, viz., irritability.

Besides these experiments on the development of organisms, the author discusses the nature of living things and machines, and their differences; he also dwells upon the law of the conservation of energy as it affects vital action, and concludes with some remarks upon matter and form and the scholastic idea of vital principle.

Ancient Britain

In a few minor matters we find ourselves at variance with the author. The view expressed on p. 54 that the chromosomes formed during cell-division consist of beads of chromatin strung on a linen thread, is not borne out by microscopical observation. The point is of interest because it acutely affects the Weismannian theory of determinants.

We must further take exception to the statement on p. 104 to the effect that the planaria are parasitic worms. And again, arcella, which is referred to as one of the foraminifera, really belongs to another subdivision of the rhizopoda, viz., the lobosa. We notice also that Wolff's name is erroneously printed both in the text and in the index.

We warmly recommend this essay to the general reader, who will find therein many useful arguments to counteract the influence of the mechanical theories of life which are everywhere propagated with such show of plausibility; but in particular we hope that it will be carefully read by all students of biology, in whom it should awaken a deeper interest in a science which has such an important bearing upon Christian philosophy.

G.A.E.

THE schoolboy of the past, when he ever thought about such things, thought, as we strongly suspect that the schoolboy of the present, for all his superior advantages, thinks, that the Romans and the Greeks were much less real persons than obnoxious entities who composed interminable volumes of tiresome prose and far more tiresome, because more difficult, verse, for the annoyance of generation after generation of unoffending small boys. Nay, more, we are also of opinion that a considerable haze of doubt hung round the earlier pages of English History and that the characters who moved across its canvas were under suspicion of being invented for the purpose by those tormentors of youth, the writers of school books. Such an attitude was natural and perhaps even reasonable in the old weary days when getting facts by heart out of books was the only recognized form of pedagogy. Nowadays efforts are being made to bring the reality of things before the minds of pupils by associating with the book, pictures,

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casts, maps, actual specimens, anything which will tend to make the subject alive and real to the mind of the student. Dr Rice Holmes' admirable work *Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar* (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1908. 21s. net) is an effort, and a very successful effort, to bring together the literary and the material ingredients of early history. Commencing, as he does, with the Palæolithic Period and working steadily up to the days of Cæsar's second invasion of England, it is obvious that he, or anyone else attacking the same task, must depend very largely upon the material evidence, that is upon the remains discovered in camp, and in barrow, on stone monuments and other relics of the bygone races which once occupied the island now known as Great Britain. Towards the later part of the days we have been alluding to small traces of what may be called historical notices or geographical comments come to light in the pages of little-known writers, like the first faint streaks in the sky before the sun itself rises. Diligent seekers have collected most of these references, and those who have never had the time or perhaps the desire or capacity to go to the original sources have had them made available in the pages of that well-known work Elton's *Origins of English History*. When that book was written, however, the amount of practical archæological work which had been done was comparatively small, and much of it was marred by the very unscientific manner in which it had been carried out. Dr Holmes has the advantage of the epoch-making work of Pitt-Rivers, of Dawkins, of Haverfield, of Ridgeway, of other workers in the field of archæology to compare with his own evidently complete knowledge of the classical references bearing upon his subject. Moreover, he has done what Green showed in his *Making of England* to be the only way of grasping the history of bygone struggles and invasions, he has gone himself to the scenes of Cæsar's two descents upon England, and with the aid of map and of tide-experts and other persons capable of giving assistance in various ways he has reconstructed these events of early history probably as completely as they ever can or will be reconstructed.

History of the 1900 Parliament

Dr Holmes discusses a number of highly controversial points. Who were the Celts? Who were the Picts? What was the language spoken by the latter? Where were the Cassiterides? Where was Ictis? and the like, all points which the text-books in the days of one's youth were quite certain about and all points as to which no instructed person nowadays would care to hazard even a very indefinite opinion.

If anyone desires to see how educated opinion has fluctuated about one of these points let him turn to p. 413 and study the very full and dispassionate study of the question, Who were the Picts? In our youth we were taught that they were people who were so-called because they were *piēti*, and this view as well as others will be found in its due place under the heading we have quoted.

Dr Holmes is a keen critic of others' views. He will have nothing or very little to do with Sir Norman Lockyer's solar and stellar theories, and he turns his batteries again and again upon writers like Sir John Rhys, the late Sir G. Airy and Professors Boyd Dawkins and Ridgeway, and always, we candidly admit, makes out an excellent case for his own view of affairs. In his introduction he tells us that the book represents the work of thirty years. Will he allow one who has done his share of delving in the earth as well as in books and maps to congratulate him on the results of his thirty years' work and to say that it was thirty years well spent? Here is a book which cannot be neglected by any person seriously taking up the study of the origins of history and much to be commended to anyone desirous of obtaining a sane and impartial account of the present state of scientific opinion as to the days before history proper was and of the days which saw its dawn. B.C.A.W.

SINCE the publication of *A History of the 1900 Parliament* (By James F. Hope, sometime member for Sheffield. Vol. 1. 1900-1901. 7s. 6d. William Blackwood and Sons) the author has once more become entitled to place M.P. after his name, and has reinforced the small band of Catholics who sit for English constituencies. To write the

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annals of one's own times in a fair and unbiased spirit, avoiding dullness on the one hand and overstrained epigram on the other, is no easy task. As the author says, "The pretension to impartiality, hazardous enough in the mouth of any writer of contemporary history, would be grotesque in the case of a militant politician." But if we may judge from the present instalment, which only carries the chronicle down to August, 1901, Mr Hope is in course of producing a history which is at once reliable and readable, which has a pleasant literary flavour, and which is conspicuously free from the flavour of journalism rehearsed.

The General Election in the autumn of 1900, which brought Mr Hope into Parliament for the first time, is described by him as the least exciting within the memory of man. His own victory in the Brightside division of Sheffield, whereby he unseated that highly respectable Labour member, Mr Madison, was one of the most notable incidents in it. But certainly the first Session, at the end of which the present narrative breaks off, possessed few elements of excitement, or indications of the breakers ahead. The shadow of the war was over all, and so long as the war continued the Liberal party were riven hopelessly in sunder. The Budget, which on two divisions effected a serious reduction in the Ministerial majority, was acknowledged to be an unwelcome necessity. The election had been fought on the South African policy of Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain, and there was no faltering in the country till the Peace of Vereenniging was safely signed. Moreover, the death of Queen Victoria produced a lull in the stress of parties which was distinctly favourable to the Government. "If the quantity of legislative output be the true test of senatorial labour," wrote Mr Hope, "the general tedium and exhaustion were out of all proportion to the tangible result, and seldom can Ministers and their supporters have felt better pleased to leave Westminster and less anxious to return."

The squabbles and recriminations among the rank and file of the Opposition soon spread to the leaders. Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were pushed vigorously against Sir

History of the 1900 Parliament

Henry Campbell Bannerman, and, as in the days of the elder Pitt it rained snuff-boxes, so in the dark hours of Liberalism, it rained banquets in honour of the competing leaders. The strife between the Imperialist and the Little England sections of the Liberal party continued during the whole of the King's first Parliament down to the resignation of Mr Balfour in December, 1905. But the real interest, as one can see it now, of the Session which the new members found so disappointing lay in the unsuspected germs of future trouble. Colonial Preference came before the House of Commons on the late Sir Howard Vincent's motion to reduce the duty on Colonial tea, and Tariff Reform in its initial stage only found 16 supporters against 366; "the Session closed with no further symptom of the storm which two years later was so violently to rage." The abortive Education Bill of Sir John Gorst's was a faint foreshadowing of the Act which became law in the following Session, and which gave the Opposition a "safe common ground of general hostility to the Government," and a basis for future agreement; while the Taff Vale judgement led to that concentration of the Labour forces which was to be a main factor in the *débâcle* of 1905.

Mr Hope helps us to understand, as few writers have done, the feelings, the experiences, the expectations of the Parliamentary neophyte. Now we see him as one of "the bedizened and self-conscious quartette to whom was assigned the duty of moving and seconding the address in their respective Houses"; anon he is jostling, contused and dishevelled, among the mass of faithful Commons who are fighting for a place to see their sovereign open Parliament: "the writer, finding himself in immediate competition and contact with Mr Eugene Wason, soon abandoned the unequal struggle." He listens to Mr Redmond's delivery of a classic specimen of "unmitigated though not indecent abuse"; he is impressed with the "absolute singleness of conviction" of Mr Morley and with the quasi-religious fervour with which his convictions held sway over his mind." He witnesses the beginnings of Mr Brodric's birth-strangled Army Corps, "and is led by the

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vagaries of the debate on Sir Henry Colville's case to conclude that as a fighting machine the British Constitution leaves something to amend." If we may judge from a sentence at the end of Chapter VIII, one object of the work is "to show to what straits a party may be reduced and from what straits it may emerge in future years." Historians may use the recent fortunes of the Unionist party to point a similar moral. Meanwhile, we look forward with much pleasurable anticipation to the succeeding volume, and we beg Mr Hope in his own interests as well as in ours to make no long tarrying.

J.B.A.

"OUTWARD obscurity" may be in an author, as Mr Chesterton has said in his book on Browning, "a mark of inward clarity" or a sign of respect for the reader's intelligence. But it is more often the result of carelessness and want of literary restraint, and this seems to be the case in much of *The Man who was Thursday. A Nightmare* (By G. K. Chesterton. J.W. Arrowsmith. 6s.) The fact that the book is a parable, and a very fine parable, makes the reader cavil the more at the excessive proportion in it of the "nightmare" element. The chapter in which Sunday rides away on an elephant, casting behind him vulgar (and not amusing) remarks addressed to his followers, seems to lower the tone and to really injure the two good chapters that follow. In a nightmare, it is true, that is how things fall out, but the author has let himself use too much the licence that such a form of expression gives. When compared with the *Napoleon of Notting Hill*, the general idea and many thoughts in it are quite as fine, but the form is unquestionably less good. And the innocent reader, who has not turned first to the dedication, may go very far before discovering that there is an inner meaning to the wild story.

The key-note of "the doubts that were so plain to chase, so dreadful to withstand," is first struck in the dedication, and again when Syme discovers the secret of Sunday, which is

the secret of the whole world. It is that we have only seen the back of the world. We see everything from behind, and it looks brutal.

Poems of Mary Coleridge

. . . That is not a cloud but the back of a cloud. Cannot you see that everything is stooping and hiding a face? If we could only get round in front!

And again, when Sunday reveals his true identity, we grasp a great meaning:

"I sat in the darkness where there is not any created thing, and to you I was only a voice commanding valour and an unnatural virtue. You heard the voice in the dark, and you never heard it again. The sun in heaven denied it, the earth and sky denied it, all human wisdom denied it. And when I met you in the daylight, I denied it myself. . . . But you were men. You did not forget your secret virtue, though the whole cosmos turned an engine of torture to tear it out of you." . . . The Secretary . . . said, in a harsh voice: "Who and what are you?"

"I am the Sabbath," said the other without moving. "I am the Peace of God."

The book needs careful thought, and it well repays it. There are many sayings, some perhaps too paradoxical, that will remain the permanent and thankworthy possession of the reader. And the tale itself, "of these old fears, even of these emptied hells," will remain in our minds as an allegory of deep interest, in which:

We have seen the City of Mansoul, even as it rocked relieved.
Blessed are they who did not see, but, being blind, believed.

M. W.

THERE is an amazing unreserve characteristic of one type of poet, and Byron, showing a bleeding heart to all Europe was, as the French would say, "in his vocation." But there may be a reserve in a true poet that is also in the vocation. There are, in this second case, subtle secrets, unwillingly betrayed, that appeal to kindred hearts with all the more individual power because they are wrung from the secret parts of the soul. It is to this latter type of poet that Miss Mary Coleridge belongs (*Poems by Mary E. Coleridge*. Elkin Mathew. 4s. 6d.) In the second verse of "A Dedication" this reserve and hesitation are admirably expressed:

Hear and forgive thy servant over bold
Who dared to write the words he could not say,
And with too eager hand hath given away
That which his eyes alone to thee unfold!

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But so little eager was this hand to give to the public these exquisite verses that it is only since the death of the popular novelist that they have been brought together and published under her name. Many have loved these verses without knowing their author, but to many more they are a new treasure, and by all readers they will be read with a sense of poignant regret for what might have been had death been less urgent.

The originality of these verses is without strain and with a vigorous quaintness which it is hardly fanciful to connect with the author's descent from the poet of the *Ancient Mariner*. A shy, brave soul, hating publicity, "born too late into a world too old" and too vulgar, sad but not decadent, and with a religious faith that is never ashamed. It would be easy to quote verses such as "He knoweth not that the dead are Thine," or "News," or "Unwelcome," or "One Day in every Year," "An Insincere Wish addressed to a Beggar"; or again, "To a Bullying Wind that rose at Sunset," as characteristic of special qualities in Miss Coleridge's work, but as the space is limited it is better to give an instance of the larger flight of her religious poems:

Thou that canst sit in silence hour by hour
And know God is in His minutest flower,
 And watch His myriad ways among the grass,
And feel His touch on every frond of fern
On the small shadows as they slowly turn,
 And on the little creatures as they pass.

What blindness is it that doth hold thine eyes,
Make streets a Hell and meadows Paradise,
 To shut Him out from His great creature, Man?
Hath He not writ Himself in every face?
Awake—and be not impotent to trace
 What is and has been since the world began.

WHEN Mr Gardner published his *Story of Siena* four years ago many of his readers must have hopefully looked forward to some such book as his present *St Catherine of Siena* (J. M. Dent & Co. 16s. net) as a filling up of the picture of this interesting and most mediæval of

St Catherine of Siena

Italian cities. St Catherine is one of the saints whom the world has agreed with the Church in canonizing. In spite of her asceticism, her stigmata and mysticism, she has won that world's admiration by her strong and fascinating personality. She was, in sooth, a marvellous woman. Like a star, *come stella in cielo*, she shone in the dark night of "the captivity" and schism, and her work and words were "the consolation of Israel" when the Church was already on the eve of plunging, during those gloomy years, into the horrors of the Renaissance. Mr Gardner does not profess to have written what he calls "the conventional life of a canonized saint." Caterina Benincasa took so large a share in public life that the history of her times, as a background, became a necessity if we were to understand the part she played in a stirring drama. But the author does not fail to keep her as his central figure, and it is her image that fills the reader's mind. Of weak health, always in pain, living on no earthly food, by "her unwavering fortitude and calm resolution, her firm will," "her practical sense and angelic wisdom," she dominated the world she moved in. The confidante of popes, kings and republics, the ambassadress of states, she yet fed and worked for the poor, the while, attended hospitals and converted sinners by the eloquent tongue of a golden-aged Italian. Men wondered at the speech of the untaught dyer's daughter, reminded of her Master's day, when His hearers marvelled and asked, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Her correspondence was enormous, and if we are puzzled to know how she contrived to carry it on, we are told she could dictate three different letters at once to her three secretaries. Her correspondents included princes and rulers of republics, captains of mercenaries and private citizens alike. She addressed "the sovereign Pontiff in terms almost dictatorial," and standing by his side, like the queen of the tragedy, to holier purposes, she poured wise counsels into the ear and virile resolution into the heart of the wavering Pope, until she screwed "his courage to the sticking place," and safely landed him in Rome. Yet this valiant woman, with a man's brain and the heart of a

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lion, was the most affectionate of friends, and to the weak and erring the tenderest of guides. She was rewarded with the enthusiastic devotion of her many followers. It is impossible in less than an article to do justice to a biography that will increase the cult of Swinburne's "sweetest of the saints." There are many points, indeed, on which we would like further enlightenment. Mr Gardner is too painstaking and accurate generally to make statements without good grounds, but it would have been more satisfactory to the reader if he oftener gave references for what he has sometimes stated. He has, it is true, supplied a good bibliography, and the reader may perhaps find there what he wants to know, but not one in a hundred has the chance or industry enough to hunt up authorities. And may we now express a wish that, as he has given us *The Story of Siena* and *St Catherine*, Mr Gardner would add to the series a life of that other saint, born in the year of Catherine's death, whose name, like hers, is intertwined with his native city's, and so complete, in San Bernardino, a Siennese trilogy.

P. H.

THE first four volumes of the "Publications of the Catholic Record Society" were *Miscellanea*. With the fifth volume, which is issued to the members for 1907-8, the Society begins a new series of *Unpublished Documents relating to the English Martyrs*, the first instalment of which consists of about 180 documents, relating to the martyrs who suffered between 1584 and 1603, collected and edited by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J.

Father Pollen has arranged them under 105 headings, to most of which he has written an introductory note. The volume is further enriched by a general introduction, an account of the more important catalogues of the martyrs, a table showing the arrangement of the martyrs' names in the principal ancient and modern catalogues, an appendix dealing with chronology, ten illustrations of handwritings excellently reproduced, and a good index, compiled by Miss Stearn, and running to twenty-one pages. The libraries and archives that have contributed to the collection include the

The English Martyrs

British Museum; the Record Office; the Archives of the archdiocese of Westminster; Jesuit Archives abroad; the Libraries at Farm Street, Stonyhurst, Oscott, and the English College, Rome; the Llanover MSS; and the Free Library at Cardiff. This bare enumeration of the contents of the book is sufficient to show the enthusiasm and the "transcendent capacity for taking trouble," which Father Pollen has brought to his task, and even a cursory glance at his general introduction and special introductory notes will be enough to convince anyone that he has also brought an historian's scientific method and broad outlook, and a scholar's lucidity and conciseness of style. The editor of a work of over 420 pages would, however, be more than mortal, if he could prevent one or two trivial errors from creeping in; and, just to illustrate the difficulties of being consistently accurate, it may be permissible to call attention to a misstatement, a mistranslation and an omission (all, as it happens, in the account given of the martyr John Ingram,) the only defects that we have been able to discover in the whole book.

In a note on p. 271 referring to a namesake of the martyr, Father Pollen writes: "The Oxonian may in fact have been the father of our martyr. He was fellow of New College (see Wood, *Antiquitates Universitatis Oxoniensis*, i, 283), and ejected about 1560." Here Wood has misled him. In point of fact, this John Ingram was admitted to Winchester College on Lady Day, 1560¹, aged thirteen, from Thame, in the diocese of Oxford, and was only some seventeen years senior to the martyr. He was removed from his New College fellowship in the course of the Bishop of Winchester's visitation, which took place in September, 1566, and the March following, his fault being that he had publicly defended Transubstantiation, and had refused to attend College Chapel. He submitted at the time and was restored, but seems to have resigned immediately afterwards. The martyr's parents were probably Anthony Ingram, of Wolford, Warwickshire, and Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Sir John Hungerford, knight, of Down Ampney, Gloucestershire.

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So much for the misstatement. The mistranslation is that of John Ingram's fifth epigram on p. 278, the second line of which should run: "The land, that had given them me, took from me in early spring." The omission is that of the letters of John Carey or Carew, the governor of Berwick, as to the arrest and imprisonment of Thomas Oglebye, which was an *alias* used by Ingram; but as these letters are very fully abstracted in the first volume of the "Calendar of Border Papers," such omission may well have been intentional. The fact that these are the only faults of commission and omission, which a careful perusal of the book permits us to charge against its editor, should speak volumes in his favour.

J.B.W.

THE other volume on the English martyrs which has recently appeared is the *Martyrdom of Father Campion, By Cardinal Allen* (Burns and Oates. 4s. 6d.) In reality it is far more than a reprint of Allen's rare anonymous work, *A Briefe Historie of the Glorious Martyrdom of xij Reuerend Priests, etc.*, published without place or date, at Rheims, in August, 1582. Father Pollen has weeded Allen's work of certain excrescences, and has added to it a valuable introduction, a frontispiece from a very rare plate at the British Museum, six engravings from the first Italian translation of Allen's book, many illuminating notes, and some verses printed by Stephen Vallenger in a very rare booklet entitled *The True Report of the Death and Martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite, etc.* Some of these verses were, as Father Persons tells us, Vallenger's own work. As Father Pollen has given us no note on Vallenger, and as Mr Gillow ignores him, it may not be amiss to record that he was born at Watlington, Norfolk, in 1541, and was the son of Robert Vallenger, gentleman. He became fellow and tutor at Caius College, Cambridge, in 1562, and M.A. in 1563, and was apparently deprived of his fellowship in 1568. His *True Report* caused him to be condemned to lose his ears and stand in the pillory, and afterwards to be imprisoned in the Fleet. On June 27, 1586, he had been in prison there for four years. He was still a recusant in prison, in or about London,

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September 30, 1588, and is said to have been eventually banished.

The book is beautifully printed, and is a pleasure to hold.
J. B. W.

A THOUSAND and one times have Protestant controversialists, mostly, it must be admitted, of the school which raged in the days of "Pope and Maguire," rebuked us Catholics for paying any attention to tradition.

Now the whirligig of fate has produced a body of persons, known as folk-lorists, whose contention it is that by tradition alone can we know anything of the early history of this or any other country, and that, on the whole, tradition may be trusted to give a fairly truthful account of prehistoric conditions to those who know how to interpret it rightly. Such is a part, at least, of the argument of the very interesting book which Mr Gomme has contributed to the well-known "Antiquaries Books" series (*Folk-Lore as an Historical Science*. London: Methuen & Co. 1908. 7s. 6d.) Mr Gomme is well known in two worlds, in that of local politics as an official of unusual excellence, and in that of books as one of the sanest and most erudite of writers on folk-lore. With many of his observations we are entirely in accord and wish that all of his brethren took as rational a view of the subject with which they deal.

It is no longer possible to shut the door to geography, ethnography, economics, sociology, archæology and the attendant studies if the historian desires to work his subject out to the full (p. 3).

This is a proposition which few, if any, will now dispute, and the newer school of historians work entirely upon these lines.

The danger of searching for a general system of belief and worship from the beliefs and rights of peoples not ethnically, geographically or politically connected is very great (p. 110).

Similarity in form, however, does not necessarily mean similarity in origin. It does not mean similarity in motive. Customs and rites which are alike in practice can be shown to have originated from quite different causes, to express quite different motives, and cannot therefore be held to belong to a common class, the elements of which are comparable (p. 171).

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Most wise words which, if pondered on by other writers would have prevented them from attempting the ridiculous task of trying to explain such customs as "touching for the King's Evil" by means of occurrences not known to take place outside the South Sea Islands, not to speak of other and even graver errors. It is perfectly obvious that the argument—"There is a river in Monmouth and there is a river in Macedon, and there is salmons in both"—is one which can and could only appeal to the hopelessly unscientific mind. We are glad to find that Mr Gomme will have none of it.

We commend to the careful study of historians and others the pages in which he deals with "the amazing toughness of tradition," and may especially refer them to p. 30, note 2 (an occurrence which another reviewer seems to think can only be explained on a spiritualistic hypothesis!), to pp. 42, 43 and 197. The last instance is so remarkable that it may be quoted. Some Scilly Island pilots had boarded a derelict ship and thrown overboard a dog, the only living thing which was found upon it. "They explained this act of cruelty to me by saying that a ship was not derelict if on board of her was found alive 'man, woman, child, dog or cat.' And it turned out, on after investigation, that these were the very words used in an obsolete Act of Parliament of one of the very early Plantagenet kings, forgotten centuries ago by the English people, but borne in mind as a living fact by the Scillonians."

Having said thus much, we are bound also to say that we find some of Mr Gomme's arguments, and especially that of the Pedlar of Swaffham, which he puts forward as a kind of *cheval de bataille* quite unconvincing. In this he resembles most of the writers on his subject for, after all, most of their conclusions must remain what they are, that is, efforts of imagination, since they can hardly be proved to an absolute certainty. Hence their values rest on the amount of conviction carried by each to the unprejudiced mind and, in our opinion, that conviction is not and cannot be very deep in the case of many of them.

We largely agree with Mr Gomme's division of myths

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from folk-tales, and of both from legends, but we naturally must demur to his classing the account of the Creation with other myths which try to explain the origin of the cosmos. "The first chapter of Genesis is the answer which the early Hebrews gave to the scientific question as to the origin of man. How much it cost them to arrive at this conclusion one cannot guess, one only knows that it has become a glory to the ages of Hebrew history, as well as to the civilization of Christianity. Unfortunately it has become much more. The science of the primitive Hebrew has been adopted as the God-given revelation to all mankind. It is the function of folk-lore to correct this error, to restore the Hebrew tradition to its proper place among the myths of the world which have answered the cry of early man for the knowledge of his origin" (p. 137).

Then we may ask Mr Gomme, can and will folk-lore kindly explain how it is that the biblical account, alone amongst those with which he classes it, does manage to give, with all the accuracy that such an account can display, the order which science now attributes to the appearance of plants, fishes, birds and animals, not to speak of other points over which we cannot now delay? At what cost or by what means did the ancient Hebrews alone divine facts which have only become known to science in recent years?

What most careful critics have to complain about in the folk-lorists is that they imagine that everything can be measured by their yard-stick, and that, in a word, "there is nothing like leather."

Well, there are other materials than leather and other subjects than folk-lore, and when that study has grown—as it is growing—out of its callow and cocksure youth, it will be a very valuable, indeed, we think, an indispensable by-study for historians, and especially for historians dealing with the earlier stages of civilization.

B.C.A.W.

HANDBOOK of *Ceremonies*, by John Baptist Muller, S.J.; trans. by A. P. Ganss, S.J.; edited by W. H. W. Fanning, S.J. (Herder, pp. 256, 4s.) is an astonishing little book, containing as it does complete directions, with

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tables and diagrams, as to the conduct of divine worship and the administration of the sacraments. It is based upon the most eminent ceremonialists, and even goes so far as to give occasionally their conflicting views upon the interpretation of a rubric or the decision of the Congregation of Rites. It shows, too, a thoroughly healthy temper with regard to modern money or time-saving contrivances such as are bound to creep in among those who have no ceremonial instinct. Such things, rising generally in convents, are the chief bane of divine worship at the present day; and it is a pleasure to find that Jesuits, who have not been above suspicion in the past as regards ceremonial and ornament, are as resolute in condemning them as are the more professedly liturgical Orders. We want no more frills and tinsel just now. B.

IT seems terribly ungracious to criticize a book so sacred as the Poems of *The Little Flower of Jesus*, translated by S. L. Emery (Burns and Oates. 4s. pp. 165). The verses were written by a young French Carmelite nun who, in a few years, gained a reputation for sanctity and died at the age of twenty-four. Yet it would be insincere to allow her very touching history, her extraordinary and radiant simplicity, and her beautiful thoughts to blind one to the defects of her conceptions and expressions, regarded not only from the literary but also the mystical point of view. Partly, no doubt, these defects are emphasized by the difficulties of translation from French into English verse—there is rather too much, moreover, of the “poetical” vocabulary in such words as “rife,” “amorous,” and the like—but it seems as if some of these defects must be an integral element in the originals. The sum of these defects appears to lie in the fact that while the greatest contemplatives of the Carmelite Order, such as St John of the Cross and St Teresa, tend to think of earth in terms of heaven, this nun conceives of heaven in terms of earth. Her poem to the Holy Innocents particularly illustrates this—a poem which, while containing real imaginative insight, yet represents heaven as too much of a celestial

The Beckoning of the Wand

nursery. So, too, her verses addressed to the furniture of the altar—the tabernacle key, the ciborium, and the rest—while intensely devout and full of suggestion, yet have the effect of Renaissance architecture in bringing heaven to earth, rather than of raising earth to heaven. Of course the position is defensible—it is one side of the Religion of the Incarnation—yet it is not that side which it is the peculiar function of mysticism to emphasize. No doubt these verses will be rightly appreciated by many people; but they will be those who prefer the precision and definiteness of St Francis of Sales to the stammering ecstasies of St Teresa and St John. Sister Teresa is an imaginative and holy child rather than a true “contemplative.” Francis Thompson soars higher in one stanza of “The Hound of Heaven.”

B.

THE *Beckoning of the Wand*, by Alice Dease (Sands and Co. 3s. 6d. net. pp. 164) is a wonderfully fascinating book. Its object is to interpret Ireland to the superior Englishman who judges of value by material comfort, by means of sketches of Irish life as it really is; and the success and the beauty of the attempt are beyond praise. The book is concerned with the simplest people, with cabins and potatoes and white-washed chapels; but the whole thing is transfused with light and faith and spirituality, irresistible humour and indescribable pathos. The blending of a dogmatic faith with Celtic mysticism produces a colour that is beyond words; the fabric of the Catholic creed is shown in a light of which the Englishman seldom even dreams; and the tales are told with almost perfect art. He must be a very crass reader who again and again does not find his eyes prick with tears as he follows the pilgrimage of St Patrick's Purgatory, or the yet more bitter and more sweet pilgrimage of Betty Dirrane on Christmas Day. There is but one criticism to make, and that to the effect that the lesson would be more complete if it were not professed at the beginning of the book and emphasized during its course. Yet the book as a whole, except in the case of the hopelessly heavy and complacent, ought to do more to initiate

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Englishmen into the secret of Ireland, than all the Blue books ever published.

Shut up the book [quotes the author at the end].

A piteous hand
Yet ever beckoning with enchanted wand,
Whether by fault or fate,
Where all things come too soon or are too late,
Of fitful love and inextinguishable hate.

* * * * *

The wit, the humour and the oratory,
Genius enough to make us great,
And more than blood enough to make us free.

B.

THE *History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles*, by Norman Moore, M.D.Cantab. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1908. 10s. 6d.) would not, perhaps, at first sight, appear to be a work of any special interest to others than members of the profession with parts of whose history it treats. Anyone interested in history or in social progress who passes this book by on that account will be making a very great mistake, for its accomplished author, whose profound scholarship and wealth of erudition are well known to most members of his own profession and to many following other walks of life, has succeeded in producing a work of the deepest interest and greatest value for all serious students.

The historian will be struck by the analysis of the circumstances attending the death of King John, and will also find much to interest him in the transcription of Mayerne's account of the health of James I and of Queen Henrietta Maria at a time when the latter was contemplating a foreign journey. Amongst other things recorded of that meanest of kings and, one might almost say, of men, is the following: "In potu peccat quoad qualitatem, quantitatem, frequentiam, tempus, ordinem," which is about as comprehensive a summing-up of this habit as it is possible for the pen of medical man to indite.

Those who make a study of social life may have their attention directed to the interesting account of and notes

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respecting early hospitals and the overlapping of the two kinds of institutions, the hospital as we understand it to-day and the hospice of the type of Saint Cross at Winchester.

Everybody knows that the medical man was also often an ecclesiastic like "Magister Reginaldus Physicus et sacerdos," who was sent to Rome by the monks of St Albans to obtain confirmation of an abbatial election in 1235; or, to take a later and far more celebrated instance, like Linacre, who founded the Royal College of Physicians in London, under whose auspices these lectures were given and whose name is perpetuated in his university of Oxford by the Linacre Chair of Anatomy. But even in very early times, as Dr Moore shows, there were lay medical practitioners, like Grimbald, the physician to Henry I, whose signature appears in more than one donation by that monarch, as, for example, in a grant of lands to the Abbey of Abingdon, where, after various bishops and the King's Chancellor have signed, appears the statement, "Ego Grimbaldus medicus interfui." At the same time medicine and religion were very much associated with one another, as, indeed, were law and religion, and for the same reason, namely, that most of the educated persons in the country, during the Middle Ages, were Churchmen.

Dr Moore gives many instances of this, and perhaps one may be quoted here for the moral which is attached to it. Mirfield, who flourished in the fourteenth century and wrote a work on medicine, called *Breviarium Bartholomei*, treated chronic rheumatism by rubbing the part with olive oil. This was to be put into a clean vessel while the pharmacist made the sign of the cross and said two prayers over it; and when the vessel was put on the fire, the Psalm *Quare fremuerunt gentes* was to be said as far as the verse "Postula a me et dabo tibi gentes hereditatem tuam." The *Gloria* and two prayers are then to be said and the whole repeated seven times. "What a mixture of superstition and medicine!" the superior person will cry, forgetting that "when Mirfield wrote in a religious house, clocks were scarce and watches unknown, and that in that age and place there was nothing inappropriate in measuring time by the

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minutes required for the repetition of so many verses of Scripture or so many prayers."

To many, perhaps, this first lecture, which deals with a very early age of medicine, will be most interesting; but the later chapters are also full of points of interest for general as well as for medical readers, and perhaps we may select for special note the account of the early Irish and Scotch families of hereditary physicians. Dr Moore is a profound Celtic scholar, and the brief notes which he gives in this book on the very interesting topic in question leads one to hope that he may some day unlock the cabinets of his knowledge and bring forth from them a complete work dealing with the early history of medicine in Ireland. To the student of early social life, there are few more interesting subjects, and no one is more competent to deal with it than Dr Moore. We can only hope that when he has completed and issued that *History of St Bartholomew's Hospital* which we are all looking for, he may turn his attention to the interesting chapter in the history of his own native land to which we have alluded. We must not close this notice without a word of commendation for the beautiful reproductions of early documents with which the work is adorned.

B. C. A. W.

IN his exhaustive work on *Heredity* (London: John Murray. 1908. 9s.) Professor J. Arthur Thomson deals with a subject which has interested man at least since anything like science dawned upon the earth and seems likely to be capable of affording him matter for speculation for as many more generations in the future. "All that I know is nothing can be known" might almost be the exclamation of the reader who rises from the perusal of these pages. All living things tend to beget similar progeny, but the progeny is similar, not identical. In these few words are summed up most of what anyone knows on the subjects of Heredity and of Variation, the two subjects which underlie the whole question of transformism, Darwinism, Weismannism and all the other "isms" relating to descent and development. Harvey in the seventeenth cen-

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tury confessed his ignorance of the real causes of development in words which might with equal truth be pronounced to-day.

“Although it be a known thing subscribed by all, that the foetus assumes its original and birth from the male and female, and consequently that the egge is produced by the cock and henne, and the chicken out of the egge, yet neither the schools of physicians nor Aristotle’s discerning brain have disclosed the manner how the cock and its seed doth mint and coine the chicken out of the egge.”

But with all this there is much which has been learned with regard to heredity, even though we are as far away as ever from a knowledge of its springs or of its methods, though much of what has been learnt—it is necessary to confess—may have to be unlearnt at no very distant date. We think we are pretty sure that mutilations at any rate are not inherited. We also think, at least many do, that conditions acquired by the parent are not handed on to the progeny, though it may be possible that a fairly long continuance, over several generations that is, of change of environment may slowly introduce differences of race, whether permanent or not being still more than doubtful. Further some would hold that in certain cases, at least, Mendel has given a key to the secrets of heredity which explains many things which were before doubtful; others will have nothing to say to his views; a third class, amongst whom the author of this book may be included, think that “there seems at present no reason to believe that the Mendelian formula has more than a limited application, though it is of course possible that apparent exceptions may eventually turn out to be less formidable than they seem. There seems no reason why there should not be several formulæ of inheritance—each applicable to particular sets of cases, e.g., to cases where blending does occur and to cases where it never occurs.

As regards the spring and motive force of all vital phenomena Professor Thomson would appear to belong to that rapidly increasing band of biologists who refuse to find a complete explanation of all such phenomena in

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chemico-physical laws: "We are," he says, "we think, stating a matter of fact, not expressing a personal opinion, when we say that it is at present an inaccurate "materialism" to pretend that we can formulate any distinctively vital phenomenon in terms of mechanical (physico-chemical) categories. In recognizing and appreciating the operation of the chemical and physical factors which contribute to the result which we call the life of an organism, the biologist has so far brought the distinctively vital into greater prominence."

There is so much solid information packed into this book that it is by no means easy to read, though the information in question appears to us to be arranged with great skill. But as a storehouse of facts and as a work of reference for all biologists and for philosophical students it will be found of the utmost value and the bibliography will also be of much service to those embarking upon a still deeper study of the great subjects dealt with.

As might, perhaps, be expected, Weismann and his views receive very adequate consideration, and no one will be readier to admit than Professor Thomson that many of his acquiescences with the writer mentioned would not find an affirmative echo in the minds of at least a large number of his scientific brethren. At the same time the views of a host of other writers are given with scrupulous carefulness, and we may particularly allude to the discussions on the Heredity of Acquired Conditions and on Mendelian Inheritance as being extremely careful summaries of what has been said on both sides of both questions. The illustrations are many of them excellent and the coloured diagrams of great value, and in this connexion we may extend special praise to the diagrams illustrating the very difficult subject of Mendelian laws.

We can commend this book to those who are anxious to know what the real world of science is now saying about heredity and the various questions inextricably linked up with it.

B.C.A.W.

Medieval Germany

MR HASSALL has done good service by giving in book form these lectures on Medieval Germany (*Germany in the Early Middle Ages*. By William Stubbs. Edited by Arthur Hassall. Longmans. 6s net). In one of his Oxford Lectures Bishop Stubbs tells us why he chose as his subject medieval in preference to modern history. "I think," he said, "that for the training of the judgement the former furnishes material more readily applicable to educational purposes than the latter. It is further removed from the arena of political controversy, and, whilst possessing interest quite sufficient to awaken every sentiment that may lawfully affect the judgement, it stirs no emotion that could reasonably be expected to pervert or overbalance it." Standing, as he does, in the forefront of English historians, he made a special study of medieval England, and his knowledge of Germany in the Middle Ages was as minute as his knowledge of his own country in the same period. There has been hitherto a lack of books about a land whose institutions are akin to our own as the two countries are akin by blood. With the exception of works treating of an isolated epoch such as Carlyle's *Frederick*, we have been singularly neglectful of Germany: France and Italy have monopolized most of our attention. But in the increasing study of the German language and German literature this defect will be remedied, no doubt, as time goes on. The work under notice will help to fill up the gap in important centuries and to some extent will go towards paying the debt we owe to German scholars like Sauli, Gneist and Ranke, for their industrious and successful labours in the field of English history. The book comprises the history of the years between 476 and 1250. Up to the ninth century five personages, Clovis, Charles Martel, Pépin le Bref, his son Charles the Great, and St Boniface, stand out in bold relief as the early makers of Germany. Of St Boniface's share in the work Bishop Stubbs writes, "There can be no doubt that the conversion of interior and Northern Germany was a greater step towards the consolidation of the Empire than any cursory exploits of Charles Martel." On the division of Charlemagne's Empire the details in the dynastic

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“chopping and changing” are complicated and confusing, and names and dates would tax the memory of a Macaulay. The author, however, manages to clear a pathway through the jungle. Light breaks in and interest grows with the advent of Henry the Fowler in the tenth century “when Germany had for the first time a really national sovereign.” Otto I, a younger son of Henry, succeeded his father. Under this great ruler, Germany, “feudalized, Christianized, organized under its dukes and margraves and bishops,” became imperialized and the Empire Germanized, to the detriment alike of Germany and Italy, for it diverted the attention of the German sovereign from his own dominions (not always a disadvantage), and drained her of her best men: plundered Italy and filled her fair cities for many a year with the deadly feud of Guelf and Ghibelline. A valuable account is given of the growth of feudalism, of German law and institutions, the founding of bishoprics, and the originating and founding of marks. It is an excellent and useful book with index and two maps—the name of its author being enough recommendation. P.H.

IT is evident from *Coins and Medals of the Knights of Malta* (arranged and described by Canon H. Calleja Schembri, D.D., Chaplain 2nd King's Own Malta Regiment, Member of the Committee of Management of the Malta Museum. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1908. £1 5s.) that whatever the author may write upon the subject of Malta, his native island, will need no commendation, as he evidently is no stranger to its history, and this handsome volume clearly shows that he must be one of the most industrious of men to have produced so learned a work. His pages are very lively, very intelligible, and the eighty-four photographic plates which enrich this work reproduce for the reader all the coins and medals struck by the Knights of St John of Jerusalem during their dominion of Malta—a period of 268 years, viz., from 1530 to 1798.

No work bearing on the subject has been published in English, if we except an interesting paper on “The Coins of

Coins of the Knights of Malta

the Grand Masters of the Order of Malta," by Mr George Shackles, which, in 1902, appeared in the Transactions of the *Quatuor Coronati* lodge of London Freemasons (Vol. xv). In other languages we know of only four books dealing with these Maltese coins and medals, viz., those by Baron Furse and his brother, the last published in Rome, in French, in 1889; the former at Malta, in Italian, in 1864; a book by Professor Pissani, entitled *Medagliere di Malta e Gozo*, published in 1896, and Pietro Attard's *Descrizione delle monete dell' ordine di San Giovanni*, published at Gozo in 1900.

Besides help from these foreign books, Dr Schembri acknowledges the courteous and zealous help he has received from Professor Zammit, Curator of the Museum at Valetta, from Mr Grueber and Mr Hill, in the department of coins and medals in the British Museum, and he renders his best thanks to Mr H. W. Campbell for revising the heraldic portion of this work, and certainly the blazons of the arms of the Grand Masters of the Order are quite exceptionally terse and good.

Dr Schembri divides his book into three parts. The first deals with the coins struck in Malta from the arrival of the knights in 1530 to 1722, in which latter year the monetary system was altogether altered during the reign of Grand Master De Vilhena.

The second part is from 1722 to 1798, in which year the Commandery of the Knights was broken up by Bonaparte, and the third part describes the medals struck by the Order in Malta from 1530 to 1798.

Dr Schembri's book undoubtedly will be of interest to all numismatists, and, to a certain extent, to the general reader, as the lives of the twenty-eight Grand Masters who reigned over Malta are given, and the chapter entitled *History of the Knights of St John after the loss of Malta*, as well as the English translation, from the Latin, of the *Act of Donation of the Island of Malta and its Dependencies, to the Order of St John, by the Emperor Charles V*, which is dated March 23, 1530, a document still preserved in the Palace Armoury at Valetta, add much to the interest of the work.

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As regards the eighty-four plates, some few are excellent and leave little to be desired, but in a future edition of this book we shall hope to see the coins and medals reproduced after the manner adopted by the British Museum in the superb *Medallic Illustrations of the History of Great Britain and Ireland*, as also in the *Burlington Fine Arts Review* for March of this year, and in the Masonic Transactions of the *Quatuor Coronati* lodge in London. If this is done, and a good index of persons, places and subjects, which the book to-day lacks, Dr Schembri's book will be the joy of the numismatist and of the historian. E. G.

WAS it Roscommon, or which of the courtly poetical wits of the Restoration was it, who wrote a piece on Nothing? Anyhow, Dr Johnson records the fact, and takes occasion also to record the text of a very elegant specimen of French Humanism, Passerat's Latin verses on the same topic. It was time that so rich a mine should be worked again, and *Nihil* has found his very faithful and felicitous *Nihilist* in Mr Hilaire Belloc (*On Nothing and Kindred Subjects*. Methuen. 5s.) These papers are none the less pleasant for reminding the reader of his pleasure when he first read them, strangely prominent by their air of literary solidity and permanence, in the mass of some ephemeral weekly.

The volume has some thirty pieces, very few minutes reading in each, but singularly rich in meditation. The writing is elastic and spontaneous; *dictated* English, one would say, but the instrument well played and with an increased literary faculty which will satisfy Mr Belloc's many admirers that for all his extraordinary copiousness the brew does not grow small. We recognize the satirist of *Emanuel Burden* in several political skits; the imaginative *chemineau* of *The Path to Rome* and *Hills and the Sea*, in others; and not least, an excellent poet in the anonymous but easily divined author of the verse quotations in an essay entitled *On Coming to an End*.

It needs no great insight or foresight to assert that this little ship is rigged and provisioned for a long voyage.

Discours de Mariage

Pathos, satiric humour, fancy, right reason that knows how to preach and yet never wear a sad face: if these cannot make a book live, then welcome the next destroyer of libraries. But the modern books are not many which you can pick up for five minutes and be the happier and the riper. This is the true essay, descending in the lineage of Montaigne, Stevenson, Leigh Hunt. We shall look forward now with a fresh and confident appetite to reading Mr Belloc on Anything. J.

FRENCH religious literature has always been rich in idealization of domestic life. The imagination of a religious Frenchwoman delights in pictures of the "Christian wife" and the "Catholic mother of a family," and she find domestic drudgery easier to endure when she considers it as the whole material surrounding of the spirit. Englishwomen are less dramatic and imaginative, and our spiritual reading is usually more impersonal.

It is, therefore, all the more interesting to turn to such a book as *Discours de Mariage*, by Abbé Felix Klein (Blond et Cie. 3.50frs.) The Abbé has an optimism, a virility and a clearness of faith in his ideal of the Christian home that is most encouraging. If these sermons are less reserved than those of an Englishman they are never sentimental, and the piety is of a large and manly type. The ordinary preacher, standing in the midst of a gay wedding company, is sometimes inclined to suggest the vanity of all things, or to insist on duty as a painful necessity in a gay world. The Abbé Klein insists on the duty of happiness and the happiness to be found in duty. He has the imaginative grasp of life which sees it as a whole. Instead of warning the young couples to whom he speaks of the dangers of joy, he would persuade them to prolong that joy through life, in spite of pain, of sorrow, of death. He would have them make it good to be here for each other, for their children, and for all with whom they are in contact.

There can be no light-hearted careless optimism in Catholic France to-day, but this book strikes the note that seems characteristic of the younger movement among the

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French laity—a note of courage, of experience, of self-respect, above all of a faith that can see life in the light of hope in spite of all encircling gloom. S.

GEORGE ELIOT, in one of her rare hints as to her Gown method of work, mentions that she had to change the “spacing out” of an early chapter in *Adam Bede*. It is often the case that quite good work loses its effect from want of care as to this same “spacing out,” and of this kind of carelessness or wilfulness *Marotz*, by John Ayscough (Constable. 6s.), is a striking example. It is a brilliant book, admirable in detail, in its humour, in its facility, in its colouring, but the author is reckless as to proportion or perspective, and hence his work fails to produce the effect of a consistent whole. Nearly a quarter of the book is devoted to the episode of Marotz trying her vocation to a contemplative life (and rarely has the interior of a convent been more admirably presented in literature) whereas one seventh of the book is sufficient for courtship, married life and disillusion. The author tells us that this is no love story, and when Marotz marries Roderigo he asks the reader to excuse this “rapid arrival at a result,” but he fails to see that by this hasty process we lose our sense of the identity of Marotz and she becomes dim and unsatisfying. It would be carping to dwell further on the defects of a book so greatly above the average, and a poor return for the real pleasure of reading it.

Several of the characters are admirably drawn, notably both the father and grandfather of Marotz, especially the latter; the Duca di San Vito “whose religion had always been the only indefinite thing about him” and to whom the idea of Heaven was unwelcome because “he was disagreeably aware that, in the greater world beyond this, he would be of no importance at all. He liked his own individuality, and felt that it must be swamped in the vast equality of Heaven.” A very unsatisfactory sketch of Marotz’s son and an almost impossible delusion on the mother’s part with regard to him are serious blots on this charming story. S.

Christian Archæology

THE study of Christian Archæology has made so much progress that a good manual was much needed. The want has been well supplied by Dom H. Leclercq, of Farnborough, in two large volumes of his *Manuel d'Archéologie chrétienne* (Paris: Letouzey et Ane. 1907. 20frs.) The price is moderate, and the information supplied is enormous. The introduction gives an interesting history of the catacombs from the sixteenth century to De Rossi. The first chapter deals with "Influences" and the portion which deals with Jewish influences is not convincing. The cemeteries and earliest churches are then described; an enormous list is given of existing monuments, classified by countries. A long appendix to the first volume gives a *catalogue raisonné* of all the frescoes of the Roman and Neapolitan catacombs. The second volume deals with methods of construction, architecture, painting, mosaic, sculpture, ivories, gems, metal-work, jewellery, glasses, terra-cottas, coins, stuffs, etc. The labour involved in this production by a "lazy monk" must have been very great. The work is a general view of the matters treated in the great *Dictionary of Archæology and Liturgy*, to which Dom Leclercq is the chief contributor, and it is not too dry to serve as an excellent introduction for the use of the general reader; but for students it will be especially valuable and as a book of reference on account of the marvellous wealth of bibliographical references at every point. C.

THE *Causes of Poverty* (By Callaghan McCarthy, B.A. 2s. net. P. S. King and Son, Orchard House, Westminster) forms a useful introduction to the study of the department of political economy which deals with the consumption of wealth, or with production as affected by the nature of the consumption which prevails. The economics of consumption was frequently declared by the leading economists of thirty years ago to be the great desideratum in what Adam Smith had termed the science of the wealth of nations nearly a century before. Yet, even now, a handling of this department of economic facts comparable to the treatment which the main problems of production and exchange

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of wealth received from Ricardo, Mill, Cairnes and Jevons seems a long way off. The deductive method suitable enough in questions of exchange and distribution is ineffective here. Historico-inductive lines of investigation alone promise fruitful results; but the phenomena are of great perplexity. Henry Sidgwick possessed an historical grasp of the interconnected fields of social, ethical, political and economic phenomena, which would have well fitted him for such a task, had not his constitutional hesitancy in the face of any many-sided question disqualified him for such a work. Professors Walker and Marshall have given valuable contributions on particular issues, but still the work as a whole remains to be done. Yet the importance of this branch of economics is much increased in recent years by the rapid extension of Socialism.

This consideration makes studies like that undertaken in Mr McCarthy's little volume particularly welcome and interesting at the present time. The book contains ten short chapters. In the first four the author outlines the services contributed by the agencies of nature, by persons and by property in the production of wealth. In the next two chapters he enumerates some of the impediments to production, and indicates the loss due to the quantity of labour absorbed in the mere prevention of evil. The following chapter is devoted to unproductive consumption, the next to the enumeration of the causes of poverty in general, and the closing chapter of the book deals with some of the special causes of poverty within the United Kingdom.

This last chapter seems to us the most interesting in the volume; and we would gladly see all the later chapters considerably expanded. The author exhibits a grasp of economic principles which convinces us he could extend, with much profit to his readers, the treatment of the topics there contained. The detailed enumeration of the economic factors and the frequent repetition of particular items in the earlier chapters seem to us a little excessive in proportion to the size of the book, whilst the handling of the *modus operandi* of such industrial factors is, for the ordinary reader, possibly a little too universal and abstract. Further treat-

Songs of Syon

ment of the issues outlined here, which we hope the writer will undertake, will be more interesting and valuable in proportion as he allots a larger share of space to the fuller and more concrete exposition and tracing out of the working of a few selected economic factors in their influence on consumption or the diminution of the production of wealth. But it is the sound economic sense which he obviously possesses and which is so needed at the present day in the treatment of many problems forced to the front by the rapid spread of Socialism, that makes us look forward with confidence for other valuable work along these lines from the author of this interesting little volume. M.M.

FROM the very beginning Christians have acted upon the advice which St Paul wrote to the Ephesians and to the Colossians and have helped themselves with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Hence have come about numerous collections of such things, to be counted by thousands, in every language. *Songs of Syon* (Schott and Co. 2s. 6d.), edited by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A., an Anglican clergyman, does not rank with any existing hymnals but supplements the best and completest of them. It has been compiled on the new principle of providing words to suit the many fine melodies by master-musicians of bygone centuries which have hitherto been unheard, or heard only in mutilated shapes, by reason of the lack of fitting words. It is a book which may be warmly commended to those who have charge of the music of our churches, and which witnesses to the admirable taste of its compiler. Here is no doggerel, no sentimental rubbish, but hymns charged with piety and true feeling, yet dignified in tone and as worthy as may be of the use for which they are intended. Mr Woodward is himself responsible for more than a third of the words. He has translated, mainly from the German, some hundred and forty hymns. He has also made good use of other translators, mainly of that prince of translators in this kind, Dr Neale, of Mr Blew, Mr Kennedy, Mr Palmer, Father Caswall, and the editors of "Yattendon Hymns." Among Mr Woodward's original

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hymns "Courage, O my soul," and "Dearest Jesu, we are here," most arride us, while among his translations "I heard an Infant weeping" seems to have come straight out of some spiritual "England's Helicon." It is pleasant to find so many versions of old Greek and Latin hymns. Notker Balbulus, the first writer of sequences (†912), is twice represented. We are glad also to meet here Brerely's "Hierusalem, my happy home," Ben Jonson's "I sing the birth," and Mrs Barbauld's "Praise to God, immortal praise." The book is adorned with charming wood-prints and printed with the customary care of the Chiswick Press.

J.W.A.

IN *Prehistoric Archæology and The Old Testament* (Donnellan Lectures at Dublin University, 1906-7. T. and T. Clark, 1908. 5s. net.) Dr H. J. D. Astley, vicar of Rudham, Norfolk, puts forward a plea for the possibility of combining the frank acceptance of modern criticism and modern science with the retention of the old Christian belief in the Incarnation and Inspiration. He holds rather exaggerated views about the development of the religion of the Hebrews. Apart from details, his intention is laudable, and he shows a wide reading of the more important recent works on the impossibly large subject with which he has attempted to deal.

THE USHAW CENTENARY & ENGLISH CATHOLICISM

Supplement to the *Tablet*, August 1, 1908.

Catholic London a Century Ago. By Bernard Ward. London:

Catholic Truth Society. 1905.

I. PAST AND FUTURE.

THE centenary of Ushaw is one of those events which inevitably make a Catholic look back at the history of the Church in England and take stock of her position in the country and her prospects. There are two lineal descendants of the great Douay College which Cardinal Allen founded for the education of the English Catholics in the days of Elizabeth, and Ushaw is one of them. If St Edmund's College Old Hall can claim a longer existence on its present site, the College established first at Crook Hall in 1793 and removed to Ushaw in 1808, from its extreme tenacity to tradition, recalls and preserves the characteristics of Douay College the more clearly of the two; and the history of Douay and Ushaw together is a large part of the story of the English Catholics from the subjects of Elizabeth in 1568 to those of King Edward in 1908.

There are periods in the life of a man and of a historic community alike which form the beginning of a new chapter. Life may seem for long years a mere repetition of identical experiences; then suddenly comes some death fraught with far-reaching consequences, or some change of external circumstances, or a group of events all ushering in fresh influences, new thoughts, a new life, new activities. The close of the eighteenth century was such a prelude to a new chapter in their history for the Catholics of England. The Catholic community was in 1778 broken in spirit and decimated in numbers. The lay patrons, in whose country houses were situated the only Catholic chapels available for public worship—over and above the embassy chapels of London—worn out with fines and disabilities, were bent on obtaining relief at almost any cost. The Vicars-Apostolic, who, appointed by

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James II, had given for ninety years some semblance of episcopal government to the Catholics, had little or no real power; and the very meagre Relief Act of 1778 was negotiated with the Government entirely by laymen. The Committee of ten who agitated for the supplementary and more substantial Act of 1791 was at first composed exclusively of laymen; and with them Pitt, Fox and Wyndham held their official communications. One of the Vicars-Apostolic—Bishop Talbot—was admitted as a member of the Committee later on at his own request, and two priests were also added, but they were men entirely identified with the lay party. In the former Relief Act the interests of the clergy were simply ignored; and when Bishop Hay remonstrated with the lay leaders for their neglect he could not even obtain an answer. He told the story of his non-success to the saintly Bishop Challoner, who saw in their conduct such lukewarmness and indifference to the interests of religion that he anticipated the defection of some from their faith—and with them would of course go the Catholic chapels they supported, by which alone the Catholicism of the country districts were represented. But his trust for the future was unshaken. The old supports might go, but new ones would come. “There will be a new people,” he said.

And so it came about. The old order changed and gave place to new. The *personnel* of the Catholic Committee and of its successor the Cisalpine Club—the Catholic leaders of the old order—were frankly anti-Roman. They resented the implications of the word “papist,” and introduced into the proposed legal declaration for Catholics—the condition of the Relief Act—the denomination of “protesting Catholic dissenters.” Bishop Milner raised his voice in solemn protest—but he was able to do but little. The French Revolution in 1793 broke up Douay, for more than two centuries the great educational stronghold of the English Catholic clergy. For a moment lay influence appeared supreme, and many of its representatives seemed almost to accept the popular contempt for Catholic tenets as just. They

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seemed to be ashamed of their creed and minimised all its distinctive features. A time of confusion followed. Then came the wave of sympathetic admiration which many of the French emigrants aroused in England; and this feeling brought with it a new respect for their religion. The French clergy founded new missions, and English Catholics, no longer restricted by law to the Embassy Chapels, or by necessity to the private chapels of the country squires, took heart and built chapels and colleges. St Edmund's, Stonyhurst, Oscott, Sedgeley Park, Crook Hall and Ushaw all grew up within twenty years. The Irish immigrants a little later transformed our congregations. The middle classes became a power among our laity. While Europe at large was forming once more after the destruction of its old traditions by the Revolution, Bishop Challoner's words were being fulfilled in the little community of English Catholics, and a "new people" was being created. 1791 was the last occasion on which the Committee of lay patrons acted as sole representatives of the English Catholic body. The Ultramontane wave, urged on a little later by de Maistre's *Du Pape*, extended to England. The English laity themselves addressed Pius VII in 1803 in terms of respectful sympathy very unlike the language used by Sir R. Throckmorton twenty years earlier. The spirit of Milner had triumphed and had come to stay. He implanted it in his own creation of Oscott, and the ecclesiastical tradition of Douay, including characteristics not unlike Milner's own, though devoid of his specially combative zeal, was enshrined in the College of Ushaw, which grew and thrived and soon numbered its hundreds of students, both lay and ecclesiastical.

All this meant new life and new spirit—something of enterprise in place of the bare plea to be allowed to live unmolested, to which Catholics had been reduced by the evil days of the first Relief Act. And then in 1845 came the substantial accession of numbers and weight which Newman and his friends brought at their conversion. Once again, as in the days of the Stuarts, people talked of the "conversion of England"—and if the phrase did

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not among Catholics of weight and judgement represent a serious hope for its literal accomplishment, it did mean a very remarkable growth of the spirit of enterprise. Nicholas Wiseman and Augustus Welby Pugin had been for years at work "setting the house in order" for Newman and his friends; and when they actually came the immense contrast between the spectacle of the flower of English intellect reverencing and accepting Catholic claims and the former abject condition of the despised "papists," still within the memory of living men, made almost any marvel seem possible in the future.

The new hierarchy in 1850 had upon friend and foe alike an effect of triumph on the one hand and alarm on the other, which can only be accounted for by this undefined sense of expectation of some unforeseen revolution, which had been aroused by the occurrence of changes so amazing in so short a time.

Old Mr Wilds of Warwick Street Chapel and Abbé Nerinx of Clarendon Square, who both lived into the 'fifties, had witnessed the lowest ebb of the English Catholic community and now saw its apparent triumph. Mr Wilds was among the first greatly to attract John Henry Newman to the old school of Catholics, which by an irony of events steadily disappeared after his conversion. Newman's sermon in memory of Dr Weedall of Oscott gives us a glimpse of this sentiment of admiration. In Ushaw more than elsewhere has much of its distinctive character survived, including a certain undemonstrative English staying power and piety. There we see as perhaps nowhere else the "new people" as the genuine descendants of the old.

And if the recent celebrations at Ushaw, from the special character and traditions of the place, recalled what was long past, they had also in the presence of one man the symbol of those later events which have made the English Catholic community what it is. For presiding on the occasion was the last of the converts of 1845 and 1846—the venerable Bishop Wilkinson—not indeed an Oxford man, but one who was carried to the Church by the great wave which Oxford brought.

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The great change visible in the retrospect supplied by the history of the College has often been written of from the purely Catholic point of view. But in truth it represents something far deeper and wider, and with grave omens for the future. Toleration was accorded to Catholics, and they could once more work for their religion without hindrance, largely because their countrymen cared less than of old about all forms of religion. The anti-religious aspect of the French Revolution and the subsequent Catholic revival (both of which affected our fortunes) suggest two facts to which the Bishop of Newport referred in his very striking address at Ushaw—that definite belief in dogmatic Christianity is on the wane, and that it is the Catholic Church only which is likely to preserve it so far as it will be preserved up to the day when scarcely any faith shall be left. And in England it is the very growth of the disease which has brought in the antidote—for the freer scope for the development of Catholicism in England which the last century ushered in was due not simply to a juster view of its nature among our countrymen, but also to an increase of indifference and unbelief. Bigotry has been replaced, no doubt, in some cases by justice, but in others by the spirit of Gallio.

This is a large subject into which we cannot here enter. But the Bishop's words bring home to English Catholics a very grave responsibility for the future. It was a persistent saying of Cardinal Newman, that in strict logic there is no alternative between Catholic faith and infidelity, or what is now called agnosticism. The spread of Catholic ideals which influenced so many in the last century, witnessed to in the Romantic School on the Continent and in the Tractarian movement in the Church of England, represents one side of this saying. It was a movement of vital logic, in an age of singular religious earnestness, towards the Catholic Church. The simultaneous growth of the questioning spirit which has been at the same time carrying others, who denied religious first principles, to various stages of doubt and even to agnosticism itself, represents the other side of Newman's conten-

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tion. If then, as Bishop Hedley similarly maintains in his address, Englishmen are now in controversy going more than of old to the root of the grounds of belief, and working out their convictions more and more to their logical conclusions, the task before Catholics may prove to be a very serious one. The very preservation of the influence of Christianity itself—which long survived among Protestants after their separation from the Church—now appears as though it would in the future depend far more specially on those who accept the guidance and authority of the Catholic Church herself.

So far forth, indeed, as the anti-Christian spirit of the times is due to sheer impiety, to keep alive the Catholic faith and zeal we inherit from our forefathers is the true and sufficient antidote to it. But we purpose here to say just a few words on another aspect of the task before us, which, if we mistake not, is graver, more especially the need of the age, and more closely connected with the thoughts of Cardinal Newman and Bishop Hedley to which we have referred. Much of the modern tendency to negation in religion arises from the intellectual unrest brought by an age of active speculation. This is reinforced by the flood of new facts, which science and research are opening out as certain or probable, and which are in some cases hard to reconcile with traditionary views on religion. We have a repetition of the unsettlement of the thirteenth century complicated by the serious fact that, while now as then there is much upsetting speculation, there is now also (what there was not in the scholastic age) an accompanying leaven of scientific method, which if it acts strictly within its due limits obliges our acceptance of its conclusions.

Different people will estimate differently the degree of the real difficulties which this unsettlement involves. The present writer thinks that Cardinal Newman gauged them accurately forty years ago in a famous passage, and that what was true then is far more true now:

We live in a wonderful age [he writes in the *Apologia*]; the enlargement of the circle of secular knowledge just now is simply a bewilderment, and the more so, because it has the promise of

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continuing, and that with greater rapidity, and more signal results. Now these discoveries, certain or probable, have in matter of fact an indirect bearing upon religious opinions, and the question arises how are the respective claims of revelation and natural science to be adjusted. Few minds in earnest can remain at ease without some sort of rational grounds for their religious belief; to reconcile theory and fact is almost an instinct of the mind. When, then, a flood of facts, ascertained or suspected, comes pouring in upon us, with a multitude of others in prospect, all believers in revelation, be they Catholic or not, are roused to consider their bearing upon themselves, both for the honour of God and from tenderness for those many souls who, in consequence of the confident tone of the schools of secular knowledge, are in danger of being led away into a bottomless liberalism of thought . . . frightened or rendered desperate, as the case may be, by the utter confusion into which late discoveries or speculations have thrown their most elementary ideas of religion. Who does not feel for such men? who can have but one unkind thought of them? I take up in their behalf St Augustine's beautiful words, "*Illi in vos saeviant,*" &c. Let them be fierce with you who have no experience of the difficulty with which error is discriminated from truth, and the way of life is found amid the illusions of the world.

Bishop Hedley's estimate of the situation in his address, if he took a somewhat less urgent view, is substantially the same. And his very remarkable speech seems to us to answer a question which obviously arises in connection with Catholic apologetics at such a crisis. That faith in Christ is being widely lost outside the Catholic Church certainly points to the fact that the private judgment—the individual inquiry—of Protestantism is a dissolvent force, against which, in the long run, belief in Christianity cannot stand. On the other hand, if the Catholic Church preserves the faith as it cannot be preserved elsewhere, checking this dangerous method, and representing the excesses of rationalism and intellectualism, it is also clear that concurrently positive recognition of the ascertained results and really sound methods of modern research—so far at least as to show their compatibility with Catholic theology—are necessary on the part of Catholic apologists, if the educated classes are to be won for

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the Church. It is also needed in order that the more inquiring minds among Catholics themselves may realize the true strength of Catholicism. Few in our day who associate with those non-Catholics to whom such great questions are urgent, have failed to meet those who are eager to join the Church, recognising her as *prima facie* a beacon light in a world of doubt and darkness, in virtue of her immemorial historic mission and position. But they are held back by an inability to find an adequate detailed reconciliation between the details of Catholic theology and the researches to which they have been devoted, or the lines of thought which have been to them most helpful as justifying Christian faith.

To enter into the minds of such men with true understanding and thereby to help them is thus a primary necessity for those who could assist in that department of the future mission of Catholicism to which I refer. And yet to do so, to realize keenly thoughts which in others have led to genuine doubt, is clearly a very delicate and dangerous task. The human intellect and imagination are easily carried away. Those who make the attempt instead of winning others may be themselves led astray. This fact at once suggests that the task in its fullness must be only for a few. But even for these few we may ask how can they combine, without danger, the sympathetic realization of the real difficulties and doubts of others with absolute firmness in their own faith?

This question we see answered in the Bishop's reply to the kindred question—how are the young men who are touched by the spirit of the age, its restlessness, its doubt, its decay of reverence, themselves to be educated at Ushaw and our other colleges in the future? The Bishop first pictures the alarmist suggestions of some prophets of evil as to a revolution at hand, which the age (it is said) will absolutely demand, in all our conceptions of religion. He dismisses such fears as preposterously exaggerated. For Ushaw, as for the Church at large, the future will have the same essential spiritual and intellectual foundation of faith and religion as the past. Yet, given

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this firm foundation, he urges that there should be in those who guide the intellect of our rising generation great openness of mind to the new requirements which an age of scientific method demands. And he finds the staying spirit, the steadying force which makes keen speculative inquiry and the frank recognition of difficulties safe, in the preservation of the immemorial Catholic spirit, the "calm and fragrant atmosphere of Catholicism," of which Ushaw has so much, but which a yet longer Catholic tradition—a thought naturally congenial to a son of St Benedict—may impart still more effectively.

In the following passage the Bishop described both the picture drawn by the alarmists as to the inevitable revolution in store for us—which he himself dismissed as non-Catholic in conception and absurdly exaggerated—and the more measured view as to our future needs which he himself was disposed to take:

The world is coming to recognize [so the alarmists tell us] that metaphysics are childish, that spirit and matter are one, that there is nothing outside of the mind, that religious facts are only fancy, and religious creeds mere evanescent symbols shaped and re-shaped in every generation. If these things were at hand, then indeed the future of Ushaw would be very different from her past. Her mind, heart and life would long before 2008 be revolutionized. Her face and outward garb would be altered beyond recognition. Her halls and cloisters would be swept clean of all the signs and symbols that now attest her solidarity with the past. Her sons would not even comprehend the language of their fathers, and there would be a vanishing and a disappearance, as when the sea, on some low-lying coast, has swept over an ancient town, and men can only fancy they sometimes discern the ruined towers and streets beneath the waters.

But to this no son of Ushaw, no Catholic priest, no Catholic layman, looks forward. No change of this kind—no transformation into what is foreign to her heart, alien to her spirit, contradictory to her history—can possibly come over the home that you cherish. Ushaw, intellectually and spiritually, shares the stability of the only stable intellectual and spiritual force in the world—the Catholic Church. The future of Ushaw, in this respect, is the future of Catholicism. It needs no prophet to foresee as much as this.

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Yet, with these reserves, there will be interesting changes—slow and inevitable abandonment of the old, slow and inevitable adoption of the new. The coming century, besides its material progress, will be marked by two features: scientific method and fundamental inquiry. We are face to face with these phenomena at this moment. We are obliged to be more rigorous than our fathers—in observation, evidence, reference, and argument. We are beginning to find that controversy tends to touch the bottom, to go right down to the primitive conceptions, in regard to the Church, to religion, and to God Himself. It would seem that in the coming century, whatever old ways and ancient questions may still rally their defenders, these characteristics will be found to be more and more marked as the years go on. Ushaw will be affected by them. Whatever conscientiousness, hard work, wise disposition of hours, strict economy of time and effort, have distinguished her in the past, will have to be intensified in the future. It is the law of the world in which we are living. It is not what human nature would always prefer, but it is imperative. Such tendencies in the age may alter to some extent the features of college life. We are accustomed—especially the older ones amongst us—to look back at our college days, and idealise them no doubt to some extent;—to remember the free, happy, childlike, varied life, a life isolated from the world's movements, regardless of what went on outside, unmoved by any revolution in the State or crisis in the Church. Will those pleasant conditions cease to exist? Will Ushaw students and superiors, of every grade, become more grave, more anxious, more pre-occupied with life's problems and life's conflict? It cannot be doubted that there is a tendency in this direction—a tendency which will become more pronounced as the century goes on, and the modern spirit of unrest asserts itself. As generations succeed each other, the young seem to become less simple and less reverential, the student less content with his textbook and his discipline, the teacher more unsatisfied with his official task, the whole community more alive to doubt and to danger. This is a spirit not wholly bad. If it leads to a bracing reaction—to diligence, to accuracy, to clear views, and to a more intelligent grasp of the truth—then it is good and wholesome. It may seem fanciful to imagine that any number of problems or any tightening of the ropes of training will turn young hearts to seriousness, or cast any shadow over the pleasant hours of a college life. Time will show. There can be no doubt that those who are in charge of our colleges and seminaries have serious work before them. On them depends in great measure whether our coming

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generation will be prepared to make Catholicism and the genuine Christian spirit felt in the modern world. Standing firmly and steadfastly on the ancient ground, they cannot be too watchful, too open-minded, too alert, in recognising new foes, in adopting modern arms, and in preparing their men for new openings.

And for the necessary foundation, the "standing on the ancient ground," something more is needed than the maintenance of definite intellectual propositions—namely, that "calm and fragrant atmosphere of Catholicism which nothing but centuries of Catholicism can create."

The abiding of smell of incense in a college chapel [said the Bishop] symbolises that sacramental influence of sweet grace and ripe Catholicism which seems to prevail where faith and prayer and mortification are immemorial. A hundred years in a non-Catholic country is not enough. Yet they are something. The beauty and acceptableness of hundreds of pious lives have already embalmed these walls. That sacred unction will prevail more powerfully as every year comes on. Before 2008 perhaps Ushaw may have a canonised saint. Then shall we recognise what the hand of the Lord can do. Then at length will the fold of Christ be enlarged, and the children of the Church learn to show forth Christ. If there is any sunny and favoured spot in all the land where sanctity should spring and flourish, it is here within the walls of Ushaw.

We will not here attempt to analyse further this department of the future work of Catholicism in England, of which the Bishop speaks, for we are unwilling to complicate its treatment by further considerations which, however true they may be, might obscure the great lesson which his striking address enforces. That lesson is, that success in dealing with new problems in such a way as to strengthen the influence of Catholicism does not depend simply on Catholics being keenly alive to the nature of those problems. This is necessary indeed, but it is not enough. Success cannot be achieved without staunch fidelity to the spirit of earlier ages. The Church in the past has assimilated much—but slowly, and remaining in her doctrine and spirit *semper eadem*. So it should be in the future. There is such a thing as being too sensitive to new

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points of view; and sympathy with the new may reach a point at which our imagination takes up too quickly and too absolutely new conjectures which are not proven; and the deepest truths we have inherited are lost sight of or crowded out. The apologist wakes up to find himself nearer to the agnosticism he refutes than to the Christianity he defends. It is against this that the Bishop warns us while he dwells so insistently on the necessity of employing new methods so far as they are sound. Change in religious thought must be slow and even reluctant for the Catholic thinker and student, because the methods and habits of mind which have gone with early piety are thereby consecrated, and have sacred associations, and have become part of a stable mental equipment which is for the religion of the individual most desirable. Such changes as new methods incidentally bring in these habits of mind have to be made as carefully as important changes in the human body are wrought. The doctor prescribes or operates, taking the greatest care lest life be endangered at the moment by that very remedial treatment which is necessary for its vigour or even for its existence in the long run. An operation may be the only means of permanent cure. Still it is often in itself dangerous, and may prove fatal if it is not accompanied by the greatest attention to the conditions necessary to make life safe there and then.

But, perhaps, better than all the care in the world is a thoroughly sound constitution. And—to pursue the analogy—it is a thoroughly sound Christian and Catholic constitution which the Bishop regards as the truest security that reform will be beneficial and safely accomplished. And this he holds is best imparted by that special atmosphere which centuries of Catholicism create. To what audience could such a sentiment be more congenial than to the descendants of Douay College, so long the training ground of our martyrs? From what lips could they come with more authority than from those of a son of that Benedictine order, which stands in the front rank both as heir to our earliest spiritual traditions and as representative of our latest scholarship and research?

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II. THE GENIUS OF CARDINAL WISEMAN

A CENTENARY ADDRESS*

It is a pleasure and an honour to be asked to speak of Cardinal Wiseman in this place and on this occasion. It is one of those representative Catholic gatherings which he so keenly loved, which brought before his vivid imagination the greatness of the Church universal. It is a memorable anniversary in the history of the Church in England; and it is associated especially with the story of Ushaw College, the home of his boyhood, to which his devotion was deep as it was lifelong.

But how, in the brief space which such an opportunity affords, can I deal at all adequately with a career of which the most obvious characteristic was the multiplicity of the objects which claimed the attention of a busy and devoted life? To do so is hardly possible. But, on the other hand, it is hardly necessary, for that career is probably in outline known to most of those who are here. It will be enough then if I briefly remind you of the main fields of Nicholas Wiseman's varied activity, of the several pictures of the man which we may form at the different stages of his course: and I shall then endeavour to give some unity and point to the lesson which his life and work may teach us by noting certain distinctive traits of character and intellect in the great Cardinal, which were visible in every one alike of the tasks to which he set himself, and which showed him to be one and the same man in so many aspects and in such different surroundings.

We may picture him first, already a distinguished man, at the early age of twenty-six,—the time 1831 to 1835, the place the city of Rome. He was then Rector of the English College in the Eternal City. His *Horæ Syriacæ* had won him a European reputation as a philological and Syrian scholar. This book, though slight in bulk, dealt with studies then familiar to only a few. And it appeared to be the first work of one who promised to be a really great Orientalist. Such authorities as Lachmann, Tischendorf,

*The address here printed was delivered by Mr Wilfrid Ward at the invitation of the President of Ushaw, on the occasion of the Centenary.

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Tregelles, Scrivener, and one who lived long in the neighbourhood of this college, at Durham, Bishop Westcott, in their writings cite Wiseman's authority on matters of philology as weighty and in some cases as conclusive. The Germans—ever on the alert to discover a man of learning—at once noted the great promise shown by the young ecclesiastic and his cosmopolitan antecedents. The late Lord Houghton used to quote from a German reviewer who hailed Wiseman on his first appearance, describing him with one of the wonderful German “portmanteau” words as “an-in-Spain-born-from-an-Irish-family-descended-in-England-educated-in-Italy-residing-Syrian-scholar.” For ten years he acted as the *Curator* of the Arabic department of the Vatican library and was the intimate friend of the learned Cardinal Mai. He was not only a scholar of eminence but became from his attractive social gifts one whose society was sought by other eminent men of learning—residents in Rome or visitors of different religions and various nationalities, such men as Bunsen, Tholuck, Abel Rémusat, and many another. We see him at the climax of this portion of his career, when he delivered in Cardinal Weld's rooms in Rome in the spring of 1835, before the intellectual *élite* of residents and visitors in the city, his celebrated lectures on “the Connexion between Science and Religion.”

But mere learning did not satisfy that deeply religious and apostolic spirit, even though it afforded an opportunity of pointing out, as against the disciples of the eighteenth century scoffers, the compatibility of true science and the Catholic religion. Mr Scrivener, who hailed Wiseman's achievements in philology as so “precocious,” lamented them also as “deceitful,” for the English Rector early deserted what to Scrivener was all-important for what was to a mere scholar visionary and unreal. It was not enough for Wiseman to lead a life devoted to secular learning, pointing out, by the way, that to be a true man of science was consistent with being a true Catholic. He wished to do something more positive for religion—to win souls more directly to the

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Church. If the first picture of him then is that of the distinguished man of learning, the second is that of the Christian and Catholic apologist.

His work as an apologist was the second phase of his life,—the time 1836 to 1839, the place still Rome as his headquarters but with visits of critical importance to Munich, Paris and London. And this second phase arose out of the first. Among the men of learning with whom he became associated in the first period of his career were Frederick Schlegel, who visited Rome, the eminent German Professors Döllinger, Phillips and Möhler, with whom Wiseman used to stay at Munich on his way from England to the Eternal City; Montalembert, Lacordaire and Lamennais, whom he often met on the celebrated occasion of their visit to Rome in 1830 and saw later in Paris. Two of these men—Lamennais and Döllinger—awaken sad thoughts, for they are not in the end true to their early promise. But in those days all of them were in different ways fired by the hope of a great triumph for the Church, to be won by a new Apologetic couched in the language of the age, making use of its culture, showing how that culture could find its true place and its true expression in Catholic Christianity. The age was to be purged of the remnant of eighteenth century scepticism by the development, under Catholic influences, of its own best thoughts and aspirations. As the climax of the previous phase of his career had been the lectures in Cardinal Weld's rooms in Rome, so the most noteworthy incident of this was another course of lectures—the discourses on the Catholic Church delivered in the Sardinian Chapel in London, of which echoes reached Newman while still an Anglican at Oxford, and which were hailed by him in the *British Critic* as making for the influence of the Catholic ideals of the Oxford Movement. In these lectures Wiseman appealed to Schlegel, de Caux, Bautain, Stolberg and others—each a typical and eminent man of his age, who had each found in the Catholic Church alone what their different lines of thought needed for full realization.

The lectures were thus delivered under the inspiration

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drawn from the Catholic revival in Germany and France. He desired to extend this Catholic movement to his own country. He compared notes with Möhler, author of the *Symbolik*, at Munich while on his way to England to deliver his lectures; and in Paris, where he also halted, he heard Lacordaire preach some of his great conferences at Notre Dame. The addresses begun at the Sardinian Chapel were continued at Moorfields, and the crowds attending them were immense. The attention not only of the Puseyites but of more liberal thinkers was arrested, and many of them were among Wiseman's hearers, including the famous Lord Chancellor Brougham, who came to nearly every lecture.

The third picture of Wiseman is of an English Bishop,—the time 1839 to 1845, the place Oscott, of which he had been appointed President. He was now devoting his attention above all things to the Tractarian Party, the leaders of which were his neighbours at Oxford—incessantly endeavouring, by firmness and sympathy combined, to bring Newman and his friends to the fulfilment of their Catholic aspirations in submission to the See of Peter. And this work, again, arose naturally from the phase which preceded it, for the apologist was concentrating his attention on those whom he had most hope of winning. Together with O'Connell, he had founded THE DUBLIN REVIEW on the crest of the wave of his successful lectures of 1836. And from the time when, in 1839, he was made President at Oscott, the main work of the REVIEW—of which he was himself one of the editors—was to deal with the problems raised by the leaders of the Oxford school. In that very year, 1839, Wiseman wrote the article on the Donatist schism, of which Newman's contemporary letters show, even more plainly than the retrospect in the *Apologia*, that it was the turning-point in the change of his attitude towards the Apostolic See.

The climax of this phase of his career was the memorable scene, when Newman presented himself at Oscott in November, 1845, to receive confirmation at the hands of his ancient foe in controversy, now his Bishop, giving up

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his sword, and with the simplicity of a child placing his future in the hands of the Catholic prelate.

And now we come to the fourth, and last, picture of Wiseman, as the founder of the revived Church in England, the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the time 1850 to 1862, the place chiefly London, but with an activity which extended to all England. We see him first as the object of an outburst of Protestant invective without parallel in the nineteenth century, the author of that wonderful *tour de force*, the *Appeal to the English People*, which covered half a sheet of the *Times* and was written, almost without an erasure, in the space of three days; the restorer, in England as of the Hierarchy so, too, of the religious orders; the man who welded together into one polity the old Catholics and converts, the English and immigrant Irish—all this, not indeed with perfect success, but with a power of initiation and sympathy and a concentrated energy which none of his contemporaries could have approached. We see him surveying the different Churches which under his auspices had replaced the old Mass-houses of the persecuted “English papists.” We see him then in company with Augustus Welby Pugin, their architect, sniffing the air, as it were, with satisfaction at all that had been so successfully accomplished for the Church in England and for the greater glory of God. We see him within the convents of England and surrounded with the holy women in whom he took so deep an interest and by the school children whom he loved. We see him at a State function, revelling in the ceremonies of the Church, which he declared that he enjoyed as a girl enjoys her first ball. We see him at the Synod of Oscott, in 1851, listening to the noble words of John Henry Newman on the “Second Spring” of the Church in England, or at the Malines Congress discoursing to the prelates of other countries with whom, as a true Catholic cosmopolitan, he was so thoroughly at home; or pontificating at the Moorfields Cathedral, or preaching on a memorable occasion at the London Oratory, when the admirable conduct of a great ecclesiastical function overcame him on the spot,

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and turned an intended rebuke of certain reported indiscretions into a sermon of enthusiastic praise and congratulation.

Here we will leave him, and of the last sad years of suffering and illness—from 1862 to 1865—we will recall no more than the fact that they were crowned by a beautiful death. His thoughts went back at the end with a touching wistfulness to his early days spent under the shadow of the Apostolic See at Rome and Monte Porzio. The services of the Church still gave him all the old happiness, and when the last solemn rites for the dying were administered, over which the portrait of Pius IX hanging in his room appeared to the onlookers to preside, the scene left an ineffaceable picture on the mind of his faithful secretary and nurse, Father Morris, which he has handed on to all of us in his well-known book on the Cardinal's last illness.

And now I will ask, What is it that stands forth in the four pictures I have indicated of Wiseman, at four different stages of his career, which marks him as, in each of them, one and the same man? We have to consider, I repeat, first the Catholic *savant*, the Rector of the *Collegio Inglese*, surrounded at Cardinal Weld's rooms in the Palazzo Odeschalchi by eminent and learned men of different religions and nations, listening to his words with interest and respect: next the apologist, who joins hands with Lacordaire and Frederick Schlegel in depicting Catholicism and Christianity as necessary to the modern world, and defending it with the arguments which appeal to a new age; then the English Bishop at Oscott, who devotes all his sympathy to the Tractarians of Oxford, and urges them onwards to find the logical issue of their position in the visible Catholic Church; and, lastly, the Cardinal of Santa Pudentiana, the first Archbishop of Westminster, who founds anew the religious orders in this country and restores a hierarchy and gives a constitution to the English Catholic Church. What was there in these very different *rôles* which spoke of the man who filled them as one and the same?

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Two qualities I note especially—one the deep unwavering faith which not only his Ushaw training but his long residence in Rome, near the tombs of the Apostles and amid the relics of the martyrs, in Rome the appointed guardian of Catholic dogma, was so well calculated to fix and foster; the other a very remarkable inborn power of imaginative sympathy which I trace in part to his Irish descent. I may, perhaps, add a third quality, which reminds us again of his Ushaw days, for at Ushaw he was a boy, I mean the boyish hopefulness and love of enterprise which marked him to the end, and is visible in each of the great tasks he accomplished, giving animation and direction to the joint work of faith and sympathy. These qualities were very marked and interacted closely with one another.

First, as the Catholic *savant*, associating with non-Catholic *savants*, winning the regard and friendship of such men as Bunsen, the learned Prussian diplomatic Minister and his friends, and of so many others. It was the very firmness of his faith, based on the rock of Peter, what I may call his Catholic backbone, which allowed him to give such full play to his sympathy in his intercourse with such friends, which enabled him, without fear of having his own standpoint shaken, to enter heartily in imagination into the point of view of the contemporary men of learning, to study their thoughts, to understand their language and to use it himself when it was necessary. It was, on the other hand, his gift of imaginative sympathy which enabled him to share their thoughts and language with so much success. He was so confident that in the end scientific investigation and discussion, if fairly conducted, would lead to nothing incompatible with Catholic faith that he entered into the discussions of the day fearlessly, freely, frankly, sympathetically. There was nothing (in the invidious sense of the word) "sectarian" in his attitude. He was not suspicious of the learned inquiries of non-Catholic *savants* because they were not his brethren in the faith, when the real love of truth and of science was apparent in their labours. He was not afraid

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of joining them in the laborious furthering of their investigations on the neutral *terrain* of secular knowledge. And while this attitude gave the common platform so necessary for co-operation and mutual understanding, his boyish sanguineness, by making him hope, perhaps, for results which were unattainable, for coincidences between new discoveries in the sciences and Christian tradition, at all events more signal and decisive than time has yet brought, gave also a keenness and zest and success to his efforts which they would not otherwise have had. His hope for the impossible widened the range of the possible.

Again, as a Catholic apologist, in the more directly apostolic work, which he began in 1836, we see the same qualities. Schlegel, Joseph Görres, Möhler in Germany; Lacordaire, Montalembert, Rio, Ozanam in France; Manzoni in Italy, touched a chord in which faith, sympathy and hopefulness for the age were combined. The wide sympathy—which was the most distinctive of Wiseman's three qualities and that which enabled his faith and hope so greatly to influence others—is apparent at the very outset of the lectures on Catholicism delivered in the Sardinian Chapel in 1836. He traces the various aspects of Catholicism which had recently won over to the Catholic religion so many of the great minds of the Romantic movement—how Phillips of Munich had come by the road of historical research and generalisation; how Stolberg and Frederick Schlegel and others had found in Catholicism only the religion which satisfies the needs of man; how de Caux had been led to the Church by economic science, and Adam Müller by the social studies provoked by the events of the French Revolution. And Wiseman's power of sympathy with each of these minds—of himself treading in imagination each of the paths they had followed—was shown also in his own lectures by the choice of just the class of considerations which he felt to be within the comprehension of his hearers in London itself. Thus we have the remarkable spectacle of a man whose mental training had been mainly in scholastic Rome, who was especially familiar with a method of

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apologetic largely fashioned by the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century, throwing himself by force of imaginative sympathy into the lines of thought which were influencing men in the nineteenth century. He showed how "all roads lead to Rome" and how the best thought of his own time could lead there as effectually as that of any other time. Here again, then, we have the combination of faith and keen sympathy. And in this case also, if we read his lectures and letters, we feel that the great results he actually attained could scarcely have been won but for a boyish hopefulness which dreamt of results of the Catholic revival in which he was taking his part, in its effect on the thought and beliefs of Englishmen—nay, even of Christendom,—which a colder nature would have at once pronounced to be Utopian, and while doing so would have failed entirely to win the actual success which Wiseman achieved.

It was the same with the Oxford movement. "There can be no doubt whatever that without such a view of the Catholic Church and her position as we obtained from *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*," so wrote one of the Tractarian leaders to Wiseman, "we Oxford people should have had our conversion indefinitely retarded, even had we at last been converted at all." While the old-fashioned English Catholics were suspicious of the good faith of the Tractarians, and held that the long recognised groove of apologetic ought to suffice for them if they were sincere, Wiseman, with generous tact and sympathy, threw himself into their position and their mentality, appreciated their difficulties, and by this very sympathy with them made his replies intelligible, persuasive, convincing. Here, again, his hope for immense results—for what was spoken of as the "conversion of England"—was an inseparable part of the great wave of imaginative sympathy with which he actually succeeded, by the conversion of Newman and his allies, in bringing the movement to a termination which the bulk of English Catholics had openly laughed at as an impossible dream.

And as Cardinal Archbishop he showed the same faith,

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and sympathy and hope. His faith and hope were shown by the largeness of the enterprise he undertook and by its persistent and successful accomplishment. His sympathy was apparent in the manifold works it involved. He vehemently disclaimed, in regard to the conduct of one of his undertakings, the "reproach of belonging to a party." And the same sentiment applied to all. His faith was ever firm and deep, never narrow or partisan. His sympathy was universal—with every good work, every new religious congregation, every monastic or conventual order. Each had its place and its vocation. The late Father Whitty, speaking of this trait in his character, once said that as a national poet expresses the distinctive genius of his nation, so Wiseman's temperament represented the many-sided genius of the Church herself—not of Church authority alone, but of the rich and varied life which the Church displays in her saints, in her religious orders, in her theological schools, in her great social workers. The same spirit is visible to the very end of his life, and it is nowhere more manifest than in the inaugural address to the Academia of the Catholic religion in 1861, which is, perhaps, the last of Wiseman's great public utterances in which his full powers are apparent, untouched by a trace of the hand of illness. "He has done a great work," wrote Newman at the time of Wiseman's death, "and has finished it. Of how few men" (he adds) "can this be said." He had not, indeed—again in this last phase—done all he dreamt of; but indomitable energy and hopefulness had enabled him to accomplish what in this world of imperfection was very wonderful, and would have been impossible, one may fairly say, to any of his contemporaries.

Let me now add one word on the lesson which I think we may learn, in our own time, from the characteristics of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman on which I have dwelt. We are now in the presence of perils which he himself never suspected. It would be obviously impossible on an occasion like this to survey the many trials and troubles of the Church in our own day. But I will name two dangers which are likely to increase as time goes on and in which

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I think that Wiseman's union of faith, sympathy and hopefulness are especially called for—I speak of the intemperate excesses of the democratic movement which have issued in the danger to society presented by Socialism as we see it in Italy and Germany and elsewhere, and the anti-Christian theories which are being broached in the name of historical criticism by those who devote themselves to the study of the historical origins of Christianity. The former concerns us all: the latter is felt, especially at the Universities, where historical and biblical studies are of necessity pursued in detail; and I found when I was in Louvain in the present year that the problems which these subjects raise were exercising the best minds of that great centre of Catholic learning. The peculiarity of both these dangers is that they often present themselves in a form which cannot be successfully resisted by indiscriminate attack. Not all that advocates of these modern movements urge is false and anti-Christian. The democratic movement owes much of its influence to a generous resentment of real wrongs, which the people have endured in the past and still endure in modern civilisation. The critical and historical movement, however extravagant some of its manifestations, embodies also, as we all know, scientific evidence for facts which are being ascertained in the course of the systematic study of history—facts which are at variance with some long-standing traditions. Here, then, while courage and hopefulness are especially demanded by the great difficulties which have to be surmounted, there is a very special call for Wiseman's gift of sympathy as well as for his faith. Without his faith unproven theories, subversive of Christianity, may be adopted in the name of science. Without his sympathy with the discoveries of the age justice may not be done to what is true in modern research, and we may thus fail to face and meet the real difficulties which genuine scientific study already presents to many thinking minds and will gradually bring home to many more. Excesses and extravagant theories can be effectively met only by granting what is true and proven and dissociating

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this from what is false and fanciful. And the case is, I suppose, somewhat parallel with the democratic movement—its wild theories and its just grievances and demands. Wiseman did not live to cope with either of these problems. But in regard to the difficulties presented by the advance of the positive sciences his spirit, as I have described it, is represented with absolute fidelity by another great Cardinal, who saw the situation in which we now are almost prophetically fifty years ago; and even at the present hour, perhaps, a Catholic can hardly need or imagine a more trustworthy guide as to the application of the double spirit of understanding sympathy, and Catholic faith, to this problem, than he will find in Cardinal Newman's lecture, published in the second part of the *Idea of a University*, entitled "Christianity and Scientific Investigation."

The lecture is so helpful and so suggestive that I could wish to give some account of its drift. But as this cannot be I can only hope that those whose minds are exercised by these problems of the times and who are not familiar with it will read it carefully for themselves.

On the second question we have in recent years an equally remarkable exhibition of the same temper of sympathy and faith from a still higher authority in the great Encyclical of Leo XIII, the *Rerum Novarum*. This study of the social question, so full of sympathy, so firm in Christian principle, will, I cannot doubt, long stand out as an almost ideal application of that Catholic spirit which was so prominent in Cardinal Wiseman's work, to one of the hardest problems of our own times.

I have a further reason for speaking here as I have done of this special combination in Cardinal Wiseman of faith and sympathy, over and above the fact that in reading his letters and works they seem to me to stand forth as the very essence of his genius and character. For this combination, so necessary for our own country where Catholics have to influence and win the ear of many whose antecedents and habits of thought are so unlike their own, characterised in different ways both the men

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of whom Cardinal Wiseman has spoken as especially helping him in his own boyhood at Ushaw.

Dr Newsham—first his teacher and afterwards his lifelong friend, so long one of Ushaw's most honoured Presidents—had in certain departments in a very marked degree Wiseman's own gift of sympathy. With the solitary exception of Wiseman himself, the Oxford converts of 1845 found in no born Catholic so much understanding sympathy as in Dr Newsham. To this fact I can cite at least the testimony of my own father, confirmed by significant words of Cardinal Newman. And if I were to point to a single English Catholic who, in the first half of the nineteenth century, had addressed the English public with absolute success, compelling respect by the scrupulous impartiality of his statements, and fidelity of his research, avoiding controversy where it was unconvincing or merely irritating, and consequently ever weighty and successful when he felt argument to be really in place, I should name another Ushaw man, and early friend of Wiseman, the great Dr John Lingard. "Lingard has never been found wrong"—these words formed the brief but eloquent tribute to him of one who was, perhaps, the most universally learned of modern historical critics, the late Lord Acton. To the splendid work done by this distinguished son of Ushaw and to its powerful, though indirect, help to the cause of the Church, the late Dr Russell of Maynooth bore eloquent testimony, when this College was celebrating its Jubilee fifty years ago.

And the thought of this celebration reminds me that to the four pictures of Cardinal Wiseman with which I began my remarks I ought, in conclusion, to add a fifth,—the time July, 1858, the place this very College of St Cuthbert at Ushaw. There and then we may picture him, still in the height of his powers, surrounded by dear friends who are with us no more—Newsham, Tate, John Gillow, and many another—entering with as much zest and eagerness into this festivity of boys and young men as he had into the greatest and most public enterprises of his life. We see the boys under his guidance rehearsing his play,

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The Hidden Gem, written by him for the occasion. We see him teaching the College choir the Jubilee Ode, of which he was also the author. We see passed round for inspection the medal of Cardinal Allen, the founder of Douay (the parent College of Ushaw), with an inscription in honour of the occasion—again the work of Cardinal Wiseman. If the other pictures I have suggested show Wiseman a greater and more prominent actor on the scene of life, none shows him a happier man. "Almost from the dawn of reason to the present hour," he wrote a little earlier, "my connexion with Ushaw has been unceasing, and in its comfort to me unvarying." Even for his sensitive spirit all that was associated with Ushaw told for happiness. In his Jubilee Ode, amid its bright thoughts of the present, he turns for a moment to the remembrance of those sons of Ushaw who had gone to their reward, whom he pictures as still sharing from the world behind the veil in the Festival of *Alma Mater*. The last stanza but one begins:

Hush, good spirits fill the air,
They come our joy and love to share,
Great Lingard, Gibson, Gillow, Eyre.

The inexorable march of time has now taken Nicholas Wiseman himself into that august company. And the living sons of Ushaw—among whom I am proud to count myself one—may well turn their minds, as he did then, to the mighty dead, and think of Wiseman in company with others who loved Ushaw with such deep devotion, above all, his dear friend, Charles Newsham, as looking down on this great gathering with a sympathy even deeper and truer than he had when his cheery voice was heard in the *Ambulacrum* fifty years ago, and his genial presence cast a sunshine on all about him. And, if he shares our rejoicings, can we doubt that it is to him a special happiness to see the President's place filled by a Prelate whom he well knew and valued in life, by one who has so much of his own large-hearted spirit, one to whom Durham Cathedral taught the faith of its Catholic builders, and whose con-

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version was among the offerings to the Church of the great movement which was so long Wiseman's especial care.

Let this, then, be our last thought within these halls of the great scholar, apologist, Bishop and Cardinal, that as he was the son of Ushaw as a boy, and her constant and devoted friend through life, he is still with us as truly as he was at our Jubilee fifty years ago; that he watches her fortunes, with even greater power than of old to help his *Alma Mater*—his affectionate sympathy still what it was of yore, the steadfast faith and old hopefulness turned into certain knowledge of future blessings in store for her, so long as Ushaw is true to the great traditions of her past.

WILFRID WARD

MAURICE BARRÈS

"La marque d'un grand poète, c'est le besoin qu'on ressent de son œuvre."

HERE is an attempt to define the significance of a living writer whose name is more familiar in England than his books, and who seems to me for three or four peremptory reasons to make a stronger claim than others using his language at this hour upon the intellectual sympathy of our generation. The measure of fame implied by passionate discussion among all sorts of eager spirits has belonged to Maurice Barrès for twenty years in his country, where the makers of opinion have long since acknowledged the force, enchantment and humanity of his genius; and his influence there, at least upon the life of ideas which was never more intense in France than now, is already appreciable. Whenever his renown becomes fairly European, he will take rank not as one of the cosmopolites of thought who astonish the world more easily than they convert their province, but in the series of representative figures in whose art from age to age a race discerns its ideal reflexion and whom it offers with deliberate confidence to the praises of the rest. The work of Barrès—a dozen volumes of elaborate prose besides a quantity of more ephemeral writing—is fundamentally national and also resolutely modern, for it enshrines in searching and durable imaginative formulas the tale of conflicts, anxieties, aspirations which distinguish our time and appear to besiege the French mind with exceptional insistency, or in a more rank disorder than the mind of other peoples. And, while he records with scrupulous lucidity the vicissitudes of a typical consciousness striving to take possession of itself and of the world, the study of his formal qualities almost suffices to illustrate the rapid transformations under which the eternal problem of language—its power and purpose and limits in works of imagination—has passed in recent years. I desire to lay stress on what is original in Barrès from both these points of view, but without separating the precision and magnificence of his writing and all he has

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added to the prestige of his material from what must be called the value of his substantial conceptions. What, indeed, is expression apart from things expressed?

No estimate, of however full a personality, is just which misses its unity and fails to reconcile a man with himself. In considering so rich a development as this in letters, it is obvious to insist upon transitions and distinguish stages; but only a futile analysis will be content with noting "double strains" and "contrary tendencies," or suppose an intellectual cleavage which would condemn an integral part of a writer's output as indifferent or foreign, on the ground of judgements revised or attitudes renounced. Therefore I would deprecate that kind of enthusiasm for the later works of Barrès which suggests that the earlier may be ignored. For the author of *Les Amitiés françaises* is the author of *Le Culte du Moi*—sincere from the first and the master of his thought; and you may found your esteem if you choose upon positions which you share and he seems only to have reached; but to penetrate to his essential qualities one must travel along his road in sympathy and see it unbroken.

The three volumes devoted to the Religion of the Ego which (between 1888 and 1891) captured the cultivated youth of France by glaring audacities of thought belong, in scheme and expression, as well as in their generative idea, to a great literary revolt against that tyranny of *things* and riot of mindless reproduction called realism. This revolt has taken many forms in France and elsewhere: a fresh assertion of imperishable interest in the heart of man, attempts to explore the suggestive, emotional and atmospheric (contrasted with the merely denominative) functions of speech, a partial sacrifice of poetical ceremony in favour of candid and authentic utterance, a renouncement of sterile virtuosity and, what is of greater consequence, of the pretension to make the truth of the senses, lit up by no supersensual interpretation, the all-sufficient pretext and principle of creation in art. The symbolist movement—if symbolism means a renewal of personal

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literature, not in the old Ishmaelitish spirit of romance but as an effort of self-revelation directed to the recovery of chosen moods and significant dreams—may claim some share in *Sous l'œil des Barbares*, *Un homme libre* and *Le Jardin de Bérénice*; but has any avowed symbolist shown himself capable of a similar verbal agility, restraint or reasoning power?

In his correspondence Gustave Flaubert longs for a new fiction in which the events shall be all interior and all the characters ideas: the wonderful fragment *Bouvard et Pécuchet* was his own experiment in that kind. These early novels of Barrès their author describes as impassioned ideologies: they are, in fact, the story, condensed into characteristic episodes, of a soul's efforts to disengage itself from notions acquired or imposed, and to found a discipline upon self-knowledge. The standpoint is pagan, and the result at first destructive. Philippe, the hero, is "a young emotional creature whose vision of the universe is frequently transformed and who retains a very clear remembrance of six or seven different realities." In the course of his symbolical adventures he casts the slough of several systems and, hungering after a motive for his life—fame, love or martyrdom—but, thrown back upon the excitements of a bookish imagination, because he shrinks from the jostle of life and from fellow-creatures too brutally unlike him, clings desperately to the solitary self which awoke in early boyhood. This spiritual narrative is ingeniously completed by concordances—a summary of outward facts its counterpart; so that we have "on the one side the notion the Barbarians form of our state of mind, on the other the same state as we are aware of it ourselves. And the whole book is but the struggle of Philippe to maintain himself in the midst of Barbarians who would bend him to their likeness." Who are the Barbarians? Not boors, nor philistines, nor plutocrats, but simply people who are different and feel differently: the non-ego which would constrain or impede or distort our development.

At the end of the book Philippe, wearied by intro-

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spection and dubieties, invokes a guide and master—"if indeed you are anywhere to be found, Axiom, or Faith, or Prince among men." He finds at least a friend, Simon, a youth of dissimilar temperament (being a little sceptical, chilly and proud of his acres), who shares with him at least some prejudices, some disdains and a vocabulary. The pair, in *Un homme libre*, plan a cloisterly retreat; and some chapters, the least engaging or the most arduous and arid, describe their instalment and their common life in a lonely manor in Lorraine, where together they endeavour to reduce to a system the analysis and cultivation of their capacity for feeling and imagining. (The *Exercitia* of S. Ignatius furnish Philippe with a method: he relies on Cabanis for the physical basis of his psychology.) "The first care of a man who means to live is to surround himself with a high wall; but into his close garden he admits those who direct sentiments and interests analogous to his own." He chooses, therefore, for his "intercessors" Benjamin Constant and Sainte-Beuve, for in either of them he recognizes a kindred idealism, kindred enthusiasms and disquietudes; but after a while discards them both, when the study of their careers shows him that neither sufficed for himself nor had really the courage of his illusions. A more fruitful discipline is promised by the lowlands of Lorraine; from a sentimental journey, which first displays the sumptuous talent of Barrès in historical landscape, Philippe returns steeped in the soul of his province, the mother of his instincts and his faculties, the Lorraine of Joan the Maid, of René the Second, of Claude Gellée and Ligier Richier and the modest hero Drouot. He is discouraged when he reflects that he belongs to a race which never fully realized itself, and whose best elements were drained to enrich more fortunate groups of men; but the undying virtue of the ancient Duchy, which is the sense of duty, nerves him to persevere. Before long the friends conclude that their co-operation is likely to be ineffective, and the pseudo-monastic establishment is broken up. The rest of the book records the influence of Venice upon Philippe, or rather the manner in which, while he saturates himself

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with the painters who seem best to express its historical character, he fortifies his "personal universe" and becomes more intensely conscious of his drift; and there is a sentimental episode which serves to discover some unstable factors of his being, but at the same time to confirm his self-possession. And here is the conclusion:

I have given up solitude, and am resolved to build my house in the world, because there are a certain number of appetites which can only be satisfied in active life. In solitude they molest me, like mercenaries unemployed. The lower part of my being, out of humour with its inactivity, sometimes disturbed the better in me. Among men I have found it playthings, so that it may leave me quiet. . . . It is not repugnant to me that some parts of myself should sometimes be degraded: there is a mystical pleasure in contemplating the virtue one is worthy to attain from the depth of abasement; moreover, a really cultivated mind should not let itself be distracted from its cares to weigh the contemptible deeds it commits at the same moment. . . . In truth, when I was very young, I was too mistrustful of the outer world. . . . A far greater danger is barrenness and impatience in the inner! . . . Let us be persuaded that acts have no importance, for they nowise signify the soul which has ordered them, and all their value lies in the meaning it gives them.

So seductive is a certain quietism to temperaments at once ardent and self-centred—Philippe, then, plunges into action, and we find him in *Le Jardin de Bérénice* nursing a constituency in the South of France. Politics are the least concern here: the book owes all its beauty to the pathetic figure of Bérénice, and to the strange and delicate atmosphere of poignant regret in which she lives and dies. Reconcile as we may with the hints of a deplorable career her tenderness and residual simplicity, Bérénice is a moving and subtle psychological creation and finds grace—*quoniam dilexit multum*. The quiet friendship of disinterested sympathy between her and Philippe, the anticlimax of her reasonable marriage with his rival at the polls, that narrow, sensible, documentative Charles Martin—even her death-bed—all in this book is as vivid and convincing as if it went no deeper than the story. But, among other qualities, it might be recommended

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as an illustrious example to those who still confound symbolism with allegory. Who is Bérénice? asked the critics. Is she just a girl, or the soul of the common people, or the Unconscious? Her creator has referred them to the *Vita Nuova*: "Is Beatrice a lover, or the Church, or Theology? Dante, who never sought this confusion, ends by suggesting it, because there are souls—the most impressible of souls—which find the common vocabulary inadequate."

If the thread of *Le Culte du Moi* is readily traced, not only are its admirable virtues of harmony and colour lost in an abstract, but compression must actually magnify stumbling-blocks which belong in part to its preparatory character. Maurice Barrès began with no other object in writing than "to put his thoughts in order and disburden himself." Keen Frenchmen of his own standing or a little younger accepted him enthusiastically, because he made their common solitudes articulate, and they had at any rate the same standpoint—that of a young graduate overfed with the conflicting systems of academies which a docile memory successively absorbs, but threatened with moral atrophy or half-poisoned by the drug in fashion, dilettantism. Among his elders a general titter might be expected at the very title—ingenuous in its fatuity or cynically impertinent; serious readers, who got further, blamed the writer's scepticism and his inconclusiveness, while a few men of letters welcomed a new ironist whom they imagined a disciple of Renan and a younger brother of Anatole France. Authors' afterthoughts arranged as an *apologia* are usually poor reading, but it is worth while to quote some sentences in which Barrès seeks frankly to be more explicit than (in works, after all, imaginative) had at first seemed opportune. Of his irony, "a literary process I have much affected," he has written:

In truth I never used it save against those who live in a constant carnival, masked in formulas hired out at the fashionable costumier's. . . . None can taunt me with Gundry's laugh at the Saviour bearing His Cross, the laugh that freezes us in "Parsifal." Only, even at Gundry I would hurl no reprobation, for with her sick nerves she is of

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a sort to suffer. I was always the friend of all who are to be pitied for anything, and if I cannot hope to reach the poor and outcast, I think I shall attract all those who, amidst the order of the world, are conscious of discomfort, and feel themselves feeble in the presence of life.

To such he says unfalteringly:

There is but one thing we know, one thing that really exists among all the false religions which men offer you. . . . This one tangible reality is self, and the universe is but a fresco which it makes fair or foul. Let us cleave to our self and defend it against foreigners, barbarians. But it is not enough that it should exist: since it lives, we must cultivate it!

Study, travel, all the forces of curiosity, are mechanical methods of cultivation which it behoves us to employ; but if your personality is still hungry, feed it with the love of fame and every kind of activity; and if it is in danger of aridity,

revert to instinct, love the lowly and the pitiful, those who are striving to grow.

Further:

It is from want of energy and want of interest that the young man of our day is suffering, with all his prodigious information about all the varieties of emotion. Well, let him learn to know himself, and he will discern the objects of his genuine curiosity, the drift of his instincts, his own truth. When he leaves this obstinate study of himself, to which he will no more return than one returns to his twentieth year, I conceive him endowed with a wonderful power to feel, with greater energy, with youth, in a word, and with diminished capacity for unhappiness.

This is scepticism only if a man is a sceptic who proposes a provisional abode for homeless spirits.

I should be happy, to be sure, if anyone arose who should provide us with convictions, particularly as to what happens after the terror of death; for all the rest, you see, is only jesting and something to babble about. On the other hand, I do not despise scepticism, and I am not above irony. As I think, negation has not yet done all its work. . . . For persons whose inner life is at all deep, and who are tempted, at times, to accept facile solutions, the sense of irony is a

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valuable guarantee of freedom. It is an excellent protection against some hasty organizers who, instead of the pleasant and healthy dwellings where we fain would rest, build us quite uninhabitable plaster copies of the solid mansions now crumbled, in which our fathers lived content!

And this phrase is to be noted:

I will only grant to Catholics the right of attacking egoism. If you are not a believer, where do you get your point of view that you should rebuke individualism?

Between *Le Culte du Moi* and the other trilogy of Barrès, *Le Roman de l'Énergie Nationale* two volumes of some importance served to display the variety of his interests and his wealth of literary resource. One, *L'Ennemi des Lois*, is as much an "impassioned ideology" as its predecessors, but it introduces (after the vague politics of *Bérénice*) definitely social preoccupations into his world. With singular skill he has interwoven with a romance, assuredly unedifying but profoundly human, an informal analysis of the fascination which complete utopias possess for typical modern temperaments. If the book contains a moral, it is once again the inferiority of systems to emotion, but the application of this axiom is extended here from the individual case to the great human groups, and illuminates the discussion of famous French reformers and of the Jewish logicians who founded the socialist tradition in Germany. "A state of feeling, not laws, is what the world demands. . . . No reform can suffice which is only a matter of words, a thing of the brain. Only those truths carry us forward which can make us weep." There are many vigorous definitions, and the characters are distinct and vital, the lucid intellectual anarchist André Maltère, Claire his eager pupil and the Russian Marina, "who is burdened by none of the old social scruples and in whom taste takes the place of morals,"—the last, perhaps, a sketch for the fuller personage of Astiné Aravian.

The other book, *Du Sang, de la Volupté et de la Mort*, is without a suspicion of didacticism. It reflects the process of spontaneous acquisition, the embellishment of a man's

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inner world by the indulgence of his genuine curiosities, and the vagabond mobile element in a nature essentially nostalgic. Travel—cities of Spain and Italy—is the staple theme; but this volume, with its disconnected chapters, cannot be outlined. It is to be read, above all, for the undulating rhythms and plastic opulence of a prose, as yet, in some degree self-fevered.

The publication of *Les Déracinés*, the first part of a novel largely concerned with public affairs of recent date, marks a moment of capital interest in the literary career of Maurice Barrès: it closes for good the period of esoteric experiment. This rapid, condensed and agitating story does not proceed by symbols, and all its irony is in action; yet it is strange that anyone should have missed seeing that the author was still preoccupied with his antithesis, between the free development of human beings in their natural atmosphere and the theories which would uproot them from their hereditary soil, and impose on them an artificial uniformity of growth, approved, at best, by a naked reason constructing *in abstracto*. The subject, in brief, is the fortunes of a little band of young men from Lorraine, schoolfellows whose awakening consciousness was in various degrees subjected at the Lycée of Nancy to the forming and deforming brain of a pure Kantian, their master; how the diverse aptitudes, condition and ideals of these seven provincials befriend and betray them in the metropolitan vortex which allures them; how the pride of a common cultivation tempts them to assert themselves in a disastrous journalistic adventure; how two of them—penetrating types of an intellectual proletariat—drift into crime, and one ends on the scaffold. I think nobody who has read the book can forget these figures—their clear lineaments, the very tints of life upon their visage: the wayward, sensitive and generous François Sturel; the almost virginal Saint-Phlin, who carries everywhere with him the incorruptible love of his own ground; Rœmerspacher—a patient sociologist in whom an ancestral simplicity balances the excess of intellect; Suret-Lefort, the neat pleader and cautious friend, an embryonic lobby

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politician; Renaudin, a predestined menial of the Yellow Press, and the gaunt, indefatigable ruffian Racadot, and the vile dwarf Moucheffrin. The great scenes of this book—Sturel's seduction by the supple Armenian, Astiné Aravian; the pilgrimage to Napoleon's tomb; the murder of Astiné—are, perhaps, inferior in none of the special virtues of the novelist's art to those illustrious passages from Balzac, from Meredith, from Flaubert, which the memory of their admirers has set apart and anthologized; neither in curious insight nor in tragical suspense, nor in broad and vigorous narrative, nor in vivid evocation of tones and gestures, nor yet in that sovereign impression of life which depends so much less upon servile attachment to precise detail than to a rare sanity of outlook and a sense of proportion, always studious, to suggest a larger world than that displayed.

Most of these characters reappear in the other parts of the trilogy, but, except Sturel, they fade into the background. The purpose of this article would be ill-served by anything like a full appreciation of the part Maurice Barrès has played as a militant politician; and of these books, into which is gathered so much of his personal experience in Parliament as a Boulangist deputy for an eastern constituency, I shall say little. The adversaries of Barrès have not denied him ardent patriotism, integrity, high courage* and conspicuous fidelity in his political friendships. *L'Appel au Soldat* is the history of what, in a letter of dedication to M. Jules Lemaitre, is described as "a French fever":

Boulangism is a spontaneous structure, overthrown by the ill-will of a party while yet its scaffolding made it impossible to grasp its general idea. Whether the leading characters in this national convulsion deserve our esteem is a secondary question, or rather is not the question at all. Boulangism should be viewed as a stage in the series of efforts made by a nation, which foreign intrigues have disfigured, to recover its true drift.

*Displayed, for instance, on two memorable occasions since he entered Parliament again as a Paris deputy; it wanted, in that atmosphere, great courage to oppose the promotion of Col. Picquart, and to protest against the apotheosis of Zola.

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This being the point of view, it must, at any rate, be conceded that, if Barrès draws a sympathetic portrait of the ill-starred soldier who was his leader, it is a portrait apparently free from flattery, since it excludes neither irresolution nor improvidence; and that he accounts abundantly for the springs of that enthusiasm, shared by men of sober judgement, which carried the general to the very brink of the Rubicon. Has he not written elsewhere, with some levity, perhaps, of amorous adolescents, that "love consists in dressing up the first eligible person we meet in the qualities we are looking for this season"? I do not presume to judge whether he has fairly distributed the responsibility for Boulanger's failure. Public men, still living and well-known, play their part under their names in this volume, and especially in the sequel, *Leurs Figures*—which is a bitter indictment of parliamentarism and a special study, illustrated by a minute record of the Panama affair, of the grimaces drawn from corrupt politicians by the terrors of exposure. Of the accuracy of his reminiscences one test at least is obvious and applicable in a country where the vindication of personal honour is still personal and not committed to the courts: Barrès, who has crossed swords on slenderer issues, has not been challenged to answer for the most galling of imputations. Neither a Constans, nor a Rouvier, nor a Joseph Reinach, nor a Clemenceau has stirred.

With all this, the later volumes of *Le Roman de l'Énergie Nationale*, like the first, are ostensibly works of fiction, and events within the memory of all are watched and interpreted by fictitious characters; nor do we take less interest in François Sturel when he finds an object for the unemployed forces of enthusiasm in him, chooses a hero and follows his star to the end, unrewarded and unfaltering among a thousand examples of self-interest and betrayal, and hardly distracted by the most intimate preoccupations from his civic cares; nor when, after the general's eclipse, he gives his energy to the confusion of unscrupulous adversaries and, having unearthed the evidence of their guilt, appears as an inexorable, incorruptible justiciary.

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Let us admit that art usually suffers some diminution by the enlistment of disinterested talents in the service of causes which are not eternal. This singular blending of things seen with things imagined, of real persons—not distant nor befogged in their outline by the lapse of time, but near and living—with imaginary, was indeed a doubtful experiment, but one which Maurice Barrès was rich enough to afford. This must be said: he is not to be confounded with men who prostitute high gifts to the satisfaction of personal cupidity or rancour, and his intention was certainly to relieve the public conscience and to disburden himself of an obligation of political justice. Having undertaken to write a novel about the ebb and flow of a nation's vitality, it was natural to concentrate the material and depict those crises—Boulangism, the Panama scandals—in which, as he conceived it, the unsophisticated part of a people is to be seen rallying round an object, apparently for a moment the incarnation of its ideals; or in which its representatives by corruption or complicity or compliance mark their resolve to prefer always the interests of their order to those of their race. For the rest, the two last volumes of the political trilogy, if artistically inferior to other works of Barrès, have their place marked as a depository of characteristic formulas in the development of his general attitude; their intrigue, moreover, is brilliantly conducted and their dramatic interest unflagging; and Thérèse de Nelles is a memorable creation; and only to Balzac, perhaps, can one look for a stronger impression of the very roar of Paris streets. And, finally, there are magnificent digressions, such as that pious excursion of Sturel and Saint-Phlin “searching for the roots of their nationality” down the Valley of the Moselle—from Metz, the white, elegant French city which cannot forget, to Coblentz, where lies the body of young Marceau.

The best part of the professedly political writings of Maurice Barrès are collected in one big volume; and it is enough to recommend those *Doctrines et Scènes du Nationalisme*, though it may seem perverse to forgo comment, in an article which endeavours to present this writer integ-

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rally, upon the forensic portion of his work. What has been said, however, and what I propose to say about the trend of his mind, his larger convictions and his influence ought to make clear what are the foundations of his nationalism (to use a word which he introduced into French politics) and its organic connexion with his general doctrine. Provided as we are with sufficient tests of his sincerity and initiated into his fundamental sympathies, we may perceive the springs of his political action and conceive it dictated in detail by a view of particular facts which, as foreigners, we can hardly appreciate, since we are unlikely to possess them completely.

In 1903 appeared *Amori et dolori sacrum*. This book contains a powerful and seductive analysis of the special melancholy of Venice, a melancholy which, for Barrès, resides less in the spectacle of decayed glory than in an atmosphere naturally febrile and haunted by the shades of illustrious travellers. It contains also a monumental tribute to the great poet Leconte de Lisle, a curious study of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and her passion for solitude, and a memorial of the theosopher Stanislas de Guaita, the author's schoolfellow, which has chiefly an autobiographical interest.

A far greater performance, perhaps the crown of his work, is *Les Amitiés françaises*. These "notes on a little Lorrain's acquirement of the feelings which give a value to life," are really counsels—the most familiar and the most engaging possible, utterly free not only from pedantry but from all postures, declamatory or confidential—addressed to every man who desires that the traditions he did not found, but which he adheres to, should survive him in his blood. Domestic episodes and childish dialogue, virile contemplation and lyrical outcry alternate, while in a radiant French household we see a little boy prepared to live the life his fathers lived, his perception of natural affinities encouraged, his imagination stored with images of heroism, tenderness and harmony, his best hereditary instincts fortified by the air and the earth which nourished his race, by hours spent among the most significant scenes

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that human memory ennobles. No excerpt, still less any dissection, can do justice to this quintessential volume; but I will not refuse myself the pleasure of quoting in my own language abundantly from the incomparable "hymn of confidence in life" with which it ends, for here, if anywhere, the mind and heart of Barrès have found their definitive expression.

To accept all illusions and know them illusory—such is our part. Always to desire and to know that our desire, which is nourished by all things, is appeased by none! To want none but eternal possessions and understand ourselves as a series of successive states! From whatever standpoint you contemplate them, the universe and our existence are but mad commotion.

And yet, Philippe, we have to make the best of them. . . .

To conquer life and overcome discouragement, we must reduce to rule the cultivation of our feelings and our thoughts. What we need is to think of some wise distribution of our powers, to organize our energy and emerge from a barbarous disorder to fulfil our fate. Hence the systematic choice of pictures I suggest for a French child. . . .

Some among us fancy their minds well tilled when they are only much encumbered. See our thistle of Lorraine, how straight it rises towards its flower! Listen to the nightingale of our French summer nights; her song, too, rises straight upwards, and as it is all beauty it is all wisdom too.

They extol treasures and beauties and forces of the world without. We are not blind to them: we refrain deliberately. This assertion will scandalize our opponents, but I would have them think it over—it is we who are the most fastidious as well as the most broad-minded. We have discerned that it is not always the moment to get enjoyment out of things, and that sometimes one must subject emotion to reason.

When I return time after time to my homely Lorraine, do you suppose I am blind to all the delights and all the marvels spread over the broad world? If I stick to Corneille and Racine, do you not discern that I have felt as much as others, more perhaps, that flood of nihilism and those dark frenzies which deep Asia sends us through the Germanic lands?

At twenty, you are persuaded that illustrious cities are like fair young women. You hasten, with throbbing heart, to a love-tryst; but the bower is empty, all is of stone. . . .

Greatness of soul, beauty, passion, sacrifice—we place you first in

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cities of legend, seeing too clearly that you do not grow on the pavement of our birthplace; but at home once more from a long journey through realities, when we have seen only dry sands or, worse, encountered burning fevers, if we have still vitality enough to escape disillusion, we expect nothing more save from that inner music transmitted with their blood by the dead of our own race. . . .

Like Honour and like Love, Nature that she may be tempered to our weakness and not crush us utterly, must be refined, distilled, husbanded by a long succession of dead men, our fellows. . . .

Elsewhere I am a stranger who falters out some snatch of song, but in the land of the Moselle I know myself for a gesture of the ground and a moment of its eternity—one of those secrets which at every season our race allows to flower, and if I feel enough love it is I who shall become its heart.

So come, Philippe, upon life, as we have all done. The steadiest friendships guide your steps and lay first their gentle hands upon your eyes.

Since *Les Amitiés françaises* Maurice Barrès has begun another serial work, *Les Bastions de l'Est*, with an instalment which describes the experience of a young Alsatian in a German garrison. And he has published *Le Voyage de Sparte*, which is like no other Greek tour in literature, because nobody has avowed so plainly that every traveller brings with him what he finds. This is not to say that the Hellenist will meet with nothing to his purpose here, but the interest is as far as possible removed from the curiosities of research, and, as in Venice, he sought in Greece not primarily to win a more definite knowledge of a particular civilisation, nor to study on the spot the elaboration of masterpieces, but to enlarge himself and to feel in ways that should be "new to a Christian from the Rhine Valley." The best, in this book, is almost a parergy—the reminiscences of a French Hellenist, Louis Ménard; the episode of the Armenian Tigrane; and the charming dialogue on the palace of the Dukes of Athens. If it were rich in nothing else, it would be rich in the modesty of the Greek lesson accepted: the lesson of distaste for emphasis and insincere effects.

"Stay," said Greece to me, "where your destinies would have you. You have not to disguise, disfigure or strain what is in your heart, but only to produce it."

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I do not know whether it is possible to draw a whole philosophy out of the substantial works of which I have tried to give some general notion; but I see clearly what this writer stands for, where he tends, and his original spirit and the durable benefit of his appearance in our time; as also what sort of figure he makes among the acknowledged masters of his instrument.

It is the real distinction of Maurice Barrès that he has conceived a discipline and a hierarchy for the new unanchorable pride of universal comprehension which pretends to set an equal value upon the most various modes of feeling and of thought. He has exposed the worthlessness of postulates which do not touch us, but insisted that the quality of our emotions is not indifferent and that those are to be cherished which vivify, enlarge and prolong our being. His saying of Leconte de Lisle, that what stamps a great poet is the need felt for his work, might be applied to him too. The generation so agreeably disposed to anarchy and intellectual vagabondage by the suave Pyrrhonism with which the school of Renan masked or garnished the crudity of its negations required an emphatic assertor of the power to choose. But further, in a country where the common aptitude for abstract solutions, that "mania for system and taste for risk" which defines Saint-Simon in *L'Ennemi des Lois*, needs especially to be controlled by fundamental certitudes and concrete images, how salutary is the intervention of a mind which, by testing the sincerity of preferences and finding that the most genuine have their roots in the past, tends deliberately to restore confidence in tradition.

To traditionalism from egoism is the formidable distance traversed in moral insulation, and without the help of any school. We must not be afraid of words. To discover the intimate consistency of Barrès is not assuredly to conceive the cultivation of personality, the fierce assertion of self, as the base or condition of a creed which presupposes solidarity, abnegation, attachment to a group of men the same through centuries. But this cultivation implied a process of analysis of which the ulterior result was to perceive that no man is more than his family, his land, his province and

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his race. To know our needs from our caprices was already to distinguish how much we owe to organisms less ephemeral than ourselves. "Something eternal lies in us of which we have only the life interest, and even that is controlled for us by our dead." The "religion of the ego" provides also a method which becomes more fruitful as it is applied to ascertain, not that which makes us personally different from others, but that wherein our likeness and gregarious sympathies consist. The Barbarian appears as anyone (and not necessarily the alien within our gates) who losing the sense of tradition would modify the historical character of a nation even in favour of theories irrefutable by logic; and self-preservation, self-adornment, principles transferred from the personal to the racial consciousness, mean the jealous husbanding of a common inheritance which is to be handed over intact and uncontaminated and if possible with increase to those who come after. Humanitarians, collectivists, utopians, internationalists invoke the name of civilization: they claim the benefit of a term which in many minds has usurped the prestige of patriotism and almost the authority of a religion. By showing that civilization, so far from being an exportable commodity, can mean nothing apart from the particular civilizations which are the moral patrimony of communities, Barrès refreshes with realities a sentiment which among cultivated men has lost much of its spontaneity and tends to expire in verbiage. But in this traditionalism which mortifies all personal arrogance subsists the vindication of the right to be oneself. In the hierarchy of natural units Barrès would respect the autonomous character of each: against a Bouteiller*—so intolerant of varieties that he stifles the instincts of his pupils in the swaddling-clothes of system,—against the State, when in its zeal for moral unity it aims at producing one colourless type of ratepayer, he articulates the protest of the individual: he would preserve an historical identity of the little countries of which France is made; he feels

* It is no secret that the character of Bouteiller reproduces many features of the late M. Burdeau, once a master at the Lycée de Nancy, who died a radical cabinet minister in 1894.

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himself a Lorrain of Lorraine; and he even follows Proudhon in the direction of "regionalism."†

What, it will be asked, of the greatest of French traditions, the most sacred, the Catholicism of France? Upon which side lie his sympathies in the struggle between the Church of France and the French Jacobins, needs no saying; but the plain fact has not been disguised that the standpoint of his early work is pagan, and that in the rest there is not a phrase nor gesture that denotes a Catholic, among thousands which deliberately assert a personal conviction on matters not explicitly raising the question of faith. I have avoided biography, but this is the place to say that Maurice Barrès, a Catholic by birth, long an unbeliever, is now reconciled with the Church of his fathers. Is it an abuse of words to conceive that this goal could long ago have been foreseen? At all events from the very first, his scepticism—knowing itself provisional, always yearning after certitude—was of a different complexion from the scepticism of an Anatole France, the luxurious posture of fundamental indifference, if not the amiable cloak of a deep hostility. "Those famous navigators, not having yet cast anchor, would not admit that my anxieties differed from their curiosity." It is well to remember this remark if we are tempted to assume that the author of *Thaïs* has any thing in common with the author of *Bérénice* and *Sous l'œil des Barbares*, even when we read the episode of Athene, the martyr of the Serapeum, or the letter of consolation addressed by "Seneca the Philosopher to Lazarus the Resuscitated."—The secret compact between a section of the French Royalists and Boulanger's lieutenants was once justified by the phrase "la marche parallèle!" If it may be used at all in this connexion, I would suggest that it describes the measure of correspondence to be discerned between the development of Maurice Barrès, from egoism to the exaltation of national tradition, and that wonderful revival of the faith in the ranks of intellectual

† See especially two little pamphlets: *Les Lézardes sur la Maison* and *De Hegel aux Cantines du Nord*—the last a reprint of articles published in the Nationalist *Cocarde* which Barrès edited for a short time.

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Frenchmen in our day which is so full of promise for the future of Church and people.

Barrès has said of himself: "My actions interest me only if they are mingled with ideology, so that they take a certain splendour and passionateness in my fancy. Pure thoughts, acts and nothing more, fail equally to satisfy." Lucid enthusiasm, imaginative ardour enhanced by introspection—I distinguish this faculty at the bottom of the synthetic literary personality of Barrès. It explains why he is the conciliator, in his impassioned prose, of "the old French taste for psychical dissertations" with the newer craving for absolute plasticity. After a surfeit of forms which threatened to exclude from the temple of poetry the expression of the emotions and the play of reason, he of all Frenchmen now writing seems fittest to lead a movement which has chiefly restored to art the gift of tears, but in which the desire of perfection and the capacity of clearness seemed only yesterday at a discount, into those large well-trodden ways where words waken ideas and images and trains of feeling indissolubly. Classicism he somewhere calls his backbone. It is of a piece with his general orientation that his manner should be more and more impregnated with the qualities I take to be pre-eminently classical—verbal economy, urbanity, restraint and clearness. A certain *morbidezza* once haunted him, and a petulance not unamiable in young conquerors, even though from the first he seems enamoured of concision and sincerity. For his style bears the stamp of intense sincerity, a vigilance and constancy of effort to put on paper exactly what he feels and thinks which almost necessarily, when modern men record their spiritual adventures, imposes some sacrifice of breadth and fluency—those ancient virtues—and turns easily to mosaics. Few, indeed, among the writers of our day who have anything more than a plain tale to tell are capable of reconciling his variety of movement with a perpetual research of noble gestures and just cadences.

"The art of writing," he thinks, "should satisfy that twin desire for music and geometry which in our French fashion we carry in a well-conditioned mind." When I think of those writers of French prose who among those known to me seem

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best to have fulfilled this double want, I wonder whether the gratitude of his people, to which he has so many titles already, will not add the name of Maurice Barrès at last to the glorious list which begins with Villehardouin and ends with Flaubert—after the exuberant Rabelais and the humane Montaigne, and Pascal the passionate logician, after Bossuet and that well of idiom, Saint-Simon ; after those two modern men who seem nearer to him than others in the splendour of their speech and in their salutary power—the master of lucid regrets and sumptuous dreams, Chateaubriand, and Michelet, who in a vision saw suddenly the historic soul of France.

F. Y. ECCLES.

REVISING THE VULGATE

WHEN a year and a half ago it became known that the first step was about to be taken to prepare for a revision of the Vulgate Bible, the project was warmly welcomed by the English and Continental press generally. The present is certainly the age of critical examination, and the principles of textual criticism, which during the past generation has tended more and more to approach to the position of an exact science, have been applied, or are in process of being applied, to the literary remains of bygone civilizations, to the texts of the classics and to the works of the Fathers of the Christian Church. It was, of course, inevitable that sooner or later the modern methods of examination should be applied also to the text of our Bible, in the version authorized by the Church under the name of the Vulgate. For a considerable time, indeed, such a revision has been in contemplation, and it has more than once been made the subject of serious reflection by non-Catholics that apparently no active preparation for so important a work had been initiated by the authorities of the Catholic Church. Private individuals, like the learned Barnabite, Father Vercellone, and others, have done good work by collecting variant readings from manuscripts to which they had access and for which valuable labour they had received the approval and thanks of the Pope. This encouragement publicly given should, by the way, be sufficient to dispose of the false, but by no means uncommon, idea that the preface to the Clementine version of the Vulgate was intended to put a stop for ever to any further revision and still more to any private endeavour to purify the received text from mistaken readings.

Up to a few months ago, however, no official action had been taken by the authorities, either to utilize the material for revision already collected by private individuals, or to carry on their labours. Shortly after the appointment of the Biblical Commission, by Pope Leo XIII, it became, indeed, a public secret that one of the objects the Commission wished to promote as soon as possible was the long-con-

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templated and much-desired critical revision of the Latin Bible. But for some few years the difficulties of initiating so vast and obviously so costly an undertaking seemed insuperable, and nothing more was heard of the matter. Finally, however, at the instance of the Biblical Commission and with the approval of the Pope himself, Cardinal Rampolla addressed through the Abbot Primate an appeal to the Benedictines to take up the work. The proposal was laid before the Presidents of the various Congregations of the Order, assembled in Rome in the spring of 1907, and although they fully recognized the serious nature of the work and the many difficulties in regard to men and money that it would entail, they all felt that both the traditions of their Order, and their loyal desire to do anything the Holy Father might require of them, would not allow them to refuse what was asked from them, and the project was unanimously accepted by them.

In consequence of this decision it became necessary to appoint some one to organize this work, and my name was suggested to the Holy Father as President of the Commission for Revision, and accepted by him. From the first the Pope desired to associate himself personally with the work which had been undertaken by the Benedictines, and he himself laid down in a letter the lines or nature of the investigation necessary as a preliminary step. He desired that as thorough a search as possible should be made in the libraries and cathedral archives of Europe for unknown or little known manuscript copies of the Latin Bible, and that these and others already well known should be studied and collated with the present Clementine text, according to the methods and in the spirit demanded by modern critical research.

In the initial stages of the vast work thus committed to the Benedictine Order it was thought best for many reasons to confine the *personnel* of the Commission for the time to only a few members. Prior Amelli, of Monte Cassino, recently made Abbot of the Badia, Florence, one of the best known among the disciples of the late distinguished scholar, Monsignor Ceriani, of Milan, and who to-day is a palæographer of

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European reputation, was naturally appointed a member, and at the same time the Rector of the international Benedictine College of Sant' Anselmo, Rome, the well-known Dom Laurent Jansens, was joined to it. Through him, as one of the secretaries of the Biblical Commission, we were brought into immediate touch with that important body of Biblical experts. A third member was found in the person of Dom Donatien de Bruyne, a monk of Maredsous, whose previous studies specially qualified him for the work to which he was now called, and whose knowledge of the subject is only equalled by his capacity for continued research. The fourth member to join the Commission was a monk of the Abbey of Solesmes, Dom Henri Quentin, whose recent work, *Les Martyrologes Historiques de Moyen Age*, is a monument of patient industry and is the best proof of that power to deal with the Latin Biblical manuscripts which he brings to the service of the Commission. Besides these many were found in various parts of Europe who were ready to co-operate in the work by searching in libraries and furnishing the Commission with the results of their collation of important manuscripts with the authorized text, etc. The financial aspect of the undertaking was obviously of the utmost importance, and it was thought expedient to secure the services of a competent treasurer. This was done in the person of Dom Wilfrid Corney, the Roman Procurator of the English Benedictines.

As no funds of any kind were available for the purposes of the Commission, it became necessary at the outset to understand the exact situation. The Pope, who never wavered in his determination that the work should be proceeded with at once and on the best possible methods, without regard to cost, made himself personally responsible for all necessary expenses. At the same time he expressed his hope that directly it became known that the intended revision had been commenced many would come forward to help in this important work, and thus, as he put it, by their aid "to show their devotion to the Holy Scripture and render a service to the Christian religion." Although the Pontiff at once charged himself with the duty of finding

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what would be necessary, the many calls ever being made upon his purse, and the great diminution in the offerings of the faithful to him, chiefly owing to the general state of the Church in France, naturally made him anxious that this burden should be removed from his shoulders and led him to hope that the funds necessary should be raised elsewhere. He consequently charged me with the task of trying to do this, in addition to that of organizing the work of the Commission on its literary side.

The main difficulty in regard to the finances is to make the need generally known and to let it be understood that the Holy Father regards this preparation for a revision of the Latin Bible as not only useful but indeed necessary, and that he looks upon any assistance given to enable the work to be done thoroughly as help given to him and to the Church in a matter he has much at heart.

During the first six months of the present year considerable progress was made in Rome, principally of course in the work of preparation. The ground was carefully studied and surveyed with reference to future labours, and the collections which three centuries ago had been got together to aid in the preparation of the Clementine text, and which are to be found in the library and archives of the Vatican, were examined and their contents and bearing noted. Much was likewise done in the Vatican and other libraries of Rome in the examination of existing MSS; whilst a Bible to serve for a systematic collation of manuscripts is being printed as rapidly as possible. This Bible is drawn up much on the plan adopted by scholars for the examination and editing of classical texts. It consists of a narrow strip of print covering not more than a fourth part of any page, the rest being blank. In the print there are no capitals or stops, and the authorized Clementine text is made to resemble as nearly as possible the manuscripts with which it is to be compared. By certain marks the capital letters of the MS. are indicated, the stops are inserted where there are any, and the variations are entered in the blank part of the page. As no word in the printed text is divided, the variant will always be found in a line

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with the standard text, and there is ample room for any additions. When many manuscripts have been examined, the various collations of any passages collected on any page of the printed standard will always be found on the corresponding page of each copy. Printed in this way and on paper guaranteed to last, the entire Bible will occupy many thousands of pages. The estimate for the mere cost of such a Bible was very considerable, and for a time our Commission hesitated to incur this expense; but finally, on being shown other and less expensive alternative schemes to secure the necessary systematic collation of the manuscripts, the Pope, in spite of the extra expense, decided upon this as the most practical and the most certain to ensure the best results.

One other item of preliminary expense in printing had to be incurred. Most of the books of the Bible in the older manuscript copies are introduced by what are known as *Capitula* or *Breves*, the nature of which will be best understood by calling them "Tables of Contents," "Summaries," or divisions of the books into chapters. These divisions are sometimes merely indications of the first words of the parts or chapters; but sometimes they give very full contents of the divisions. The practice of inserting these *Capitula* goes back to very early times, and has been even traced to Greek influence. The importance of these and other extra Biblical portions of the older MSS, such as the better known prefaces attached to the various books of the Old and New Testament, has long been recognized, especially since the great work of M. Samuel Berger, *Histoire de la Vulgate*, which was published in 1893. The summaries or *Capitula* of the books of the Bible frequently differ very considerably in different manuscripts, and a comparison of the various series to be found is most important for determining the place of origin of the manuscripts. It was soon seen by our Commission that it was necessary to collect, arrange and classify these summaries; and for that purpose tables of the better known *Capitula* were prepared as a basis of comparison. Dom de Bruyne, previously to his joining the Commission, had been engaged in collecting material on this

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very subject, and in the past six months by the aid of the tables thus prepared considerable progress has been made in this important branch of our work.

So much for the preparations to carry on the task entrusted to the Benedictine Order, which have been made since the beginning of the year. As some doubt appears to exist as to the exact nature of this work, it may be well to describe clearly what it is that we are doing. It is best to state at the outset that the Commission is not directly charged with the delicate duty of correcting any mistakes, etc., which they may find in the present authorized Latin Bible. This is a matter which must necessarily be a difficult and lengthy undertaking and for which many preparations will have to be made. What the present Commission is charged with is a much less delicate and a much simpler matter, but one which is absolutely necessary, as being the first step towards a full revision of the Latin text as we have it at present. What we have been charged to do is to try and recover the Latin text of the Bible as it came from the hand of St Jerome. This text must be the starting point of any complete and thorough revision; but to establish what the text of St Jerome's Vulgate really was, is by no means as easy a matter as some may think, and entails great research and study. To understand this it is necessary to know something of the history of the Latin translation of the Sacred Scriptures.

The origin of the ancient Latin Bible is obscure. Previous to the time of St Jerome the most important of the translations of the Bible into Latin was that known as the *Itala*. Cardinal Wiseman believed that this version had been made in Africa, but subsequent scholars have apparently thrown considerable doubt upon this judgement, and have considered that it was prepared in North Italy and taken by St Augustine from Milan to Africa. Be this as it may, there is full evidence of the existence in Italy of a Latin translation, especially for liturgical purposes, in very early times, and probably before the close of the second century. The New Testament at least was in existence in a Latin version, and it had existed, as St Augustine expresses

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it, *a primis temporibus fidei*. This version, it is supposed, was not the work of any individual, but came from the pens of many authors. There was, moreover, nothing like any text approved by authority, and as a natural consequence, when, at the request of Pope St Damasus, St Jerome undertook to revise the Latin of the New Testament, there was a terrible confusion. In fact, in A.D. 383, when the text of the Gospels so revised made its appearance, we have it on the authority of St Jerome himself that there were almost as many versions as manuscripts. It is unnecessary here to explain the principles which guided St Jerome in his revision, or the extent of that revision. It will be sufficient to note that in translating the Old Testament he was careful to retain the very words of the older version, so far as they expressed the meaning of the Hebrew MS., and the New Testament was simply a revision of that text in the light of the Greek text found in Origen's *Hexaplar*.

Scholars are agreed as to the capability of St Jerome for the task committed to him. To use the words of the late Bishop Westcott: "In the crisis of danger the great scholar was raised up, who probably alone for fifteen hundred years possessed the qualifications necessary for producing an original version of the Scriptures for the use of the Latin Churches."

This version of St Jerome, although it encountered considerable opposition, gradually and finally, through the authority of Pope St Gregory the Great, superseded all other Latin translations. As Bentley wrote to Archbishop Wake: "His [St Jerome's] learning, great name and just authority extinguished all other, [and his version] has been conveyed down to us under the name of the Vulgate." But many circumstances have proved detrimental to the transmission of the pure text of St Jerome. One circumstance alone is quite sufficient to account for a great deal, namely, the continued existence of the old Latin version side by side with the new for the best part of two centuries and a half. Both were possessed of equal authority and were equally used, at least for the earlier part of this time. In

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fact, as being more familiar to the scribes, and in many places differing only slightly from St Jerome's translation, the old or *Itala* version was frequently substituted for the new version, even when there was probably no intentional preference. These mixed texts were from the first a source of great difficulty, and from time to time endeavours were made to purify the semi-official Vulgate and to check the sources of corruption. Thus, in the sixth century, the great Cassiodorus did his best to gather together translations of the books of Scripture to form as faithful a copy of the version of St Jerome as it was possible to obtain. A copy of this was probably brought by St Benet Biscop to England, and in the monastery of Jarrow it was transcribed by the monks. One copy of this "new translation," as St Bede calls it, written in the Northern abbey, was carried abroad by the Abbot Ceolfrid as a present to the Pope, and this identical copy is now in the Laurentian Library at Florence, known as the *Codex Amiatinus*. In the Clementine revision, when as yet the romantic history of the manuscript was quite unknown, it was recognized as being one of the most important copies of the Latin Vulgate, and it still remains so, even after the lapse of three centuries. Possibly it may be yet found to afford a text as nearly as possible corresponding to that of St Jerome.

Further uncertainty is introduced into the problem of determining the text of St Jerome, by the revision undertaken by the great Alcuin at the request of Charlemagne, which was completed in A.D. 802. This scholar worked from a collation of the best Vulgate MSS, probably many being obtained from the libraries of England. Many excellent copies of this revision are extant, but how far they can be relied upon to furnish St Jerome's text has yet to be determined. And it seems certain that Alcuin worked in order to furnish as reliable a translation as possible, rather than with any intention of reverting to the exact text of St Jerome. Whether from the reputation of Alcuin, or from the authority of Charlemagne, or from the intrinsic merit of the translation, or from all three combined, this version became the accepted text of the Latin

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Church. Many other revisions of the Vulgate text have been attempted in the course of the centuries by individuals and by corporate bodies. But the results during the Middle Ages were not happy: inevitably with the multiplication of copies by the pens of not always too-careful copyists, errors crept or rather flowed into the text in a continuous stream. By the middle of the twelfth century we have the authority of Nicholas, the Deacon-librarian of the Holy Roman Church, that the words of St Jerome about the state of things in his day were again applicable, and that "there were then almost as many versions as there were manuscripts." Roger Bacon tells us how the evil grew in the thirteenth century, and how absolutely necessary it appeared to him to go back to the old manuscripts and, assisted by the Greek and Hebrew, to try to eliminate the most obvious corruptions. In accordance with the desires of the Fathers of the Council of Trent, Pope Sixtus V appointed a Commission to prepare an official text. This he issued in 1590, but it was not satisfactory, to say the least; and in 1592 the present authorized Clementine text saw the light. It was not a perfect text, and the preface disclaims any such praise and even admits that many errors would be found in it. It, however, claims rightly that it is a purer text than any yet known, and certainly the Commission, which was engaged for forty years in correcting it, and which comprised most of the eminent men of Europe, spared no pains to secure at least a good text. Among the manuscripts in the Vatican Library are many of the collations used in the process of preparing this edition, and they give evidence of a care which could not be excelled. The collation, for example, made by the Spanish scholar, Palomares, of the great Bible of Toledo, is a monument of patient care. It reproduces with exactitude every variation and every minute palæographical indication of different hands, etc., in the manuscript. The collation is done in the most approved critical spirit, and the scholar himself tells us that he twice over verified the truth of his work.

In spite of all this care it was from the first recognized that some day or other a revision of the Clementine text

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would have to be undertaken. Years and indeed centuries have passed away, and it has been left to the present Pontiff to initiate this work, which may well take generations. For the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, the private enterprise of the Bishop of Salisbury and his able coadjutor, the Rev. H. J. White, have practically done, and in the most scientific way, all that is necessary; their conclusions may possibly be strengthened, possibly modified, but what they have done will remain a sound piece of work. The rest remains to be accomplished, but a beginning has already been made towards carrying out the work entrusted to our Commission, which is to recover as far as possible the text which St Jerome prepared. This text, it is hoped, will be the starting-point of the full revision of the Latin Bible.

F. A. GASQUET, ABBOT, O.S.B.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

IN MEMORIAM

IS it, then, ended; are his days fulfilled?
Is now forgotten all his murmured lore?
Are those swift fingers whose it was to build
His dome of emerald leaves for ever stilled?
Will through his tossing branches roar
The winds no more?

Not in the sheltered vale, where easy crops
Grow ripe in lush contentment, fell the seed
Wherefrom he grew; for him were but the sops
Of driving storm; and brooding thunder-drops
Made vain the voices that would plead
His youth's dire need,

Until his roots down to the heart had won
Of central silence, labyrinthine gloom—
Dark channels of the timid drops that shun
The thirsty ferns, the kisses of the sun,
Drawn by the ocean's far-off boom
Calling them home.

Initiate there he caught the whispered word
That breaks the breathless sleep of unborn things;
While his high branches by the night-winds stirred,
Confederate with the stars, enraptured heard
The spherul song that Saturn sings
Amidst his rings.

Yet mocking voices questioned him—the priest,
In that high solitude, of things unseen;
The stream would cry, "What sin hast thou confessed,
And to what power, with beating on the breast,
That now thou standest changed of mien,
And robed in green?"

In Memoriam

Or the grey rock as old as time is old,
 Bending in age-long thought a shaggy brow,
Would ask of him who worshipped emerald-stoled,
Or donned still richer vestments worked with gold,
 “What know'st thou more than I? Whom now
 Worshippest thou?”

Thus till from out the night the stars save one—
 The heir of all their splendours—having ceased,
Distracted Dawn like to a frightened nun
Ran white-armed past him, fleeing from the sun
 With golden riot just released
 From the wild East.

Say not that he is dead whose brows were kissed
 By the pale moon; who, stationed on the height
Where dreams with waking keep unbroken tryst,
Seemed, pencilled on the morning amethyst,
 To stem with pulseless, balanced flight
 The tides of light;

Who, close on eve, beyond the crystal wall
 Of daylight heard the warrior trumpets sound
Of unseen circling stars; at their last call
Beheld the darkening bastions outward fall,
 And lo! the sheer unfenced profound
 Of night around.

Yet, though all heaven seemed open to his view,
 Earth's sardours kindling thrilled him root and vein,
Yea, while his leafless limbs were whispered through
By voices of the infinite there grew
 Within his heart the quickening pain
 Of Spring again.

And, turned from contemplation for a space,
 Dear grew the languors of the April breeze;
While rich assurances were his in place
Of haunting fears, and messages of grace
 From where far off in sheltered ease
 Dwelt kindred trees;

In Memoriam

Whose nearer hearts, alas, for him! denied,
His dwelling-place became in lonely stress
A Golgotha—himself the crucified
Whose prayer upon the point of utterance died,
Lest Heaven, too, should of Love confess
Its emptiness.

And as at last indifferently he faced
The bitter wind, by dreams and hopes unwooded,
Behold! within his ken with headlong haste
A fluttering soul across the starry waste
By Love in Death's similitude
Fiercely pursued.

Not once it paused in flight, but ever fled
As a torn cloud by unseen tempest blown;
Yet was it, all unwitting, shepherded
Along the paths of last despair that led
To peace-enfolded pastures known
To Love alone.

Then as the dovelike dawn enlarged the skies,
His kin beheld him radiant, tremulous;
"He sees," they whispered, "some far Paradise,
With glittering domes and beckoning gates, that lies
Beyond the farther slope and thus
Is hid from us."

Thenceforth for them his office was to spy
On things beyond the common ken; to feel
The slow deep pulses of eternity,
Their own leaf-clamours muffled; from the sky
The voiceless melodies to steal
That soothe and heal;

And last to dower them with their dreams was his—
This while beside the gate of speechless calms,
It seemed, he stood; and from the vast abyss
Of night, from storm, from sunset silences
Implored with trembling outspread palms
A passing alms.

In Memoriam

Yet that he gathered was not theirs to give;
They were but letters holding in suspense
The words, of all his dreams affirmative,
Whereof the soul of man must eat to live;
That flash on acquiescent sense
Heaven's evidence.

But is he dead, although no more he shares,
Arrayed in ritual pomp, with bated breath,
Leaf-hushed communion with the noon-tide airs;
Nor, full in Autumn's face, from off him tears
His splendid shroud, with naked faith
Defying Death?

What though the Spring returning shall require
Of him no ancient service, but instead
The soil he shadowed sow with new desire,
Bid bracken grow there, the red fox-glove spire
Shoot up, and wild thyme make its bed—
He is not dead!

W. G. HOLE

THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS

AS Desiderius Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467, and died at Basel in 1536, he spent sixty-nine years in this troublesome world.

The early epistles, numbering fifteen, now attributed to him by scholars, were not published as his in his lifetime. The earliest, if genuine, he wrote when a schoolboy: undated, it is addressed to his headmaster at Gouda, Master Peter Winckel, afterwards his guardian. His monastic life began in 1482; his first letter, therefore, was written before he was fifteen. It contains two interesting points, the quotation from Ovid (*Gito pede labitur ætas*) and a strange sentence, from a boy's mouth to a man's ear, and yet oddly characteristic of the troubled mind of that Erasmus we know—"You will say, perhaps, that I am one of those who are anxious the sky should not tumble down." Surely that came from the pen of him whose life-long efforts were directed towards shoring up a universe which would crumble at his touch in every direction, always?

His other early letters come from the Monastery of Emmaus at Stein. It is futile to traverse again the well trodden arguments about his desires concerning the monastic life. Writing in 1524, to Goclen, Erasmus said: "I send you an abridgement of my whole life." This is supposed to refer to *The Compendium*, whose genuineness is disputed. Professor Woodward, inclined on the whole to accept the document, yet hints that it is valueless, because written long after the events. Why anyone should be expected to grumble most wisely just at the moment of grievance it is hard to say. And why Professor Woodward should prefer the testimony of a boy of sixteen to that of a man of fifty-eight, perhaps only he knows.

The plea, so often urged, that a monastery was the best educational environment then in northern Europe, for one so poor as the young Erasmus, no one with a knowledge

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of the circumstances is likely to deny. And the whole question, whether or no he wished to be a monk, seems, 372 years after his death, hardly one of burning interest.

Mr Morgan Nichols calls fourteen out of the twenty-nine "Stein" letters, *Epistolary Exercises*. There is a vein of sickly upbraiding concerning unreturned affection in those addressed to Servatius, which makes one wish they were *exercises*, letters never delivered: one would, were it possible, thankfully relieve this great man's memory from the stain even of a youthful folly. And this because in the other early letters, which lay the foundation of that correspondence with scholars and friends which only death cut short, there are elements suggesting the true Erasmus, the leader in real strenuous study; the inspired pioneer who tells William of Gouda that "the gods sell us all things for labour."*

Yet, to the very youth to whom he penned sickly reproaches, he addressed these stimulating words:

I am every day, my Servatius, more surprised at your quiescence, not to say indolence, and cannot admire a man who, having all the conveniences of study at command, does not care to supply the only thing wanting, *a little pains*. . . . Shake off your torpor, cast off the coward and put on the man, and set your hand even at this late hour to the work. [Erasmus and Servatius were about twenty at this time.]

His anxiety to spur on young men issued from no spirit of offensive condescension; it escapes again to Francis Theodorik:† "If you are wise, you will arrange your life by our advice, for if you begin the journey without a guide, you will easily go astray," he writes in one. In another he urges: "Show yourself a man and shake off all feebleness of mind." Always frail in health, Erasmus never condoned intellectual weakness, self-indulgence or sloth. Again, he begs Sasboud to work, and that efficaciously, "while it is called to-day":

You know at any rate what you promised me. . . . I mean that you would dedicate yourself wholly to the study of letters. . . . I

* Epistle 32.

† Epistles, 12, 13.

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could mention a great number of persons, and those of our own Body, who having seen what glory is gained by letters, and what shame by ignorance, feel the deepest regret when they see too late that the season of youth which is adapted to study, has slipped between their fingers. Therefore, my sweetest Sasboud, while your age is still unwasted, take the ant for example, and exert yourself to prepare the materials which may delight and feed your age.

As we reflect upon the proneness of youth, in all eras, to fling unused away their once-proffered but unreturning opportunity, can we venture to call this reiterated advice

The stale insipid cadence of the dawn?

Rather, it is the germ of that devotion to the search after truth which marked the whole harassed course of a singularly difficult life.

Fifteen letters addressed to his great friend at Stein, Cornelius, written before Erasmus was twenty-six (when he left Stein to attend the Bishop of Cambrai at Bergen and Brussels), give us more details of him as a student and teacher. How beloved Cornelius was may be gathered from Erasmus' words: "It is indeed an auspicious day, to be distinguished with a snow-white mark, on which I have gained you for a friend."

His letters to Cornelius seems to show that Erasmus was one of those men who develop, but do not change radically. Through one of them breathes that spirit of breadth, that tolerance, which to some of us remains, throughout his stormy career, one of the main attractions in an unusually attractive temperament:

Do you really suppose me to be of so uncivil a temper as not to know how to bear with equanimity your sometimes thinking differently from myself? Do I not bear in mind that Augustine and Jerome, men not only eminent for their erudition, but famed for the holiness of their lives, held different opinions, and maintained them too against each other?

I have my guides whom I follow: if you perhaps have others, I shall not take it amiss.*

If the majority of us could echo those words honestly,

* Epistle 21.

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there would be more genuine friendships, and fewer of those divisions which weaken men in every field of honest endeavour.

These epistles to Cornelius are full of Erasmus's love of learning: and they show also that if he were slightly "superior" to incorrigible idleness, he showed no sign of that vulgar jealousy which depreciates other men's good work. Cornelius invited criticism on his "Little work *On Death*." Erasmus hastened to assure him he had read this, and others of his books, adding with generous appreciation, "these, my Cornelius, seemed to be too good to be subjected to my stupid file."

Again, Cornelius had commented unfavourably on contemporary scholars. Erasmus retorted with a list of names "worthy in my judgment to be remembered by posterity;"* (posterity, in any general sense, has, alas! forgotten them long ago).

In another letter we meet a foretaste of the later Erasmus, the public champion against all comers of humane letters. The contested point is the eminence or otherwise of Laurentius Valla, apostolic writer under Pope Nicholas V. If Cornelius will depreciate him, Erasmus will join issue. He was never a fighter from choice, yet having entered the lists, he fought confidently: he was one of those who are slow to begin, but who, being forced to draw the sword, fling away the scabbard, and never desist from mangling their opponent till, in the effective phrase of an old ballad, they have

hackéd him in pieces sma'.

Amazing confidence rings out in the challenge of this youthful untravelled Erasmus: "Neither need you suppose that I shall lack my band of warriors, for this quarrel belongs not only to me, but to all friends of sound scholarship, for in striking Laurentius, you have wounded all men of letters."†

In another of these early letters his fatal love of epigram appears, fatal because he did not realize the double-edgedness of epigram when delivered in the wrong time and

* Epistle 22.

† Epistle 27.

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place, to the wrong person; did not see that it cutteth him that speaks and him that hears. It did not much matter if he reminded Cornelius that if men in general "fairly looked at the Epistles of Jerome they would understand that dullness is not sanctity, nor elegance of language impiety." But it did matter when he was writing to his superior, Father Nicholas Werner, to reconcile the authorities to a further extension of that freedom already accorded to him for his studies, that he should, at the risk of his own reputation for piety, to say nothing of good manners, allow himself to comment on people who "think that all religion is included in a cowl and a dull life." That is not the kind of proposition to be offered *semper, ubique et omnibus*. The fact is that he never suffered fools gladly; he had little, if any, patience with rigidity and pomposity.

His hatred of dullness and ignorance escapes in a delightful preface he wrote, only some five months before his death, which he heads *Erasmus to the Friendly Reader*—who would decline the persuasive adjective?—"When we were young, we often amused ourselves, . . . and some things we wrote for dull pupils." And before he closes, he lets the whole escaping cat go free from the bag,—“I had at one time written in the course of a day or two a book on ‘Letter Writing for the use of an English disciple’—a dull book for a dull fellow.” Hard hitting, no doubt; yet Erasmus did but say what many men, probably with far less justification, are not ashamed to think.

Erasmus was a striking example of the conflict of opposites; in him nothing was simple. So his dislike of dullness was not the outcome of temperamental impatience, but a sign of a great principle which he held with developing fullness. He always belonged to that "small transfigured band" who have believed, "hoped hard" in the final compatibility of Christianity and culture, who hold with Professor Kraus that "the world of the beautiful, of reason and science, of political and social order has its place appointed, in the kingdom of God upon earth.*

With such views, he and his friends, sickened though

* *Cambridge Modern History*, vol. II, p. 8.

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they might be by the immoral licence of the more pagan side of the Renaissance, and by the obscurantism of those of its opponents who were ignorant, were bound to believe that all-important as conduct might be, still:

Unto the Master Mind
Mind should be precious.

And so, with that illumined minority, Erasmus sought desperately for a method of synthesis, for the union of Reason and Feeling, a method hard to find, hard to realize, an extreme on either hand being always more easily defended by logical argument. In spite of good advice and bad he persisted:

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first
I ask not; but unless God send His hail,
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In His good time.

* * * * *

I will fight the battle out: a little spent
Perhaps, but still an able combatant.

* * * * *

If I stoop

Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time: I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour soon or late
Will pierce the gloom. I shall emerge one day.
You understand me? I have said enough.

* * * * *

We must never part.

Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part? Never!
Till thou the lover, know; and I, the knower,
Love—until both are saved.

Men—at least in the catalogue they go for men—have not hesitated to call Erasmus a coward. Yet he would not have refused to endorse these most daring, most tremendous words.

His dislike of dullness is connected with another trait, rare and charming, his rigorous self-appraisalment. If it can be said truly of any man, it can be of him that he had

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not one measure for himself and another for others; he was stern and just in measuring his own value, and this hardened him to undeserved criticism, rendered him impatient of stupid and misplaced eulogy, as when he writes to Hector Boece from Paris: "I am not such a fool as to wish to be taken by anyone at more than my true value"; and again, "It is no pleasure to me when I fail to satisfy my own judgment to be approved by the unskilful."* To William of Gouda, later, he writes: "I can make sure of my own innocence, and that I do, but not of what men will say of me."† Yet later still, the same just self-knowledge prompts him to write to Colet, who has urged him to lecture on subjects for which he felt unfit: "I should deem myself more rash than rashness itself if I tried my strength at present in so great an enterprise, and, according to the Greek proverb, trained myself for a potter by setting to work on an amphora."‡

As a proof of his intense irritability one might cite the unhappy incident, to be found in any full life of Erasmus, at the Paris boarding house. Of his opponent Erasmus wrote: "The old wretch himself rages, and lives detested not only by his own household and by all the rest of mankind, but by himself."§ Of a personal brawl in a students' boarding house it seems extreme to say that it could bring—even on the sole cause of it—the detestation of the rest of mankind.

Once more, the letter he wrote to Thomas Lupset, a poor scholar of St Paul's, afterwards Oxford Reader of Rhetoric, accused him of stealing a manuscript. Most fortunately the letter is lost; that it was a boisterous effusion we may glean from Lupset's reply, and from the mild oil poured on Erasmus by gentle Thomas More. It is only worth while to disturb the ashes of these shabby quarrels in order to remind ourselves that learned men need discipline at least as much as the illiterate. The only blame that could attach to learning as such, in this instance, would be connected with the possibility that it enlarged Erasmus's vocabulary, and helped him to adorn with

* Epistle 61. † Epistle 99. ‡ Epistle 108. § Epistle 55.

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oratory those angry feelings to which most of us, though we may feel them, are able to do less ample justice. In later life his natural violence vanished before a higher ideal of conduct.

Over the letters begging for money, addressed to various persons, one would like to draw a veil, but they are characteristic. Throughout life, Erasmus was out at elbows. It is futile to argue that he might have lectured at Oxford, that he was invited to do so at Cambridge, that he should have accepted the proffered Professorship at Louvain. With an exalted notion of the Teacher's calling, perfectly sincere as we cannot doubt it was, if we read the *Ratione Studii*, or his letter to Colet concerning an "undermaister" for "Paule's," yet Erasmus never intended to be a schoolmaster or a professor. He fancied that his function was to stimulate European learning. In good set terms he proclaimed his own value to the long-suffering Batt,* whom he urged to extract money at all costs from the Lady of Veer; and he added: "Only look round and see what asses, with really no letters at all, are rolling in wealth, and does it seem much that Erasmus should not starve?" We may or may not like to hear men praise themselves; but while "asses" do "roll in wealth," we object to see Erasmus starving, even though we remember that he possessed wisdom which exceeds in value the Gold of Ophir and the Topaz of Ethiopia; for, after all, in a material world, a man must live, in some measure, by material means. "Living" was not easy to Erasmus; he wanted many things—"a little money must be scraped together from somewhere, with which I may get clothes; buy the whole works of Jerome (upon whom I am preparing commentaries), as well as Plato, procure Greek books, and hire the services of a Greek teacher."† A melancholy correspondence about money passed between him and Colet, to whose austere mind much of Erasmus's expenditure must have seemed strangely unnecessary. It is true that it was Colet's concern, not ours, how he spent his money. But if we are indeed all members one of

* Epistle 139.

† Epistle 132.

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another, then it touches us closely when friend disappoints friend. It is not the refusal, but the manner of the refusal one deplores.

Let us leave this beggarly question with the remembrance of the gracious letter of Archbishop Warham, Erasmus's most princely benefactor:

I have paid [—] goldsmith of London thirty angels, which I wish could be turned into ten legions. This golden physic has some good properties in it, use it for your cure which I would gladly purchase for you at a higher price; and do not defraud us by your sickness of the fair promise and sweet fruit of your learning.

The devotion of Erasmus to learning is intertwined with his friendships. Among the closest of his friends were the two Englishmen, John Colet, wise, prudent, austere and strenuous; and that other, wise too, humane, witty, shrewd, full of valour, blessed Thomas More.

When Lord Mountjoy brought Erasmus to England, he introduced the famous scholar to Thomas More. A letter remains describing a walk More and Erasmus took to Eltham, "where all the King's children, except Prince Arthur, who was then the eldest son, were being educated." At this time, Erasmus was 33, an Augustinian monk, a priest, a learned man, the friend of scholars; Thomas More was a student of law, twelve years younger than his new friend. A letter to Faustus Andrelinus is amusing: "The Erasmus you once knew is now become almost a sportsman, no bad rider, a courtier of some practice, bows with politeness, smiles with grace, and all this in spite of himself." He soon escaped, however, from "those gold chained courtiers," to Oxford, where he met Colet. The story of the introduction of the two men by Prior Charnock is well known; Colet was, if less distinguished than Erasmus, yet already rising into repute. Like Thomas More, he had been educated at one of London's most famous grammar schools, St Anthony's: then he had proceeded to Magdalen, Oxford, where, after reading logic and philosophy for seven years, he, in 1490, took his degree in Arts. In 1493, he went to Italy, and remained three years

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studying the Classics. Something no doubt faded from the perfection of Florentine Culture with the passing of "The Magnificent," on April 8, 1492. Yet, if Piero dei Medeci, pleasure seeker and athlete, were but a poor substitute for his Father, Italy was still Italy, and Florence still—Florence.

Colet was introduced to the thought of the "Knight Errant of Philosophy," Pico della Mirandola, he studied the speculation of the mystic Ficino. It is uncertain if he ever met Savonarola: but the likeness between some of Colet's views and the thoughts expressed in the Advent and Lent sermons preached in the Duomo in 1493 and 1494, suggests that he may have stood even by Pico della Mirandola's side, and like him felt that "a cold shiver ran through him and that his hair stood on end," as the great Dominican's words rolled like the thunders of Sinai over the petrified audience. The seventh Advent sermon in particular contains views germane to Colet's: "They tickle men's ears with talk of Aristotle and Plato, Virgil and Petrarch, and take no concern in the salvation of souls. Why instead of expounding so many books do they not expound the one Book in which there is the law and spirit of life."

That passage might be taken to describe Colet's passion for exegesis: it might mark the radical difference between his general outlook and that of Erasmus.

The letter of welcome written by Colet to Erasmus and the latter's reply are a curious contrast: Colet's is so stately; that of Erasmus so simple and direct, as if for once they had changed natures. When the friendship was safely established, Erasmus resigned himself to the delights of Oxford. Soon, he wrote to Mountjoy:

Here, we are better and better every day. Indeed, I cannot tell you how your country wins upon me, partly owing to habit, which softens every asperity, and partly to the kindness of Colet and Prior Charnock, than whose characters nothing can be imagined more sweet and amiable. With these two friends, I would not refuse to live in farthest Scythia.

In a delightful letter to Sixtinus, he sketched a picture

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of an Oxford College dinner party at the end of the fifteenth century:

How I wish you had been present as I expected at that feast of ours. Nothing was wanting. A choice time, a choice place, no arrangements neglected. The good cheer would have satisfied Epicurus, the table talk would have pleased Pythagoras. The guests might have peopled an academy, not merely made up a dinner party.

He numerates the guests, Prior Richard, "that High Priest of the Graces," Colet, "Assertor and Champion of the old Theology," and others. "Below," so he ends, "was a mixed and nameless assembly." He tells next the whimsical story of the way in which he, with his quick inventiveness, worsted Colet in a theological argument. The point under discussion was the precise nature of the sin of Cain, the sin which rendered him less acceptable than Abel. Colet argued that Cain, distrustful of God and self-confident, persisted in tilling the ground, while "Abel was content with what grew of itself, and fed sheep."

Perhaps Colet was pragmatic, perhaps Erasmus was mischievous, anyhow the latter hankered for victory:

Colet alone overcame all: he seemed endued with a dignity and majesty more than human. His voice had another tone, his eyes another look, his countenance and figure appeared magnified and lighted up by inspiration. At last, when the dispute had continued rather long, and became more serious and solemn than was suitable to a banquet, I thought it time to . . . cheer the dinner with a more lively story.

Erasmus invented a tale of an ancient manuscript, "of which the title and the author's name were obliterated by age, or eaten away by those worms which are the constant enemies of letters." Out of this he evolved an amazing story of Cain's dealings with Eden's door-keeper, his odd arguments, his final success in obtaining grains of Eden corn which he sowed, and from which, summer after summer, he raised successive crops, ever a larger harvest, till, in Erasmus's quaint phrase, "the matter had become too glaring to escape the notice of Higher Powers, God was seriously displeased."

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Erasmus closed his fable with Cain's burnt offering, the smoke of which, unable to rise to heaven, floated groundwards, and with his final despair. He did not say whether or no Colet was deceived.

This was but a foretaste of many and more serious theological discussions, in which the unlikeness of the disputants grew increasingly apparent. Colet held strong, almost passionate views, based on a careful study of facts: Erasmus displayed the finished scholar's versatility, that characteristic wit and humour, which, though it sometimes raised barriers between him and Colet, drew Thomas More close to him. Yet, as we can never imagine Erasmus "dry as dust," so we may never picture him as shallow. Though his dexterity might save him from actual disaster, a "round" with Colet sent him back to his desk to dig out the truth for himself. It has always been hard to make the excessively "earnest" understand that other people can and do care for matters of moment, even if they are not so desperately heavy-handed and lugubrious about it. To Erasmus, irony, skilful antithesis, moderation, were instruments of truth, instruments useful in

turning to scorn with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes.

While Colet was a man of few ideas, definitely apprehended, before the eyes of Erasmus illimitable possibilities swam. The legacy of each to later ages accords with their differentiated characters; Colet's is with us in a school, so tangible, so English, so successful. That of Erasmus hovers before the minds of men as stimulus, hope, imagination; as a far off, perhaps impossible, goal, dimly adumbrated, elusive, yet always as truly *there* as St Paul's school itself.

Trouble came when declining to lecture on "The Ancient Moses" and "The Eloquent Isaiah," Erasmus slipped away to France, not without, however, first expressing the "greatest respect" for "honest and learned professors of theology," whom he contrasts with "that sordid supercilious crowd of divines who think nothing of any learning but their own."*

* Epistle 105.

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This is one of many passages which might relieve Erasmus of the charge of impiety, so often, so rashly levelled against him. He goes on to praise Colet's courage, "in offering to do battle . . . with this indomitable race of men," and assures him of the support of the Oxford Doctors. There follows a remark hard to interpret. Colet was still young, unadorned by a doctor's degree. Are we to believe that along with Erasmus's genuine admiration of his ability, there mingled no faint tinge of amusement at the young don's settled confidence: was there no slightest movement of the corners of that mouth—so full of humour in Dürer's portrait,—as his pen wrote?

In this I do not know which most deserves praise, the modesty of those who being themselves authorized teachers, do not shrink from appearing as hearers of one much their junior, and not furnished with any doctor's degree, or the singular erudition, eloquence, and integrity of the man they have thought worthy of this honour.

To an intensely serious literal Englishman like Colet, now and at times all through the remaining years, Erasmus must have appeared extravagant, nonsensical, even theatrical. How could it be otherwise? The ability and charm of Erasmus displayed themselves palpably, not Colet, nor another, could miss those, but a good man might have denied his virtue. It is to the Dean's everlasting credit that he avoided that calamity. Yet, when all is said and done, it was Thomas More, with that spiritual insight which carried him unerringly through a courtier's slippery life to his place in the noble Army of Martyrs, who *understood* Erasmus. What a world of meaning there is in a line of one of the latter's notes to More: "To others I am sick, for you alone I am well."* His wit was irrepressible, but it misled Colet as it misled solemn Martin Dorp when he shook a reproving head over *The Praise of Folly*. Again, how pleasant it is to those of us at least who could be equally indiscreet, to find Erasmus nicknaming a man he did not like "the Beetle," and doing it too to the boys whom the said man purported to teach.

* Epistle, 399.

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Even from the gravest matters he could not exclude his wit. Writing in 1523 to Ulric von Hutten, he observed "I ask not whether Luther approve or not: Luther and this generation shall pass away, but Christ abideth for ever." Beneath the serious meaning, can we doubt that there lurked a certain amused enjoyment in reminding Luther, who bulked so largely, perhaps in his own, certainly in the world's mind just then, that even he lacked permanence? How Thomas More must have twinkled at the sly implication if he chanced to hear it. This attitude is not necessarily levity; there is a mood which delivers itself in jest, because the thing is too bitter to be handled otherwise. Colet was not to blame if he did not know that.

All the same, it is easy to see how from that time at Oxford the friends drifted into different paths. Colet was not only a man of rigid convictions: he was essentially a "safe" man, one who inaugurated inevitable change in that sober English way which attracts little attention till the thing is done. Perhaps he was more than safe; was there not, with all his great qualities bound up a strand of something very like mediocrity, to which he owed much peace? No one in the world or out of it could call Erasmus safe: he lacked reticence, until, at last, "the world's coarse thumb and finger" taught him that perhaps something could be said for the doctrine of the economy of truth. And who repudiates anything of that doctrine, save its name? who does not practise it somewhere, somewhere? which of us discloses the whole truth about everything to the first chance-comer? Is it not true that a majority of men, at all times (and not least in the sixteenth century) are rough in method, unanalytical, in the true sense of the word unintellectual? For these a few simple truths must be expressed over definitely, too absolutely, too unconditionally; a fact which Luther perceived, and provided for in his own rough fashion. Then, at the other extreme, are the men like Erasmus, the small minority, refining, analysing, poisoning minds, who see qualifications everywhere, but who do not always see that while they themselves cannot hold truth in a rigidly

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defined formula, yet that the mass of men fail as completely to lead a straight life without strict conditions, are wholly incapable of the philosopher's "suspended judgment," of Montaigne's "Que sçais-je?" It is not, surely, that Truth is different, or even, as some say, that God teaches different men different truths; but rather that men, being fundamentally unlike as well as fundamentally alike, apprehend the same thing differently. The tragedy comes—as it did in a minor degree in those autumn days at Oxford, and more markedly in later years—when these refining, qualifying persons desire to teach the highest truths of all, those of religion, philosophy, and even perhaps of ethics. Gradually, painfully like Erasmus, they realise their own unfitness: with dismay they learn that their teaching may lead other men not to truth but to error, while they may gain for themselves—all unimportant as that is to such men—the titles hypocrite, coward or casuist. So, at last they withdraw to the second best, and expound the beauties of the Humanities. Their suffering in the long struggle cannot be so much as guessed by the happy crowd to whom "things," as we call them, appear always simply, obviously, quite clear-cut.

Even at Oxford, Erasmus showed signs of that tendency to poise, of that ineffectiveness, which increased as the difficulties of the age deepened. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" the definite Colet called to him over and over again. In the bare depths of his soul, Erasmus must have seen the answer—"All my life long"—as he recognised that in the region of religious strife, so important in that distracted era, he was no effective combatant, that he must shine, if at all, in the arena of Humane Letters. With a flash of the old wit, of the old pathos, he wrote, in 1523, to Ulric von Hutten, "I am ready to be a martyr for Christ, if He gives me strength to do so, but I have no wish to be a martyr for Luther." The smile which might rise at the bare idea of martyrdom for Luther dies as one realises not the obvious significance of the words, but the man's hidden meaning, half hidden from himself perhaps, the desolating question—if the chance came, would he *see*

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it, or would it too vanish in that all-withering dubiety? No one doubts his obedience had he understood, but minds like his seem sometimes to miss what is so obvious to lesser mortals than themselves.

The bond was cut between Oxford and Erasmus: he spent the greater part of the remainder of his life in travel on the Continent. With a true Frenchman's *flair*, M. Nisard has condensed the spirit of this part of Erasmus's correspondence into one brief paragraph, which I translate here:

To understand the life of Erasmus, we must try to draw a picture of the confusion and tumult of his age, to describe the Europe of the last years of the fifteenth and the opening years of the sixteenth centuries; Europe, worn out and decimated by the plague, wherein all the nations were struggling, each for its own advantage, under the apparent unity of Spain's Universal Monarchy; where we behold, at one and the same moment, religious quarrels and mundane battles, an intolerable medley of men and things; a dawning religion at handgrips with one already established; the ignorance of Western Europe dashing itself against Italy's intellectual light; Antiquity rising from its grave, the Dead Languages reviving, the Greek literary tradition, which is about to restore the truth of things to the intellect and reason, led away heretofore by the hair-splitting of religious dialectics; noise everywhere, quiet nowhere; men living like nomads, seeking a country here and there staff in hand; a literary and Christian Republic of noble souls bound together by the Latin tongue, that speech which carried on all the high affairs of Europe then; shocking crudeness, side by side with precocious elegance of manners; an immense medley of things religious, military, philosophic; in short, . . . no quiet place, no asylum in Europe, where a man could retire and feel alive. Imagine all that, and cast into the midst of it a man, so weak, so delicate, hungering for rest and yet driven forwards by a restless activity; full of intelligence and consequently of doubt; gentle, benevolent, hating quarrels, detesting war as heartily as the "Mothers" of Horace; "a little body," as he calls it so often, which lodges a suffering soul, always on the point to escape, who has only the most fragile health, who shivers at the slightest breath, who suffers from "vapours" like a woman, who cannot neglect his health for a day without risking his life.

By some error Erasmus, misinformed about the Customs laws, carried about him, when he embarked at Dover, all

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the gold crowns his friends had subscribed for his long-desired journey to Italy. The Customs Officials took them all, not even leaving the six angels allowed by law. Years after, Erasmus lamented that misfortune still. Indeed he was haunted by ill-luck as men call it. Nisard describes how the worst storms overtook him, the safest roads were infested by robbers when he used them, the steadiest horse fell under him, "for him the sea was eternally rough. . . . All that made charming letters for his friends." It is an odd view of friendship, but true it is that the Epistles of Erasmus are full of such episodes. With all his ceaseless travelling (he seems, indeed, ubiquitous), his intellectual output is marvellous: the *Adagia* appeared in 1500 (again in 1508, in Aldus Manutius' beautiful type); *The Christian Soldier's Dagger* in 1501; *The Praise of Folly* and the *Ratione Studii* in 1511; the *Colloquies* in 1522. The "entire works of Jerome" (including, of course, the Vulgate), were at last printed at Basel, with a dedication to Archbishop Warham. This, Erasmus had offered to Pope Leo X, with many rhetorical flourishes. He had even written, "It will be truly fitting that the first Doctor of the Christian religion should be dedicated to its highest Prelate, and the best of all theologians recommended by the title of the best of all Popes."* Besides all this, Erasmus published many classical texts. His endless labours brought him into contact with numerous European scholars. He describes, to Marcus Laurinus, in 1523, a festivity he had shared in at Constance:

We were entertained by a person of great distinction, John Botzemus Abstemijs, a canon of this place. . . . He seemed born for the Muses and the Graces. The Muses have indeed taken up their dwelling in his house, so brilliant, so elegant is it everywhere. . . . In the summer parlour which—so he said—he had prepared specially for me, S. Paul stood close to the table teaching the masses. Opposite, Christ sits on the mountain and teaches His Disciples; then we see the Apostles crossing the hills to go and preach the Gospel. A little further on, the priests, scribes and pharisees conspire with the elders against the dawning Gospel.

*Epistle 323.

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Close by, the nine Sisters of Apollo sing; close by are the nude Graces, symbols of sincere benevolence and frank friendship. . . . After all, the greatest ornament of this brilliantly ornamental house is the host himself. . . . Great God! what hospitality, what a host, what refined society, what brilliant repasts, what conversations, what lectures, what songs. Oh! board and feast worthy of the gods. I would not have envied the gods of the poets their nectar and ambrosia, had only my health been a little better.

This naive mingling of pagan and Christian might have been offered safely to Thomas More, the disciple of Pico della Mirandola, who understood these things. One may hope that Dean Marcus Laurinus was less literal than Dean Colet. Yet, if Colet were austere, he was full of the natural affections. On the Festival of the Translation of S. Edward, 1516, while he was still Rector of Stepney, he wrote to Erasmus:

Love me as you do, and if you return to us, you will find me devoted to you. Farewell. From the country at Stepney, where I am with my mother, who is still alive, and grows old without losing her good looks, and who often mentions you in a cheerful playful way.

Thus we find among these great men friendship, filial piety, the love of "home," so indigenous in our race; specially that touch of filial love which finds an echo in each of us, which links together rich and poor, learned and illiterate, strong and weak, which binds men of alien races and sundered centuries with a cord that will not be broken. Erasmus, however *difficile*, self-willed, loved and was loved by his friends. Writing to Jodocus Gaverus, the lawyer, he said, "There is no grief which human nature cannot support by the force of habit joined to fortitude in the soul." Yet, as one by one, his dearest friends passed away, he discovered that human endurance can be strained almost to breaking. "The unexpected death of my friend John Froben has so broken me down that so far nothing has distracted me from my grief . . . I did not know the strength of real friendship, how close the union of two souls can be. I supported my brother's death with resignation, but I cannot endure the loss of Froben."

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When Colet died, in 1519, Erasmus wrote to Lupset, "For thirty years I have not felt the death of a friend so bitterly." To Pace he wrote, "I seem as though only half of me were alive, Colet being dead."

The increasing difficulty of his position, as the Lutheran strife grew fiercer, must have accentuated all these personal losses. Luther, we may remember, was excommunicated in 1520, so that when Colet died, matters had already come pretty well to a head. What a world it was on to which Erasmus looked, what a puzzle many of the men of his time must have been to him? How often in this or that German or Swiss town in which he found himself, he must have marvelled at the burgesses' smug content, at the easy faith or no faith of the average man, won apparently without any struggle. And, more than all, in spite of the fact that Roderigo Borgia had occupied lately S. Peter's Chair, despite the facts implied in his own *Praise of Folly*, how even more amazed, perhaps, than aghast he must have stood to watch the headlong hammer strokes with which Luther essayed to destroy an ancient edifice, without really waiting to assure himself that he could replace it with anything else, however inadequate: how Erasmus must have wondered at the vigorous optimism of a single individual, pitting itself so lightly against an army of saints and martyrs. A blunt, obtuse, unaware, foolhardy world he must have thought it, times without number. His painful sense of the incompatibility of himself to his age we glean from a letter to Jodocus Gaverus:

I could well have desired a few more years wherein to enjoy that circle of friends whom my works have brought me, had I not fallen into this tragical century, "like a rat into a trap," to quote the Greek proverb.

Viewed by him, it must all have seemed disastrous enough. He was sufficiently learned to know how heresies (every heresy under the sun) tore the Christian Church from its earliest years, and if he did not live long enough to see with his own eyes the deplorable results of inviting every man to be his own interpreter, he probably had

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nous enough to foresee it, for he did live long enough and he thought profoundly enough to realise the wretched human tendency towards divisions, a tendency derived, perhaps, from a twofold source, arising among good men from the difficulty of expressing in words the inexpressible—as S. Hilary said, “We are compelled to entrust the deep things of religion to the perils of human expression;”^{*} arising in less good men from that same difficulty, reinforced enormously by the violence of human passion, sometimes by cupidity, sometimes by jealousy, generally by pride, often by a combination of all the passions at once. So, when his wearied brain reeled, and his heart sickened with claim and counter-claim, he fell back, as his letters to Ulric Von Hutten in 1521, and to the Archbishop of Palermo in 1523, seem to indicate, on the idea of a Central Authority, more powerful than the conscience of an individual—which, like Ruskin, he saw might be, and often was, the “conscience of an ass”—an authority which should exhibit wisdom, combined with charity, with fine temper, always, everywhere, by all: “Et si habuero omnem fidem ita ut montes transferam, caritatem autem non habuero, nihil sum,” of *that*, he would fain remind men, as he seemed to find them doubting whether the head and the heart could possibly work together. The importance of charity may well have appealed to him, for men of his sensitive intelligence find that virtue hard both to acquire and maintain. How clearly this appears in his letter to Luther:

It seems to me that one gains more by moderation and judgment than by passion. By such means, Christ subdued the world, by such means S. Paul repealed the Jewish Law by treating it allegorically. . . . Let us at all times take care to say nothing arrogant or factious; I fancy this is conformable to the spirit of Christ. And meanwhile, how carefully should one guard one's soul lest it be corrupted by anger, or pride, by pride above all, which lays snares for us in the midst of our devotions. That is not the sort of conduct I can advise, nor can I counsel you to continue as you have begun.

^{*} de Trin. ii, 2, 4.

The Epistles of Erasmus

To live rightly, if one could—what an aim! he seems to imply in a letter belonging to the stormy year, 1524, when he writes to Jodocus Gaverus, *Non potest male mori qui bene vixerit*; the doctrine of “the soul of the Church” being already in the mind of Erasmus as visible divisions multiplied.

It is true that for the correction of his time, Erasmus did propose another method, which was possibly only an extension of charitable wisdom and certainly was not intentionally hostile to it. To find this in its perfection we must go outside the Epistles: to neglect it is to risk giving a false impression. To put it briefly then, he cherished an ineradicable belief—not justifiable empirically, perhaps—that, to improve men, it suffices to point out to them their own stupidity. So he wrote the *Praise of Folly*, whose whole gist is this simple plea addressed to his fellow creatures—if you persist in these, your present ways, you land yourselves in absurdity. Yet, this is but another sign of his incompatibility with his age; to whom but to him would it have occurred to apply to the disordered sixteenth century the subtly intellectual remedy of the *reductio ad absurdum*?

To ask the question, which usually is asked, Was he Catholic or Protestant? is unnecessary. He himself said he would join Luther if he found him on the side of the Catholic Church. The question is, indeed, worse than unnecessary, suggesting that the inquirer has misunderstood Erasmus fundamentally. He was a Catholic, but surely with a tendency, a faint yet perceptible tendency, to doubt even the things called “of sight,” with, therefore, something more than a tendency to hesitate concerning the precise nature of those *not* of sight. Might he not almost have said:

With me faith means perpetual unbelief
Kept quiet like the snake 'neath Michael's foot
Who stands calm just because he feels it writhe?

To house thus, in one person, an indomitable Catholic tendency with the recurring force of intellectual hesitation is to provide for the individual a discipline salutary, no

The Epistles of Erasmus

doubt, but bitter; and, unless the individual be both sincere and sane, a spectacle for the world at large hardly edifying. No human being, with any capacity for judging his neighbours, could call Erasmus anything but sincere; but the epithet sane might be denied, since at times he seemed to lose his way and proclaim to the world things, which, as the world has been and is, could only do it good with a larger admixture of harm. Examination of the facts seems to show that Erasmus was framed on these double lines, although necessarily the lines were, in some respects, less emphatically engraved in the sixteenth than they would be in the twentieth century. It was a deeper cleavage, however, than that suggested in his own witty phrase, "that his heart was Catholic and his stomach Protestant," when he urged that the mere smell, let alone the taste, of fish, gave him migraine. A nervous, delicate, quivering personality, flung without any unerring monitor and guide, inward or outward, into the seething midst of this enigmatical world in one of its most disordered periods, there to work, and speculate and agonise; exhibiting all the time among the other elements of this many-sided nature a glancing wit and an epicurean taste which impelled him, now and again, to cast the whole trouble aside, and snatch with strained hands at the enjoyment of a fugitive moment, and that, too, at times, with what Colet's "dull blind foles" might call an almost incredible levity—there is Erasmus.

Adulated for the things which, in the last resort of all, do not matter in the least, misinterpreted and condemned concerning the things which are of supreme moment, there he stands, for all time, a figure not only of undying interest, of marvellous inspiration, but of indescribable pathos.

Across the whole bewildering picture of chaotic era and complex character, there steals, to those who can perceive it, one single ray of light—Vindicated, he rests in peace.

PLOTS AND PERSONS IN FICTION

IT is very common for a beginner in fiction to be advised to give his attention and study chiefly to his plot. "Make your plot quite clear before you begin:" "write out the whole of your plot before you make a start." And yet this does not seem to have been the method of many of our favourite novelists. Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot and Trollope have, for example, all accused themselves with more or less blame of not working out their plots clearly beforehand; and Scott and Thackeray especially confess to having left the working out of the plot to luck or to fate. Dumas is a strong instance on the other side and supplies Thackeray with a contrast to himself; but then Dumas is emphatically a novelist of adventure, and the characters of his amazing heroes are at once above and below humanity. Again, the works of Gaboriau or the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, however great they are in their own way, are examples of imaginative work in which we know that individual character is willingly sacrificed for the sake of the story. In the novel of character and manners, on the other hand, whether historical or modern, however great the drama may be, however well the history is unfolded, I think we may believe the opinion of M. René Bazin—"The characters of a novel" he writes "are mostly much older in the reserved places of the mind than the plot in which they are grouped."

It is interesting to consult the English novelists already mentioned, because their confessions support each other to a curious extent, and also because they so rarely give us any confidences as to their own work. Sir Walter Scott would tell you anything about his dogs, his guns and the man who was carving his study table, but he rarely let you know anything at all as to how his own work was done. Two volumes of letters, two more of diary, seven of biography—that is eleven volumes in all—are at our disposal, telling us much about Sir Walter as a man but hardly

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anything about the novelist. Two volumes of George Eliot's letters give only one valuable hint on the matter. Thackeray has half a page in *Roundabout Papers*: and in all these cases it is on the question of plot that they can and will talk. And in doing so they throw side lights on the deeper questions of inspiration and the laws of art.

Having ended the second volume of *Woodstock* [writes Sir Walter] last night, I have to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest road, and either found it or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing, I never could lay down a plan, or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always diluted some passages and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the plan, but according to the success, or otherwise, *with which I was able to bring them out*. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly laboured, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice and sometimes three times over. This may be called in Spanish the *dar donde diere* mode of composition, in English *hab nab at a venture*; it is a perilous style I grant, but I cannot help it. When I chain my mind to ideas that are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape, that I think away the whole vivacity and spirit of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something of the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however; *consilium non currum cape*.

The following quotation from Thackeray is even more interesting, because it has a more personal note, and one not without pathos. I give it entire, although it does not at once touch upon the point, as it would be a pity to shorten it:

Plots and Persons in Fiction

I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus wont fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, "How the Dickens did he come to think of that?" (Thackeray, *Roundabout Papers*, "De Finibus").

Trollope, less great as a creator, has a good deal of the almost opposed gift of analysis, and he has an admirable chapter of advice to novelists very superior to the admonitions they sometimes receive. He writes thus in it:

I have never troubled myself much about the construction of plots, and am not now insisting specially on thoroughness in a branch of work in which I myself have not been very thorough. I am not sure that the construction of a perfected plot has been at any time within my power. But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his reader so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he

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lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them and *even submit to them*. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And as here, in our outer world, we know that men and women change, become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them, so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling, but if it do not come I think he can only make novels of wood.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of the voice, and the colour of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass. That I shall feel it when I ought to feel it, I will by no means say. I do not know that I am at all wiser than Gil Blas' canon; but I do know that the power indicated is one without which the teller of tales cannot tell them to any good effect.

Charlotte Brontë in a deeply-touching Preface to *Wuthering Heights* insists, to what might be considered almost a dangerous degree, on the helplessness of the "nominal artist" when "statue hewing." Was she not also conscious as she wrote of the strange judgements and condemnations which her own work had provoked as well as that of her dead sister? There is a singular pathos in this review and defence of a work of genius which had met with no success during the author's life. In it we can see that the successful sister is sore at heart that Emily had passed unrecognized out of a world that had been singularly sad and lonely for them both. It is also a fine bit of criticism.

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff [wrote Currer Bell of the hero of *Ellis Bell*] I do not know: I

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scarcely think it is. But this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to “harrow the valleys or be bound with a band in the furrow”—when it “laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver”—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as Fate or Inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame.

A great work of fiction, in which the construction appears to have been well blocked out except for its last chapters, is *Adam Bede*. It has the unity and the development of a great musical composition, the proportions of a Gothic Cathedral, the merciless grandeur of the laws of nature. Yet we know from one of George Eliot's letters that the only materials with which she was conscious of setting out on her great task were the personality of Dinah Morris and the scene in the prison. No doubt there were in the recesses of her mind all the experiences that went to make up Adam himself, Mrs Poyser, and all the rest of that great company, but directly they came together and became alive they wrought out the plot for themselves as we all make and mar our lives upon this earth. That is surely the great main truth of the novel which deals with human nature. If you have the power to bring human beings into life at all they will act out their lives almost independently of their authors. George Eliot watches Dinah Morris becoming very unlike her living prototype; Thackeray is astonished at the sayings of his characters and asks where did they get

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such notions; Charlotte Brontë groans in one of her letters because the heroine she intended to be "the most beautiful" character will give place to the very imperfect one in *Villette*; Scott follows his characters along the easiest road to keep up with them; and who could suppose for a moment that Dickens decided where and when David Copperfield was to meet Micawber? He was quite as surprized as any one else to find him at Salisbury with Mrs Micawber and the twins, because that great man thought it would be rash not to visit Salisbury Cathedral.

But it is well to keep to the serious side of the question. No one will deny that we do greatly make or mar our lives by the marring or the making of character, and the greatest drama is the unfolding of the action of the will as it adheres to or thwarts the Divine purpose. Two weak wills, harmless, but pleasure loving, are the materials for awful tragedy in *Adam Bede*; and one soul of heroic purpose, of real saintliness, saves them both. It is the history of the human race. And the artist at the zenith of her powers was overmastered by her characters. George Eliot might deny a future life. Dinah Morris, Adam Bede and the fallen Hetty know that they are to rise again.

The working out of character is the ordinary story of our lives and is the most appropriate subject of art—because it falls completely within the scope of human action. Anna Karénina is a supreme instance of this method of construction arising out of character. From Anna's smile when she first appears leaving the railway carriage at Moscow to the last glimpse of Anna's dead face in the ghastly tragedy of the railway station at the end, there has been no necessity of fate, no overwhelming pressure of external circumstance, it has been the awful history of the corruption of character.

There is in both books indeed—*Adam Bede* and *Anna Karénina*—a great sense of fate, but it is of fate attending on the action of the human will. "There is a providence that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will;" still it is the ordinary working out of God's laws of justice and mercy discernible in human life, rather than His extraordinary interpositions, that best befits our feeble human workmanship.

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It is not, however, intended here to deny a vast range to fiction in the delineation of circumstances, internal and external, or in depicting the insoluble mysteries any human story must present if it is true to life. There are all the mysteries of heredity, there are circumstances that seem to make the action of the will almost, but not quite, impossible. There are all the great miseries of life;—war, pestilence, as in *I Promessi Sposi*; superstitions as in *Silas Marner*; children brought up to vice, men that seem never to have seen light and others who fell away from being educated in a too religious atmosphere; false notions of honour, of duty of sacrifice;—all these make fit subject matter for innumerable novels, and are all more or less fitted for art according as they create or make real to us the men and women whom it is the object of the book to present to us.

When and how far the elements which make the life of a novel are planned and intended it is very difficult to analyze. In such a book as *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Scott undoubtedly started with an idea of fatality that produced an atmosphere in which the characters have very little independence, whereas in *The Heart of Midlothian* character is the unfailing motive power. And there can be no doubt which is the greater of the two books. Again, *Silas Marner* is the victim of superstition and circumstance, but the great artist draws him back to life by the working of self denial in the course of love, and that the love of a child. It is by a change in his character produced by love that the man is brought back to his own place in creation out of which he had been thrust by the cruelty of a false religion.

A very interesting comparison might be drawn out between the two great masterpieces of Tolstoy, *Anna Karénina* and *La Paix et la Guerre*. The one as we have said depends on no outward catastrophe, in it there is no inevitable tragedy: it is the failure of a will that might have conquered. In *La Paix et la Guerre* we have the fearful element of war as the avenging scourge of God. It has one great tragic movement, and passes on almost regardless of individual lives, indeed, only one of its mass of personages passes alive right through the book. It is mag-

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nificent: it has many of the most awful elements of human fate: but it leaves in my memory only one living creation—that of the little, foolish, unloved woman, who died at the birth of her child, and on whose dead face her husband read a look at once injured and surprised.

We may be deeply impressed by such a great book, as teaching great lessons and widening our mental horizon; but what above all we ask of fiction is that touch of nature which makes us all akin. And it is in character beyond all else, beyond the sense of fate, beyond the varieties of circumstance, beyond the sunshine or moonlight of romance that we touch the springs of life. It may be that some trifling or absurd detail, by the force of its truth, brings us into such close relation with a personage in fiction that he or she becomes from that moment not something of which we have read, but somebody whom we have known. Of course the whole character must be worthy of the detail that has proved to be the moment of revelation, but the detail has been the means of our touching on some vital connexion between the picture and the mind of the reader. What does it matter who the characters are or where they lived, whether it be Mrs Poyser scolding Dinah for being unselfish, or Louis XI giving dinner to the Burgundian envoy, or Elizabeth Bennett refusing Mr Collins, or Jeanie Deans realizing that Effie has become ashamed of her sister, or Levin's low spirits before his marriage with his beloved Kitty, or "La Morte" taking the poison from her husband with a smile, or Lucy Snowe concealing her birthday present from the French professor, or Claverhouse giving orders for the removal of the dead body of Habakuk Mucklewrath and the cure of his horse's shoulder, or Kim enjoying the strong language of the old lady on her pilgrimage, or the little minister jumping the gooseberry bush in the Manse garden, or Becky Sharp throwing Johnson's *Dictionary* into the shrubs, or Mr Pecksniff describing the charms of his dead wife who "had a little property," or Fergus Mac Ivor, Vich Ian Vohr, of Glennaquoich, consoling Waverley for what he himself was about to suffer? In all these things, great or small, whether they have in

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them tears or laughter, they have one thing undoubtedly, and that is life. No need in great things or small to draw out the moral on the author's part; all that we need ask of him is to give us life, and the rest we must do for ourselves.

It is not chiefly the enjoyment of our critical faculties or the satisfaction of our moral judgement that we ask for in a novel, although we cannot be wholly satisfied without these activities.

Nous demandons à une œuvre de roman [writes René Bazin] qu'elle nous fasse penser, mais bien plus encore qu'elle nous fasse aimer, souffrir, espérer. Il y a là un mystère, parce que nous touchons à quelque chose de semblable à la vie et de semblable à la création. Je ne prétends pas l'expliquer.

It is not, however, to be supposed that there is no order, no method, no composition in the work of the novelist who gives himself up to the influence of the living characters he has evoked. It is very hard to be perfectly truthful in the description of character, never to be tempted into melodrama, or weakened into false pathos, never to play up to popular morality, nor to play down to popular immorality, to be always firm and impartial to a favourite character, to be gentle with a villain. But where there is truth and life there will be organic structure, and fine proportion arising out of the moral history of the characters themselves. This is so where self-restraint is practised and constancy to the main theme. Of course there is a liberty from rule that loses the main object in licence. Who does not feel that the magnificent and adorable creations of *Les Misérables* would have gained not lost if Victor Hugo had not indulged each of his personages in turn regardless of the others, and had not neglected all his spoilt children at any moment for any passing caprice?

A critic has calculated that there are exactly 985 useless pages in that colossal novel. Yet no one, it may be said in conclusion, has said better than Victor Hugo that in literature, as in politics, order is the result of liberty—only in his latter years he was prone to forget that disorder is the inevit-

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able consequence of licence. The following passage is from the Preface of 1826 to the *Odes et Ballades*—a few pages of quite remarkable interest dealing with the poetic controversies of the day but applicable to prose fiction, and containing in one phrase, which we have put in italics, a lesson of supreme importance.

Ce qu'il est très-important de fixer, c'est qu'en littérature, comme en politique, l'ordre se concilie merveilleusement avec la liberté, il en est même le résultat. Au reste, il faut bien se garder de confondre l'ordre avec la régularité. *La régularité ne s'attache qu'à la forme extérieure; l'ordre résulte du fond même des choses, de la disposition intelligente des éléments intimes d'un sujet.* La régularité est une combinaison matérielle et purement humaine; l'ordre est pour ainsi dire divin. Ces deux qualités si diverses dans leur essence marchent fréquemment l'une sans l'autre. Une Cathédrale gothique présente un ordre admirable dans sa naïve irrégularité; nos édifices français modernes, auxquels on a si gauchement appliqué l'architecture grecque ou romaine, n'offrent qu'un désordre régulier.

JOSEPHINE WARD

THE FUTURE UNIVERSITIES OF IRELAND

THE successful passage of the Irish Universities Act of 1908 enables us to take a more comprehensive view of that piece of legislation than was possible in our article of last July, when the measure was slowly making its way through Committee, and had, at the time when we went to press, still to encounter difficulties, which, so it then seemed, might easily have been fatal to it. Opposition it met with there as well as in the House itself, an opposition which was not the less tedious because those who took part in it were few in number. Nevertheless opposition there was, and Mr Birrell is to be congratulated upon the fact that the great thought and consideration which he had bestowed upon his Bill, and the tact which he exhibited in steering it through Parliament rendered that opposition as innocuous as any opposition could be. He must also be congratulated on the fact that his courage and capacity have been crowned with a success which had not attended the previous efforts of others in the same direction, not even those of so great a legislative giant as the late Mr Gladstone.

We shall not be attempting the thankless rôle of the prophet if we suggest that of the three Irish Universities that which is best known as Trinity College, Dublin, will tend to become more and more associated with the Protestant Episcopal Church of which it has been so long the faithful ally.

This must necessarily be from the very nature of things, and the fact that it is identified with that body must also necessarily lead to a gradual but certain decline in the number of its students. Thirty years ago, when the present writer was an alumnus of the University in question, it drew quite an appreciable number of its students from the western fringe of England and Wales. This source of supply has been practically cut off since Liverpool and Wales have their own universities, and Bristol bids fair

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shortly to secure a similar boon for its students. But the great bulk of students of the University of Dublin, apart from that considerable contingent drawn from the sons of medical men and lawyers, had for their parents the smaller landlords, the clergy or land agents. Now the last class is rapidly and completely disappearing from the country as the result of recent legislation in connexion with land purchase. The first class, for similar reasons, is also becoming smaller, and it may be remarked, as a curious and significant fact, that the sons of the larger landlords and of the more important Irish families, who thirty, and still more fifty or a hundred, years ago used to frequent Trinity College now seem to have forsaken that institution and to be resorting more and more to Oxford and Cambridge. The disappearance of the two classes to whom allusion has just been made must, it would seem, eventually be followed by a diminution in the number of Protestant ministers; indeed some of the more foreseeing of the Bishops of that Church have already been considering in their Synods how their dwindling flocks in remote districts are to be provided with pastoral care. These are plain and obvious facts and we state them with no other thought or object in view but that of showing that if Trinity College is bound up with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and it seems as if this needs must be, then the numbers in that institution must necessarily be greatly reduced before many years have rolled by, because the sources from which she has derived her students in the past are being gradually dried up.

As to Belfast there can be little doubt that that seat of learning will be taken possession of by the Presbyterians of the north, whose attitude towards Trinity College has been, to say the least of it, not less hostile than that of the Catholics of the country.

It is not, however, the future of these two universities with which we are specially interested *hic et nunc*.

It is the third university, that which is to have its seat in Dublin and to be possessed of constituent colleges in that city, in Cork and in Galway, with which we are

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specially concerned, for therein lies the promise of a higher education for young Catholic Irish men and women such as they have never previously had the opportunity of enjoying.

This University suffers from the initial and apparently inevitable defect that it belongs to the federal variety. No institution conceived on those lines has ever yet been a complete success, and the eyes of all educationists will be directed with interest on the new experiment which is being made in this direction.

It is, we think we are justified in saying, at least certain that, if this particular experiment fails, future legislators may once and for all abandon any idea of setting up a Federation of Colleges in the expectation that any good will come of their conjunction. This we say since we are honestly convinced that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the wit of man to devise any federal scheme with better prospects of success than that which Mr Birrell has successfully carried through Parliament. Both the recent Commissions on Irish University Education concurred in advising a federation of colleges, and to this they were no doubt driven by the force of existing circumstances. Both, however, urged most strongly that in any federation each and all of the colleges should enjoy the greatest possible amount of freedom and autonomy, and, as will be seen, this wise piece of advice has been very fully acted upon in the measure with which we are dealing. In the management of their internal affairs and the distribution of their finances the colleges are given a very free hand, for they will only be tied down by such statutes as may be enacted by the Commissioners (and even those may subsequently be altered) and by the inevitable check of a Government audit. Their courses of study may be totally different, yet all may lead to the same degree, and the duty of the University will be to see that those courses, when proposed by the various colleges, are of a character and a standard worthy of a university and entitling those who have successfully passed through them to become the possessors of a University Degree.

of Ireland

This is a provision of the highest importance, since it does away with the cast-iron methods of uniformity in all the colleges which have so much hampered former federal universities, and will permit each institution to direct its best energies to planning out the courses of study most suited for the particular requirements of its own district. Further, each college will hold its own examinations; they will be conducted by its own professors and lecturers, with whom will, most properly, be associated external examiners, appointed by the University, whose duty it will be to see that the students in one college do not obtain their degrees—and by this it will be understood that at least we mean their pass degrees—on terms inferior to those of the other colleges and unbefitting the holder of a University Degree.

In our previous article we alluded to the fact that the relative positions of the professor and external examiner were somewhat clumsily stated, and that the latter was made to appear the more important factor in the examination instead of being the adjunct and corrective of the teacher whose pupils are being subjected to examination. We are glad to find that in the final draft of the Charters this has been corrected and the two placed in that relation to one another which is customary in other universities.

In a word then, in connexion with courses and examinations the university will act rather as a guardian than as a director, a watch-dog rather than a sheep-dog, and will thus differ widely from the entities which have figured as Federal Universities in the past.

In one respect only have the colleges in this University less freedom than in others which have previously existed—say, the late Victoria University.

When that institution was in existence each college elected its own professors without any interference from the University. Such professors when elected became, *ipso facto*, professors in the university itself. Such will not be the method of procedure in Ireland. The final election of the professors for each college will rest in the hands of the Senate of the University; but that body will not be at liberty

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to select whom it chooses from amongst the various candidates for a chair. The method of election will be as follows: Suppose a chair to be vacant in any college, advertisements will be issued—at least so one may suppose, though it is not ordered by the Act or the Charters—and the applications of candidates will be received in due course. Such applications must be submitted to the Academic Council of the college in which the vacancy exists, and that body, which consists of the professors and lecturers in the college, will report to the Governing Body of the college on the respective merits of the different applicants. On that report and on their own consideration of the applications, the Governing Body will make their report to the Senate of the University and, if there be more than three candidates, they are at liberty to select three from amongst them, and, we may presume, to set those three in order of merit. From amongst these three candidates the University Senate must choose, nor can they go outside them and select any other applicant for the post.

Here again we hope we may take it that the University will act as a watch-dog and that it will appoint the *dignissimus* of the *terna* unless it has very good reason to be sure that some unworthy motive has prompted the selection in any special instance. It may very fairly be urged that the difference which is made in the selection of professors between the Irish University and other Federal Universities is explicable by the fact that in other universities the colleges have themselves found the funds for the payment of professors, whilst in this case they will be derived from Government grants. Indeed it is expressly laid down that in the case of chairs founded by private munificence—and here, no doubt, the Charters look specially to the foundation of chairs of theology—the method of appointment of the occupants need not necessarily be that detailed above, but may be as laid down by the donors of the fund from which the occupants of the chair will derive their income.

It will, we think, be conceded that the largest possible measure of autonomy has thus been given to the constituent colleges, yet in spite of this fact we think that we

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shall not be rashly prophesying if we venture to predict that, before any very great length of time has elapsed, that process of fission, which seems to be the fate of all Federal Universities, will take place in Ireland. The people of the South of Ireland have long and continuously laid claim to a separate university in Cork. Unless we are greatly mistaken the college in that city will shortly increase its numbers so largely, and so greatly add to its teaching and influence, that it will be in a position to realize the wishes of its supporters and become an independent and self-contained University like that of Belfast.

The question of affiliation assumes enormous importance in connexion with the colleges, for it is quite clear that if any measure of that kind were to be resorted to on a large scale the colleges would or might become of very minor importance in the University. Affiliation is no new idea in University affairs; it is even employed to some extent by so ancient an institution as the University of Cambridge, and all the newer seats of learning have and exercise a power which was rendered necessary by various reasons, and especially by the effect of the false educational policy which was inaugurated by the constitution of the University of London as a mere examining board. The same false policy led to the setting up of the Royal University of Ireland also as an examining board, and, as a result, there are—apart from the lone student in his garret, anxiously cramming himself through examinations by the aid of some correspondence college—a number of schools throughout Ireland which have prepared and are now preparing a greater or less number of students for University examinations.

It seemed a hard thing to say, to some at least of these, that all this must now come to an end, but it is obvious that this had to be said if real University education was to take the place of the mere scholastic education which has figured for it in so many cases and which has actually led to the idea, now far too prevalent in Ireland, that the only *raison d'être* of a University is to enable young persons of both sexes to attach strings of letters to their names. There

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were some at least who feared that the powers of affiliation would be exercised with too free a hand; but those fears, if entertained by any acquainted with the real condition of affairs in Ireland, should have been dispelled when Mr Birrell accepted—with the consent of the Nationalist members—Mr Butcher's amendment by which was excluded from the possibilities of affiliation "any college or institution in Ireland which prepares students for Intermediate or other school examinations, or gives education of an Intermediate or Secondary kind." This provision cuts out at least 95 per cent of the institutions which have been preparing for University degrees and leaves only a few places of the character and position of Maynooth affiliable to the University. It was around the question of the affiliation of Maynooth that the greatest fight raged, and, without entering in detail into the important discussions which took place on that subject, it may briefly be stated that the contention of the one party was that the University should not be in a position to give full affiliation to Maynooth or to any other institution, but that all students should be required by the Act to attend in the constituent college to which they were affiliated—which would be the Dublin College in the case of Maynooth—for at least two years. The other party, with which Mr Birrell associated himself, claimed that the University in Ireland should have the same freedom of action in this matter as the sister institutions in England, and should be in a position to determine whether all or part of the study required might be pursued in the affiliated college and of deciding what portion, if any, should be taken in the constituent college. It is obvious that some may think it better for the embryo cleric to be educated in his Arts course in common with lay students, whilst others may think that he is better taught in isolation from them; it is also obvious that it is of the first importance that the future clergy of the Catholic Church in Ireland should not be debarred from receiving a University education and becoming the possessors of University degrees, and it ought to be, but apparently is not to all persons, equally obvious that the

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Bishops are the natural and proper authorities to decide how their future clergy are to be educated. At the present moment they have arrived at the decision that they shall be educated throughout in Maynooth. In years to come circumstances may arise which may cause a change in that opinion. Meantime it would be preposterous to initiate a state of affairs which would exclude so large and so important a contingent as the young clerical students of Ireland from University degrees, and we are glad to find that Parliament has left this problem to the University, which is free, now and henceforth, to grapple with it in such manner as may seem to be most advisable and most in the interests of the general education of the country.

It seemed to those who carefully watched the progress of the discussion that the objection to the affiliation of Maynooth took shape in some minds at least, less from a general dislike to extra-mural education than to a fear of the Catholic Church, and the baneful influence which, so it must be supposed they imagined, it exercises, or wishes to exercise, on education. This view seems to be borne out by two concessions which we greatly regret to find that Mr Birrell was obliged to make to his Nonconformist allies.

In the first place, whilst it is possible that Theological Faculties may be set up in the different colleges and professors of Theology appointed, provided that all this is done by means of private funds, no such professors, however high may be their educational standing, can be members of the Board of Studies of the University, or of the Academic Councils of the colleges or of any Faculty save that of Theology. This, we must confess, seems to us to be a most extraordinary and unwarrantable provision.

The Academic Councils may, indeed must, contain all professors of arts, medicine, law, engineering, Choctaw even, if some one cares to endow a chair of that language, but it cannot contain a Theologian. In fact, over the doors of these bodies might be written up a variant of the celebrated inscription which stood, or is said to have stood, over the gates of Bandon. We have said that we cannot understand this extraordinary blot upon the Bill, nor can

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we imagine how the most anticlerical of men can suppose that three or four Theological professors could contaminate or override a body which will number thirty or forty or perhaps even as many as one hundred members.

A further blot, due to the same extraordinary fear of the Church, is the denial to the colleges of the power to erect within their precincts chapels for the worship of Almighty God, even at the expense of private funds.

This, it must be confessed, is a very ungracious provision in the Bill, which will not commend itself to impartial critics. It reminds one forcibly that the measure is controlled by the representatives of another country, alien in race and still more alien in religion. This, however, is a less serious blot than the former, for it will, of course, be possible to erect a chapel, should such seem advisable and feasible, on an immediately contiguous piece of ground to any college, provided that ground and chapel are paid for out of private funds. At the same time all who are interested in higher education in Ireland must lament that a measure so wisely conceived and so skilfully carried through should be marred by provisions which must be regarded as annoying and even humiliating by all Catholics. The excuse of those who have demanded these provisions is that they would make the Act denominational. They further state that whilst they are quite aware that the colleges will necessarily become more or less denominational under the Act, since they will coincide in opinion with the districts to which they belong, they do not desire that there should be anything in the Act which would deliberately and definitely make them so. This attitude of mind may seem curious to some, but situated as we are, we must be thankful for such mercies as are vouchsafed to us, and must in common fairness admit that the Nonconformist members of Parliament have conceded points to Irish and Catholic opinion which, from their particular angle of vision, must certainly have seemed to be very great and very important. This ought to be fully recognized and to be gratefully recognized, and that being so, one should perhaps abstain from laying too great stress upon those points in which the members in question

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have felt themselves unable to see eye to eye with the representatives of Catholic opinion in Ireland.

As to the absence of funds for the provision of residential hostels much—but by no means too much—has been said. It is truly lamentable that the Treasury should have tightened the purse strings in this matter. Here it is clear that private beneficence will have to be invoked and that speedily, if the measure is really to confer upon Ireland the benefits which it can and should confer. Mr Birrell himself, in the later stages of the Bill, called for such support and very plainly said that the funds provided, which some persons seem to consider so liberal, would never be sufficient to convert the Universities into other than “tin-pot” institutions unless very large and generous supplies were forthcoming from private sources. It is not, we hope, too much to expect that those resources will be forthcoming. That so little has been done in the past in this direction is not surprising when one considers the state of affairs which has up to now existed, but now that hope is once more dawning in the country, now that for the first time since England exercised her sway over Ireland that country has a form of Higher Education which it can accept and make use of, now, at least, it may be hoped that the purses of those blessed with means will be opened to provide for the numerous and crying necessities of the new Universities and of their constituent colleges, and amongst these none seem to be more pressing than the provision of proper hostels in which the young men and women of Ireland can be comfortably housed and properly looked after whilst far from their parents’ roof and pursuing those studies to which we have no manner of doubt they will flock in great numbers. For the love of learning has not died out in Ireland in spite of the many discouragements which it has received—greatly starved Primary Schools, a fatal Intermediate system, which might have been purposely constructed for the ruin of all Secondary education, and absence of proper University instruction.

We look for a great improvement in both the two first-mentioned branches of education as a result of the founda-

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tion of the new Universities. Their charters contain provisions which may well lead up to that proper co-ordination of education which is so much wanted in Ireland, and which never could have been arrived at whilst the higher parts of the educational edifice were incomplete.

For this, as for a thousand other reasons, we welcome this measure and wish it every success. England seems at last to have learnt the lesson that Ireland is a Catholic country and that schemes of education intended for her benefit must, if they are to have any chance of succeeding, be constructed on lines at least not repulsive to Catholic ideas.

It is now for Ireland to show that she is capable of carrying the institutions with which she has been provided to that pitch of success which will prove the complete justification of the measure which Mr Birrell has so successfully piloted through Parliament, and for which the gratitude of all interested in that country and its education are so justly due to him.

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OF that conglomeration of races which has been, not ineptly, termed the whirlpool of Europe and which, since 1867, has been politically styled Austria-Hungary, relatively little is known among the general public of this country beyond the fact that it is an exceedingly quarrelsome part of the world, but is nevertheless ruled over by an ancient but efficient monarch who has had more public and private worries than even Job, and on whose decease the whole fabric will collapse and there will be confusion indescribable. To this somewhat partial knowledge is usually added the vague supposition that the capital of this heterogeneous state is a city more gay than Paris, more modern than Berlin and more luxurious than London.

Neither of these general statements is very near the truth; for, firstly, it is now generally admitted that on the death of the present Emperor the long-prophesied cataclysm will after all not occur, and that out of chaos, in spite of all that human malice can do to prevent it, order is surely, however gradually, arising. Secondly, Vienna does not answer in any sense to the elaborate combination of municipal ideals just given. It has neither the gaiety, nor the modernity, nor the luxury of the three capitals mentioned—a condition on which, perhaps, in many respects it is to be congratulated by persons of sane, moral and artistic tastes. It is not, as has been suggested, always Sunday in Vienna, nor are the Viennese always waltzing. Perhaps it was so when Schiller wrote of them so attractively; or in 1815, when the delegates of the Powers congregated in the house of Beethoven and otherwise disported themselves—unable or unwilling, for sheer amusement, to apply their disordered minds to that freakish reconstruction of disintegrated Europe in which they afterwards indulged. But, however that may have been, twenty-five years ago Vienna was almost a disgrace to civilization in the category of great cities. It was a miserable, dirty, ill-lighted, ill-paved town, with the most

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defective system of communications possible. Its baptismal river was a muddy stream encircling a population sunk in stagnation. It was unhealthy and insecure. It was a hotbed of immorality, and religion had almost totally disappeared. It resembled, as a contemporary article said, rather a Chinese than a European city. To-day it is "hausmannized" and spreading. The Wien, no longer a muddy ditch, is almost a real river, flowing between handsome embankments and under elegant bridges. The system of lighting and the communications are ahead of other capitals. The hygienic conditions are gradually becoming as good as they were formerly bad. And finally, a moral regeneration has begun in real earnest among all classes of the population. The immense political progress and the almost sensational municipal transformation which has been effected, largely in the last ten years, are almost wholly due to the personal initiative, activity and courage of one man, Dr Karl Lueger, since 1897 Burgomaster of Vienna, and leader of the Christian Socialists, the now dominant political party in the State.

Dr Karl Lueger first saw the light on October 24, 1844, and for some unaccountable reason remained dumb till his fourth birthday—perhaps, as he says, by special dispensation of Providence to enable him to *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He springs from a peasant stock of the province of Lower Austria. His father, who settled in Vienna and became a porter in the Polytechnic Institute, died when the boy was two, whereupon his mother, a most admirable and capable woman, started a small Government tobacconist's shop in an outlying street, but nevertheless devoted the whole of her attention and time to the education of her son. The latter passed from home to an ordinary elementary school—the elementary schools were then established under the Concordat of 1855, and known as Concordat schools—from thence to the Theresianum, the great secondary school of Vienna, and finally to the University of Vienna, where he studied law. It was at the first of these, it would appear, that his imagination was fired with patriotic dreams, for it was the age of great political events, Radetzky's victories in Italy, the triumphal entry of the Empress Elizabeth into

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Vienna, and the magnificent funeral of the great marshal, presided over by the Emperor in person at the head of his troops. As a University student he saw at once the advantage to Austria of the Treaty of Prague. "Now we are all Austrians," he said, "and no one need any longer sit on two chairs at once. Now we can cling all the tighter to Austria, and work for her greatness with united forces." This early declaration has been the guiding motive of Lueger's life; and when friends and foes alike have tried to divert his course on the one side into Pan-Germanism, on the other into a false nationalism that would surrender to Slav domination and an undignified subservience to Hungary, he has held consistently to his great directing idea of a consolidated Austria, German in fabric, Slav in sympathy, Hapsburgian in dynasty.

From 1866 till 1872 Dr Lueger confined his activities to the Austrian bar, where the largest portion of his practice consisted in the defence of poor clients, from whom he persistently refused to accept fees. He simultaneously began to manifest an impetuous and generous, not to say quixotic, nature for which he has ever been known, and which has so much contributed to his popularity and success. But it did not qualify him to steer clear of rocks either in his political or legal career. His practical connexion with the bar terminated in the year 1896; but by that time, he had become politically the most interesting man in Austria, and it was a matter of little moment that the lesser side of his activities should cease. Dr Lueger's entry into political life took place in 1872, and from that date the interest in him and his policy begins.

Twenty-five years ago, it has already been said, Vienna was sunk in a material and moral degradation far beyond contemporary cities. The German Liberal party which had guided Austria out of the fetters of autocracy into the conditions of a modern State was essentially a *doctrinaire* party. It was wholly out of touch with the feelings of the people. It contained originally no doubt men of lofty ideals and high character. But in the early seventies it had drifted into the stronger grasp of its less reputable and less dis-

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interested members, who, trading on the unpopularity of the Concordat—Vienna was illuminated on the night of its abrogation—and the helplessness of the lower middle and working classes, plunged, like their kindred elsewhere, into a policy which aims only at the exaltation of capitalism and the degradation of the Church. Of these men the vast majority were Jews, and politics centred round the Bourse. The Press fell almost entirely into their hands. At one time there were 107 Jewish editors, and the public opinion of Austria was for a quarter of a century moulded by virulently anticlerical and subversive newspapers. The result was the suppression of the lesser tradesman, the Little Man or the Five Florin Man, as he is called, and the Catholic. The Catholic Church practically disappeared from the national life. The working classes were taught to hate the clergy as their bitterest enemies, the grossest calumnies were disseminated against ecclesiastical life, Catholic dogmas and morals were publicly reviled or laughed at, the priests remained in their sacristies, the churches were empty, religious persons were systematically insulted in the streets. Men were ashamed to proclaim themselves Catholics, and Vienna became an infidel city under the domination of Jewish financiers. This Jewish Liberalism reigned supreme in city and country—though to a considerably lesser degree in the latter—and ruled by a universal system of terrorism and corruption. The result was the complete cessation of political and private morality, and public enterprise of every kind became paralysed. The focus of Austrian life had, in short, in a few years become an Augean Stable, and the population had dully acquiesced. Not unnaturally then came the great financial *krach* of 1873. In the panic that ensued during the next three years ninety-six banks suspended operations, and great distress was caused to all classes of the population. At war with the Church over the denunciation of the Concordat, entangled in critical negotiations with Hungary over the renewal of the *Ausgleich* of 1867 and unable to relieve the distress of the labouring classes, Austria might well feel dissatisfied with the politicians and statesmen to whom she had entrusted her destinies. Such

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were the times in which Dr Lueger entered the arena of public life.

Throughout Austria politics were and are largely manufactured, after the manner of the French revolutionary system, in political clubs, and into one of these the "Citizen Club of the Landstrasse" (the third and one of the chief districts of Vienna) Lueger entered. The club was Liberal, for at that time there was nothing else: but it appears to have been at least independent in its actions, for in 1873 it discovered and exposed numerous irregularities in the municipal administration, and, headed by Dr Lueger, whose election to the Municipal Council as district representative it secured, entered on a violent anticorruptionist campaign. The opposition turned out, however, to be strong, and in the elections of the following year this political section was defeated. Dr Lueger thereupon gave up his seat on the Council and commenced a personal propaganda among the people themselves. His first followers were few, chiefly mechanics. His first agitation was economic and was chiefly directed against the *laissez faire* doctrines of the Liberals.

At the same time the exposure of irregularities, once started, continued, and culminated in the exposure of corruption on an enormous scale in connexion with cemetery administration. Lueger conducted the defence in the libel action that ensued, and so successfully that his reputation was made. He became at once a popular character, and the result was his re-election to the Municipal Council by the Landstrasse in 1878, since which date he has sat continuously as their representative.

He had, however, by no means made his position secure, and a series of troubles began for him which bade fair to upset his whole career. He formed the Economic Party, but his fellow Democrats—this being the name assumed by the independent Liberals—seceded chiefly for self-seeking motives and he was left helpless. Moreover, the fall of an excellent Burgomaster, a Dr Newald, to whom he had attached his fortunes, on the occasion of the Ring Theatre fire in 1881, was made the excuse for a tremendous Liberal

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attack against him. Worst of all, an attempt was made to soil his name and reputation by a colossal attempt at bribery. A certain firm of contractors wished to build a tramway in Vienna, and to attain this end successfully managed to corrupt two of the most prominent members of the Municipal Council. In the innocence of their heart and to the extreme discomfiture, as it turned out, of all concerned and of all future concession-hunters, they then proceeded to approach Dr Lueger. This was more than the latter could brook, and without further ado he exposed the whole transaction. The result was another gigantic libel action, this time brought against Dr Lueger himself by the two incriminated councillors. It ended in a complete victory for Lueger who was admirably defended by one of his future political colleagues and triumphantly acquitted.

In spite of a succession of Jewish Liberal Burgomasters the anticorruptionist movement was now making immense headway among the working population, and in March, 1882, Dr Lueger felt himself strong enough to nail his political colours to the mast: "unremitting warfare against the capitalism which is internationally organized by the extension of Jewish influence and whose power can be compared with none other." He took for his motto "protection of the industrially helpless," and thus ranged democracy against Liberalism.

But once more troubles began to arise, and this time it looked as though a real disaster would overwhelm his cause and that he must succumb. The party which he had brought together suddenly collapsed. He was not the real leader, or rather, he shared the leadership with another, a Dr Mandl. Jewish influence again worked against him even within the party, and before many months were over Mandl with a host of Democrats had seceded, and left Dr Lueger almost isolated. With him alone stood Dr Gessmann, throughout the struggle and still to-day his most ardent ally and supporter, and they were called the Two Man Party. This was the low water mark of Dr Lueger's career.

Nevertheless these two courageous men did not succumb, and after a few months of hopeless depression their fortunes

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again began to rise. By the following year two other important parties had grown up beside them and finally joined them on the common platform of anti-Semitism. They were the so-called Reformers, led by Dr Pattai, and the National Germans under Schoenerer. For a brief space these three sections of anti-Liberal opinion formed a joint anti-Semitic Party, but the aims of each section were different in many important points. They were all united against the prevalent economic and political oppression, but in addition to this the Democrats, Lueger's party, stood for the defence of Catholics against persecution, while the National Germans laid most stress on the national idea, dissociated themselves from Catholic defence and ultimately became actively anti-clerical.

In 1885 Lueger was elected to the Reichsrat for the District of Margarethen. It was the result of the extension of the franchise, for the Little Man went for the first time to the polls. Once again a violent Jewish campaign was opened against him, and neither money nor opportunity was spared to bring him down. With equal violence he plunged into the fray and renewed in and out of Parliament the anti-Semitic war. He next attacked the relations between Austria and Hungary, deploring the dualistic settlement of 1867 as utterly derogatory to Austrian prestige and fraught with dangers for the future welfare of the Empire. "The Treaty of Peace with Prussia of 1866 was comparatively honourable," he said, "but the Treaty of Peace with Hungary was more oppressive and must arouse a deep feeling of shame in the heart of every German or Slav who has learned to think nationally"; and he thereupon opened fire with the utmost violence on "Judaio-Magyarism," a word which epitomizes his utter abhorrence of the coalition of Jewish capitalism and Magyar tyranny that would oppress the subject Slav and Roumanian races of Hungary and humiliate Austria. These sentiments were very naturally condemned by an overwhelming majority in the Reichsrat, and when in 1891 Lueger, supported by a party of only six, again attempted a rather noisy demonstration in their favour, a very serious endeavour was made to

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hound him out of the House. To-day they are the accepted views of the majority in that august Assembly.

In the same year the first frankly anti-Semitic candidate for the Municipal Council appeared in Mariahilf. He succeeded in obtaining only forty-one votes. But during the two months that followed, as already stated, the franchise was extended to the Little Man, and the result was the election of two anti-Semites. A few also made their appearance for the first time in the Provincial Diet. In 1887 Dr Psenner founded the "Christian Socialist Union," the beginning and nucleus of the future Christian Socialist Party, which, now that it has swollen to such immense proportions, likes to date its origin to that year—though it was not till much later that the name was definitely adopted—and to consider as its birthday the great banquet which was then given and attended by most of the future leaders of the Party in honour of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII, the Pope of Social Reform. The avowed leader of the Catholic cause at this time was a North German, Baron Vogelsang, who, in consequence of the disabilities under which Catholicism laboured and the hatred of the Church which the Liberal regime had created, had been hitherto surrounded by but few open adherents. So difficult was it, almost penal, for a man to proclaim himself frankly and staunchly a Catholic that to be seen with Baron Vogelsang had for long meant to be boycotted. But this regime of terrorism was now drawing to a close, and in 1889 Baron Vogelsang was able to unite the Christian leaders, who already numbered thirty in the Municipal Council, under the name of "United Christians." Of this union the present Christian Socialists are the lineal descendants, having borne at various times the names anti-Liberal, United Christian and anti-Semite.

The incorporation in 1890 of the outlying suburbs in the electoral district of Vienna brought a large increase to the anti-Liberal vote, and in the elections that followed ninety-four Liberals and forty-two anti-Liberals were returned to the Municipal Council. The anti-Semitic opposition could now make their strength felt, and were able at last to take the initiative. One of Lueger's first acts

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was to defeat a Liberal attempt to remove remaining crucifixes from the elementary schools of the town, and actually to carry a motion reintroducing prayers into those schools—a proposal that had been laughed to scorn ten years before. In this year also Lueger was elected to the Provincial Diet of Lower Austria, at that time equally dominated by the Liberals, and at once stood for an extension of the franchise in town and country. He subsequently surrendered a safe seat and successfully contested the Leopoldstadt, the Jewish district of Vienna, which was therefore a victory of considerable importance to the cause. Thus year after year the reforming party continued to advance in strength and influence, till at last—on April 1, 1895—the Liberals were morally defeated throughout Vienna by a combination of Christian Socialists and National Germans, sixty-eight Liberals, sixty-four anti-Liberals (including twenty-four anti-Semites) and six Independents being returned to the Council. Lueger, now the popular hero, was at once elected First Vice-Burgomaster. A final but utterly futile Jewish attempt was made to divert public support from him by depicting him as hostile to Dynasty and Church, and the hitherto dominant party collapsed for good.

On May 29 Lueger was elected Burgomaster, but, not commanding an absolute majority, he declined the honour. It was offered to him a second time, and a second time he declined. A deadlock ensuing, the Council was dissolved by Imperial decree, and an Imperial Commissioner entered the Rathaus. In September a fresh election took place. The anti-Semites won all along the line, and a two-thirds majority was returned. Lueger was thereupon again elected Burgomaster and accepted.

But it was not to be. Powerful influences, largely Hungarian, were brought to bear on Count Badeni, the Prime Minister, who was induced to move the Emperor not to confirm the election, and His Imperial Majesty could not but consent. Then came a storm in Parliament. Anti-Semites, National Germans and German People's Party flung themselves with fury on the Government. The galleries of the House filled with an indignant mob, demonstrating in

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Lueger's favour, and had to be forcibly cleared. A colossal agitation spread all over Lower Austria, carrying all before it, directed chiefly against Jews and Hungarians, calling for the renovation of society on a Christian basis, and proclaiming that Germanism and religion were not, as alleged, antagonistic. In 1896 elections took place again, and this time the Liberal minority sank still further. Ninety-six anti-Liberals and forty-six Liberals were returned in spite of the almost superhuman efforts of the latter to discredit their opponents. On April 18 Lueger was elected Burgomaster for the fourth time. The Burgomaster question had now become, in Lueger's own words, "a part of the great struggle for the liberation of the Christian people and the independence and liberty of our country." An immense demonstration took place outside the Rathaus and cheered the victor.

But even so the vanquished would not surrender. Lueger was summoned to the Imperial presence and was requested in the politest terms to demonstrate his loyalty, his patriotism and his honour by withdrawing voluntarily from the office of Burgomaster "in the interests of the speedy re-establishment of normal conditions in the autonomous administration of the city." He unhesitatingly replied that in this gracious request he could not but recognize an Imperial command and that his duty was to obey. Another member of the Party was therefore appointed Burgomaster and Lueger became once more Vice-Burgomaster. The Liberals were beside themselves with delight. The arrangement lasted for a year.

In the meantime important and far-reaching changes were taking place in the political world. In May, 1896, a measure was passed in Parliament still further extending the franchise. To the four already existing electoral classes was added a fifth, which consisted of all males twenty-four years of age not already enfranchised, and the members of which, after residing for six months in an electoral district, had the privilege of voting, directly in the six largest cities, indirectly elsewhere, for the purpose of electing seventy-two additional members to the Reichsrat. Austria thereby re-

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ceived a first instalment of Universal Suffrage, conditioned only by indirect voting and the system of classes. The reform resulted in important gains to the Christian Socialists and the Old Clerical Party—and—it must also be said—to the Social Democrats who now appeared for the first time, to the number of fifteen, in the new Assembly.

More important than even this change, for the cause of Lueger and his party, was the recomposition that now took place in the anti-Semitic camp. It cleared the air and enabled the Christian Socialists to advance united. For a long time the differences already indicated between the various sections had been growing more and more accentuated, and culminated at last in a large secession of most of the dissident groups. Many German Radicals went out for personal reasons, nettled at having failed to secure the election of one of their own number as Burgomaster. But the National Germans split, as was inevitable, on the question of religion, and accused Lueger and his associates of "steering the anti-Semitic movement into a Clerical current." The now avowed sympathy of the Church and the accession of the majority of the clergy to the ranks of the Christian Socialists gave the impetus to the secession, and with loud cries Schoenerer and Wolf went over to the enemy, where they inaugurated the famous *Los von Rom* movement, preaching not only hostility to the Church but hostility to the Hapsburg dynasty and calling for a universal Pan-Germanism on a Protestant foundation and under the rule of the Hohenzollerns. This was more than even the Government could tolerate and mild steps were taken to suppress them as a treasonable party. They secured a temporary success during the outcry that followed the Badeni Language Ordinances of 1897 (granting the Czechs the use of their own language in the internal administration) which united all German parties in the face of the supposed Panslavist danger and provoked the famous scenes of violence in the Reichsrat. But the almost immediate repeal of the Ordinances and resumption of normal conditions restored the *status quo* and the Christian Socialist advance continued as before, aided by the electoral reform on the one hand and

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the anti-dynastic propaganda of the Pan-Germans on the other. Schoenerer and Wolf decamped to North Bohemia, whence they have carried on a desultory and losing campaign till they were practically wiped out in the elections of 1907.

The Christian Socialist triumph in Vienna itself was by this time complete. On April 8, 1897, Lueger was elected Burgomaster for the fifth time, and at last confirmed by the Emperor. Vienna was decorated and illuminated, and the whole city defiled through the Rathaus to congratulate the new Burgomaster. The contemporary accounts of this event convey the impression of the relief of a city after a siege. A new era had opened, and friends and foes alike realized it. The Jews packed up and Vienna breathed again.

The constructive work of the great Burgomaster, though colossal in extent, does not perhaps lend itself to the same narrative interest as the story of his struggle and subsequent victory over the powers of darkness. The victory was won on April 8, 1897, and the last ten years have but witnessed the execution of the programme matured a quarter of a century ago, and only awaiting political liberty to be unfolded. A bald enumeration of specific reforms in the municipal administration and the construction of public works can but convey a very inadequate impression of the general transformation wrought. It was a transformation both in *moral* and *morale*, and the wonder is not that it is not yet complete in every respect, but that in ten years such a stupendous amount has been achieved.

The economic and administrative programme of Dr Lueger extends broadly over two fields; on the one hand the defence of the small tradesman by extending protective measures to the *Kleingewerbe* (roughly the House and Cottage Industry) and to the *Gewerbegegensechaften*, or Industrial Associations (bodies neither quite the medieval guilds nor the modern trade unions); on the other, the municipalization of all public enterprises. These two together are known under the name of "Middle Class Policy" (*Mittelstandspolitik*), and are a complete revulsion from the capitalistic tendencies of the Liberal regime.

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Whatever may be the arguments for or against municipal trading in England, there can be no two sides to the question that municipalization was the only remedy for the diseases from which Vienna was suffering. Everything in the town was thirty years behind the times, means of communication were in a lamentable condition, the street-lighting almost non-existent and the impetus to improvement quite lacking. Private ownership had utterly failed, and it was imperative to turn to public. In ten years the experiment has been more than amply justified. A daring municipal programme has been carried out to the letter, and carried out not for the city as ruled (or misruled) by the Liberal Council, but for a city rendered twice the size by the addition of suburbs, bringing another million souls into the population. It is impossible to do more than sketch the main features of the municipal reform that was promptly inaugurated.

The first task before the new Council was to take immediate steps to terminate the contract with the English Gas Company. Lueger had announced his intention of doing this as early as 1886. It was due to expire on October 31, 1899. There were only three years, therefore, in which to build public gasworks and raise the necessary loans. In spite of the mocking scepticism of the Liberals and the powerful opposition of the Rothschild influence in Berlin, Brussels and London, a loan of over £2,000,000 was floated. To-day the capital employed in the gas undertaking amounts to a considerably larger sum, yielding a profit of ten per cent. per annum, and after payment of interest on the loan there is a clear yearly surplus of several hundred thousand pounds. The new gasworks were completed and began work on the very day the contract with the English company expired.

The question of tramways was fraught with equal difficulties but was attacked simultaneously. The contract with the Vienna Tramway Company had still thirty years to run. This company provided only horse tramways and in only a very limited portion of the town. After long negotiations a somewhat complicated arrangement was arrived at by which the Council took over the concession for the lines

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hitherto belonging to the Vienna Tramway Company, while a new company was formed and entrusted with their reconstruction and initial working. In 1902 the last horse disappeared and the trams were finally electrified; and in the following year the whole concern passed under the management of the Council. Simultaneously the fares were lowered, while early cheap tickets for workmen were issued for the first time. In 1905 the receipts were double those of 1903 and the number of passengers carried three times as great. The average wage of an employé rose 18 per cent, while pensions were raised actually 100 per cent. Working hours were shortened from $14\frac{1}{4}$ hours to $11\frac{1}{2}$, of which only $7\frac{3}{4}$ are spent on the actual trams.

Electricity works for tramways and lighting were similarly commenced at once. This necessitated another enormous loan, and the works were started on an immense scale. The main streets of Vienna are now magnificently lighted, and the smaller streets are being gradually brought into the general system, while private lighting is slipping from the three companies who formerly provided it.

These are only three examples of the immediate reforms which had to be undertaken, but they serve to illustrate the expedition and efficiency with which apparently insurmountable obstacles were overcome at once.

The next problem was the provisioning of the great city. A great slaughter-house was built. Fish markets, vegetable markets and fruit markets were established. A big central market hall was constructed and a variety of lesser establishments erected. Measures were also taken to keep down the increasing price of meat.

Municipal savings banks were next instituted on a large scale, and a huge central savings bank—one of the largest buildings in Vienna—has just been completed. A Jubilee Life Insurance and Old Age Pension Fund has been founded under municipal control. Public baths, particularly in the poor quarters, have been built. Steps have at last been taken to remedy the shameful paving of the streets (which, however, still leave much to be desired). Canals have been constructed and several new bridges made across the Danube

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Canal. Municipal house agencies and information offices have been set up in every district. A Town Labour Bureau has been opened and Servants' Registry Offices established.

Vienna owes its world-famous water supply to the so-called "Emperor Francis Joseph Mountain Spring Works," which have now been entirely reconstructed and a second aqueduct built. The water is brought from the Styrian Alps over a distance of 150 miles. Nearly a million has been spent in the last three years on this important work.

Parks and gardens have been laid out and trees planted wherever space was available, and the city is being encircled by a complete ring of woods and meadows—an undertaking particularly dear to the Burgomaster's heart. The area of the parks and gardens has been exactly doubled under his regime, and to carry out the idea of converting Vienna into a Garden City he has gone to the lengths of decorating the lamp-posts in the principal streets with flowers. Innumerable fountains and monuments have been erected, and a Municipal Museum is about to be constructed. Another interesting, if unique, institution has been the opening, as lately as this summer, of one of the islands of the Danube as a bathing resort with a sea-side effect. It is specially designed for the benefit of clerks and smaller officials unable to leave Vienna in the summer, and accommodation, including separate cabins, is provided for several thousands of persons.

Under the old administration school accommodation did not nearly suffice for the number of children. This defect was at once remedied, and more school-houses have been provided under the Lueger rule than during the whole of the Liberal regime. Secondary and technical schools have also been established in large numbers. In 1904 £15,000 was provided by the municipality for destitute school-children and £3,000 for their clothing. Lueger is, moreover, president of a society for assisting underfed school-children, which guarantees £4,000 annually for this purpose, and sets up shelters for the homeless ones. A further invention has been to set aside large stretches of country just outside the town as playgrounds, whither the children are conveyed by special

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electric trams, given free meals, medically examined, if ill, restored to health, and sent back to their families in the evening. One thousand two hundred children are daily attended to in this way. A large sea-side Convalescent Home for Children has been established at San Pelagio on the Adriatic. An enormous almshouse, with 4,500 beds, has been built at Lainz, on the borders of the Wiener Wald. Hospitals and similar institutions have been erected everywhere. A lunatic settlement (rather than an asylum) has been constructed on the side of the Alps near Schönbrunn. And the Central Cemetery, which has now rather the nature of an immense park with fine avenues, buildings and even tunnels, and is one of the great sights of Vienna, has been entirely rebuilt.

In other words, in ten years Vienna has been brought up to the level of the great European cities. The outlay, in achieving this result, has been enormous, but the interest on the loans has been covered over and over again by the profits from the various undertakings concerned in every case, and not a penny has been added to the rates for the purpose. A great number of reforms still remain to be carried out, but if the present administration continues its work in the same astonishingly rapid and efficient manner the transformation will soon be complete.

No less remarkable and drastic is the political programme of the Christian Socialist Party. It aims at the entire reconstruction of the Austro-Hungarian State in a federalist form with a German façade. In other words it would destroy the apparently unworkable dualism of to-day, and in the room of the present constitution, create the "United States of Austria" or "Great Greater Austria," as it is sometimes called. They would form a German-Slav-Magyar State in which the German would be *primus inter pares*. Nationalist and particularist aspirations would be allowed full play under a healthy, free and sensible federalism; but Magyar would be co-equal with Roumanian and Slav.

But it is not to be supposed that in 1897 the triumph of the Christian Socialists was as complete in the country at large as it was in the capital. That was reserved for a

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later day. It was out of the question that under the existing suffrage, however extended, the classes directly adhering to the new ideas could be properly represented in Parliament. The ten years succeeding Lueger's triumph in Vienna were given up to weary and discreditable racial struggles in the country. Czech and German, Pole and Ruthenian fought and were reconciled; then fought again. Inter-German quarrels, Agrarian versus Liberal, Clerical versus anti-Clerical, substituted endless interpellations for useful Parliamentary work, and obstruction became the order of the day. The whole was complicated by the Hungarian problem, the difficulties of which increased from hour to hour. Ministry succeeded Ministry, but each one proved more incompetent to deal with the situation than the last. Thus wearied by the perpetual conflict and utterly despairing of any progress, the Emperor himself decided to resort to the drastic experiment of Universal Suffrage which would have the effect of bringing social questions to the front and subordinating to them the nationalist quarrels. In this he was ardently supported by the Christian Socialists, who, with the Social Democrats, stood to gain most by the measure. In 1907 the elections under the new suffrage took place, and resulted in the return of sixty-seven Christian Socialists in the place of the twenty-six who had sat in the old Curia Parliament. They were immediately joined by the Conservative Clericals, who, by their adhesion to the Party, raised it to the number of ninety-six, making it the strongest party in the House; and a few months later two of its members, Dr Gessmann, Lueger's oldest ally, and Dr Ebenhoch entered the Cabinet. The Social Democrats who equally benefited by the new suffrage are the next largest party with eighty-seven members. But the German Liberal groups of every shade have sunk into powerlessness, and it is clear that as a party their control of the State has vanished for ever. In every case the Christian Socialists can command a majority in the House. For the defence of Catholic interests they can depend on the support of the various Slav and Italian Clerical contingents; for defence of German interests on that of the German Liberals; and

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for purposes of social reform they can probably succeed in securing a combination against Nationalist obstruction. In the Provincial Diet of Lower Austria they have been even more successful, for they dominate that Assembly, and the only danger there arises from the insignificance of the Opposition. Thus in city, province and country Lueger holds, if not the power itself, at least the balance of power.

The most burning question of the present moment is without doubt the precise relations of the Christian Socialist Party to the Church. We have noticed that throughout the struggle for power Lueger always stood forth as the defender of the Faith when the numerically and influentially strongest of the Party would disavow identity with the Catholic cause, and would use the name Christian in a merely racial sense in contradistinction to the Jew enemy. Two important defections at least took place on these grounds, but nevertheless one section, though avowedly non-Clerical, has remained an integral part of Lueger's followers throughout. This section has till recently dealt blows at Jews and Clericals alike. But under the influence of the leader this attitude has been considerably modified, and is now one of rather distant respect for the clergy, whom, however, it defends ardently against the constant attacks of Liberals and Social Democrats. Yet the recent accession of the Conservative Clericals and the election of a great number of priest-deputies has strengthened the Catholic tendencies of the Party, and the universal support of the Church has now made it for all political purposes a reliable Catholic body. Nevertheless, Dr Drexel, one of the most prominent speakers of the Party and a priest, still defines the position as follows: The Christian Socialist is not a religious but a political Party, which rests, however, on a Christian basis; it stands for evolution not revolution; it demands a drastic social reform for all classes, regarding the State not as a collection of individuals but as a richly endowed organism.

The nearest attempt to identify the Party and the Church was the holding of the sixth Austrian Catholic Congress in November, 1907, almost wholly under the auspices of the Christian Socialist Leaders, and the official reception of the

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members of the Congress at the Rathaus by Lueger in his capacity of Burgomaster. But more important than this latter event was the now famous speech of Lueger respecting the Universities. The Elementary Education controversy, he declared, is settled for good, and none will ever dare remove the crosses from the schools again. "The great work before us now," he concluded (amid roars of applause), "is the reconquest of the Universities, and to that end we will devote all our energies." At once, as might be expected, arose the most violent outcry in the Liberal Press, and at its instigation, within a few months, as the result of the ensuing Catholic attempt to oust the Agnostic Dr Wahrmond from his faculty of Canon Law at Innsbruck, the whole academic world was ablaze, riots took place in every University town, the term was abruptly brought to a close, and a political crisis was the result. This controversy is still in progress, and though all parties are agreed as to the extreme undesirability of a Kulturkampf at this period of Austrian history, it is not unlikely that the autumn will witness something very nearly approaching it.

But, if the Christian Socialists are not avowedly a Catholic party, their advent to power has brought with it a religious revivalism which is certainly on the increase. The priest has come out of the sacristy and joined hands with the working classes over the social question. Countless missions are held under the once hated Jesuits and Redemptorists, and the churches are now as full as formerly under the Concordat they were empty. The very important Catholic School Union is securing the religious character of education; and there is not a new school which is not blessed or without its cross. The Catholic organization of the working classes is proceeding apace, and in Lower Austria is almost complete. And lastly, but perhaps most momentous of all for the future of Austrian Catholicism, the Catholic Press, subsidized and advanced by the admirable Pius Society, has successfully ousted the long-established Jewish Press from the allegiance of a large proportion of the population.

Of course much more remains to be done toward the regeneration of Austria. The bourgeoisie is still, taken as a

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whole, entirely indifferent to the Church, and in many places, in Styria and Bohemia, for instance, actively hostile. Vienna is becoming, largely owing to Lueger's influence, an honourable exception. Liberalism, it is true, is extinct as a political force, but its young and growing descendant, Social Democracy—for this is also a Jewish creation—is an equally mortal if less insidious enemy. But worse than either, because nearer home and harder to part with, is the deadly legacy of Joseph II, the iron Erastian fetters which still enthrall and stifle. With this problem Dr Lueger or his successor has yet to deal.

How far the majority of the Christian Socialist Party are believing and practising Catholics it would be difficult to say, but of Lueger's personal adherence to the Catholic religion there has never been any doubt. Amid the prevalent laxity he has been always known to observe faithfully the practices of the Church, and an impression was made when he caused Mass to be said regularly in his room during his recent illness. He was a great personal friend of Leo XIII, whom he visited on many occasions. And he has publicly throughout his career defended the Church and her dogmas with fiery zeal whenever attacked on the platform or in the press. The integrity of his life is beyond dispute, and however much his enemies may have accused him of ambition, thirst for power, or violence, not one has ever been able to breathe a word against his public or private character.

Lueger has won his way to the hearts of the people by optimism, good nature, sympathy and personal interest in their affairs. An indefatigable worker, he has ever found time to laugh and joke, to sympathize, congratulate or condole with the first comer, rich or poor, friend or foe. He has been godfather and wedding guest whenever and by whomever asked, a visitor to sickbeds and a lover of children. More popular still has been his constant attendance at golden wedding festivities—a much fêted event in Austria—and it is estimated that during the first seven years of his Burgomastership he attended no less than 1372. Although suffering from a painful disease, he has won

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immense admiration by his constant cheerfulness and gaiety, and, with the exception of several journeys taken to effect a cure, he has never relinquished his work for a moment. Lavish in entertainment, he has reduced the already somewhat exiguous personal salary of a Burgomaster by half, and it now stands at the absurdly low figure of £1,000, while he has refused all forms of presents, on the occasions of personal feasts, except sums of money which could be devoted as endowments to various charitable objects. Open handed charity and help imparted alike to Christian and Jew have divested his political anti-Semitism of personal animus and won him friends even among his Semitic enemies. It should be added that Lueger has remained a bachelor and lives with his two sisters, who however rarely appear in public life.

The enormous popularity which he enjoys among all but the extreme Social Democrats and Liberals is unquestioned. The celebration of his sixtieth birthday in 1904 had the appearance of a national holiday; 2,000 carriages brought congratulating deputations and the Rathaus was besieged by cheering crowds. The popular bands play the "Lueger March" and his supporters wear the Lueger flower—a white carnation. Streets named after him abound, and hardly a park is without its Lueger monument. His carriage is always acclaimed with shouts of "Hoch Lueger." His influence with the masses is so great that it is commonly said that after his death the police force will have to be doubled.

Yet with all this Lueger has a biting tongue and a caustic wit. He is no doubt the demagogue and the agitator, a type to which we have not yet grown accustomed in England. But then who else could have done the work? Who else could have aroused the masses, or won the sympathy of the Little Man? Certainly no statesman of calculating methods and studied rhetoric. The task required a man *from* the people and *of* the people. "The Viennese Liberals," says Hermann Bahr in his witty book on Vienna, "fought shy of the people. They were quite right. They were quite unable to talk to them. The people understood neither

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their thoughts nor their words: for they were artificial, imported from abroad and evolved from books. And therefore this Austrian Liberalism broke down when there came along a man who talked Viennese with the Viennese and put Viennese thoughts into Viennese language. That was the magic of Lueger." It is to the heart of the Austrians that the successful orator appeals. Genial and impulsive natures can alone hope to win them: and impulsiveness under stress of great excitement becomes violence. So, if certain inflammatory speeches are to be regretted—and, perhaps, no one regrets them more than the Burgomaster himself—for the immediate passions they stirred, a large degree of their violence must be discounted for the natures of audience and speaker.

Two instances of such speeches will suffice. In December, 1905, the Jewish troubles were at their height in Russia and it was considered in many quarters that the infection was beginning to spread among the Semitic elements in Austria. Unfortunately Lueger was in a truculent mood. "I warn the Jews in Vienna," he said, "not to go so far as their co-religionists in Russia, and not to make common cause with the Social Democrat revolutionaries. I tell them emphatically that, if they do, what has happened in Russia may equally well happen here. We in Vienna are anti-Semites. We are not addicted to murder, but, still, if the Jews threaten our fatherland and its institutions we will have no mercy on them. I am anxious that they shall have full warning before things come to such a pass." The very natural result of this speech was considerable alarm among the Austrian Jews, and deputations waited on the Government to ask for State protection. Lueger was astonished at having been taken so seriously and immediately took occasion to explain. "Every one knows," he said, "that I am not a bloodthirsty man and that I am the last person in the world either to commit or to urge others to commit murder. But as my speech has been interpreted as an incitement to bloodshed—I will remove the bad impression by begging you not to kill the Jews, not to persecute them, not to do anything to them, and above all—not to buy from them!"

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On November 24, 1907, Vienna celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the great Radetzky. This was an occasion on which Lueger really could not be expected to keep quiet, and in fact he delivered the following speech: "In Radetzky's day Austria passed through bad times, but the danger which he averted is not yet passed. At every corner fires still smoulder. In the south the Italian Irredentists long for the moment when they can hurl themselves against our sacred Empire. . . . At the right moment another Radetzky will come and defeat the enemies of the Empire, . . ." and so on in the same spirit. Needless to say this warlike utterance had to be explained away as best it could by the Foreign Secretary, and it was some days before the Italian Government felt thoroughly comfortable again.

But Lueger is not only the agitator who has conquered the masses and won the lower middle classes. His is also the staid policy which has captured the proud feudal aristocracy, who once repudiated him as the subverter of society and the enemy of property. Once his creed was, from this point of view, one of two forms of Socialism, more dangerous than the other, perhaps, because clothed in a more specious form. Cardinal Schönborn actually went to the Vatican to ask for its disavowal. Now it is in great part their own creed and the rallying ground of all who stand for Church and Dynasty and Order against the forces of national and social disruption. So too have Lueger's relations to the Monarchy changed, or rather the relations of the Monarchy to him, for he has ever been more Imperial than the Emperor. Francis Joseph has, no doubt, forgotten that he ever rejected him as administrator of the Imperial city, or would like to forget it. The Christian Socialist Party is to-day one of the great pillars of the Throne and the justification of the Emperor's great act of wisdom in initiating Universal Suffrage. For if racial animosity has not been crushed, if Liberalism is not quite a dead creed, if Social Democracy is a growing danger to the State and if the Parliament of Universal Suffrage has on more than one occasion disgraced itself to the level of its predecessors—at least a foundation for unity has been laid, the path to national salvation has

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been pointed out and a sturdy contingent of men formed to steer the country on its journey thither. At this moment Austria is for the first time, however obscurely it may seem at certain moments, heading for cohesion, consolidation and a European mission. Dualism has been tried and found wanting. Pan-Germanism is dead. Pan-Slavism is a chimera. At last an apparently workable solution of the problem is offered her. If she rejects it, it would look indeed as if all were lost. Dynasty, Church and country, it would seem, must eventually go. And what will fill the void for the struggling racial mass set in motion by the upheaval? Perhaps a better answer than Lueger's will eventually be given, but, until it is, his must hold the field. Whether his party will survive him at the same high rate of efficiency and with united forces is another question. Certain it is that there is no one man qualified to be his successor. Without the guiding hand mistakes may and will be made—perhaps irretrievable mistakes—and without doubt the glowering forces of Social Democracy will not be slow to take the utmost advantage of them. Without Lueger, has the Party sufficient brains and statesmanship to carry out its momentous programme? The answer is by no means certain.

To Lueger then is due the regeneration of the city, and, as far as the political horizon extends for us at this moment, perhaps the foundation of the Great Austria that is to be. Posterity, however, will not pronounce him a great statesman, for a great statesman he is not. He is not a statesman at all. Nor perhaps a great administrator, for that name has a departmental or colonial or provincial ring about it. Nor again a social reformer, for this again implies a conventional politician. There should be something unique and individual about his title to fame, and above all something popular. Let us say then a great Tribune of the People who saved them from usury and corruption, and disunion and apostasy—something of a Gracchus and something of an O'Connell.

For many years now the festival of Corpus Christi has been celebrated in the streets of Vienna with a military pomp and grandeur unequalled in any other Christian city,

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and the Emperor and Court and Privy Council have walked with great solemnity in the procession amid a brilliant cavalcade and the boom of guns. This year, however, motives of health made it prudent for His Majesty to abstain from taking part, and consequently the character of the procession was completely changed. Instead of the glittering uniforms of the Mounted Hungarian Guard and the splendour of gala carriages, a long array of sombre citizens defiled through the streets, and in the place of honour, ill though he was, walked the Burgomaster, bare-headed under a burning sun, the gold chain of office round his neck, surrounded by faithful colleagues of a quarter of a century, now the leading members of the Council and the Party. The material contrast was certainly not in favour of the change. Yet who can say that this was not the more imposing spectacle of the two—the “free citizen atmosphere” that certain of our English politicians delight to honour, charged with the full current of dogma and ritual, nay, rather, created by it—the triumph of enlightenment, liberty and efficiency, in the very conditions under which, by the same respectable authorities, they are least expected to thrive. A more perfect, if less anti-Semitic, City than Vienna may still cry, “Hoch Lueger!”

THE NERONIAN PERSECUTION

Studies in Roman History. By E. G. Hardy, M.A., D. Litt. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1906.

The Church in the Roman Empire before A.D. 170. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

St Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. By J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham. Eighth Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

DURING the period covered by St Luke's narrative in Acts Christianity was not persecuted by the Roman Government. On occasions when the preaching of the new religion provoked riots in some city, its adherents might be treated by the municipal authorities as the aggressors, and punished as disturbers of the peace, by scourging, imprisonment and expulsion.* But so far from being persecuted by the imperial government, Christians, it would seem, could rather look to its officials for protection against the violence of Jewish or Pagan mobs.†

This state of things must have lasted till the end of the "two whole years"‡ during which St Paul was a prisoner at Rome; for it is hardly possible that the Apostle would have been released if, at the time when his trial came off, the Christian religion was already proscribed.

Now, according to recent chronological investigations, St Paul's imprisonment terminated in A.D. 61, or the first two months of A.D. 62. We are at liberty, therefore, so far as the narrative of Acts is concerned, to place the begin-

* Cf. Acts xvi, 22-24.

† St Jerome, in his Commentary on the Epistle to Philemon, exactly hits off the state of things depicted in Acts: "Necdum enim super nomine Christiano Senatus consulta præcesserant; necdum Christianum sanguinem Nero dedicarat. Sed pro novitate prædicationis, sive a Judæis invidentibus, sive ab his qui sua videbant idola destrui, ad furorem populis concitatis, missi in carcerem, rursum impetu et furore deposito, laxabantur."

‡ Acts xxviii, 30.

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ning of the Neronian persecution as far back as the spring or summer of the last-named year.

The view generally accepted, however, is that the persecution did not break out till after the great fire at Rome in A.D. 64, when Nero, who was suspected of being its author, in order, as Tacitus tells us, to divert suspicion from himself, "fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite punishments on a class of persons vulgarly known as Christians." Up to that time the Christians are supposed to have been unnoticed and unmolested by the imperial government. All inquiries into the origin of the first persecution have hitherto been dominated by this assumption. It is represented as starting from the punishment of the Christians, not on account of their religion, but because of a definite crime falsely laid to their charge.

In spite of its universal acceptance, there are very serious objections to this view. In the first place, it reads into Tacitus a good deal more than he says; and in the second place, it ignores what is to be learned from Christian documents. Two very early ecclesiastical writers speak of the origin of the Neronian persecution, and they assign it to causes quite remote from the trumped up charge of incendiarism. But this is not all. There are plenty of allusions to Nero and the Neronian persecution in early Christian literature, but with one solitary and obscure exception nothing is heard of the charge of incendiarism till we come to Sulpicius Severus,* and he derived his information straight from Tacitus.

Our object is to get at a view of the Neronian persecution which will take into account the information derived from Christian, as well as from Pagan, sources. What has chiefly to be looked for is an explanation of the events recorded by Tacitus, which will explain how they came to be forgotten so quickly by the Christian Church. Such an explanation can, we think, only be found by supposing (1) that the persecution began before the fire, and (2) that so little was made of the charge of incendiarism that no-

* A.D. 425.

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body heeded it. Nero, we would suggest, instead of taking the trouble to manufacture evidence in support of the charge, contented himself with starting a vague rumour, which, as it received no credence, was quickly forgotten.* To the world at large, the atrocities after the fire, would have appeared like an attempt to distract men's thoughts from the recent calamity, and perhaps, also, at a time when society was necessarily in a very disorganized state, to get rid, once and for all, of a dangerous class of persons. To the Christians, a vague rumour that they had conspired to set fire to Rome would, if they were not formally charged with the crime, appear as only one out of the many vile calumnies circulated against them.

We will first examine the chief references in early Christian writers to the Neronian persecution, in order to realize how far their testimony contradicts the view that it began with the charge of incendiarism, after the fire of A.D. 64.

I. St Clement of Rome, in his epistle to the Corinthians, warns his readers, by divers examples, against the sin of envy. He begins with instances out of the Old Testament, such as the stories of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, Saul and David, and then continues:

Let us set before us the noble examples which belong to our own generation. By reason of jealousy and envy the greatest and most righteous pillars of the Church were persecuted and contended even unto death. Let us set before our eyes the examples of the good Apostles. There was Peter, who, by means of unrighteous jealousy, endured, not one or two, but many labours, and thus having borne his testimony, went to his appointed place of glory. By reason of jealousy and strife Paul, by his example, pointed out the prize of patient endurance. After that he had been several times in bonds, had been driven into exile, had preached in the East and West; he won the noble renown, which was the reward of

*If this seems like attributing to Nero an amount of folly and recklessness which is almost incredible, we may recall how, a few years previously, he had tried to compass his mother's death by a sham shipwreck, on a calm summer's night in the Bay of Baiæ, and how this stupid plot, which, had it succeeded, would have deceived no one, was bungled.

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his faith, having taught righteousness to the whole world, and having reached the furthest bounds of the West, and when he had borne his testimony before the rulers, so he departed from the world. . . . Unto these men of holy lives were gathered a vast multitude of the elect, who, through many indignities and tortures, being the victims of jealousy, set a brave example among ourselves. By reason of jealousy women being persecuted, after they had suffered cruel and unholy insults as Danaïds and Dirceæ, safely reached the goal in the race of faith, and received a noble reward.*

The following points should be noted:

(1) The persecution in which SS. Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom is placed as an example of jealousy, on the same footing as the stories of Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, etc.†

(2) The previous sufferings of the two Apostles, with which this persecution is made continuous, were, as we know, chiefly due to the Jews, and their conduct would naturally be ascribed by the Christians to jealousy at seeing their privileges made over to the Gentiles, and to envy of a formidable rival.

(3) Whatever grounds the Roman Government may have had for persecuting the Christians, it would have been absurd in the first century to speak of jealousy as one of them.

The obvious inference from these facts is that, in St Clement's eyes, the Jews were the instigators of the Neronian persecution, and their motive was jealousy. That this should have been his view is hardly intelligible, on the supposition that the Christians were left alone by the Roman government till Nero, in order to divert suspicion from himself, accused them of setting fire to Rome.

2. By the side of Clement we may place Melito, Bishop of Sardis, who, in his apology,‡ written in his old age about the year A.D. 170, spoke of Nero and Domitian as persecu-

*S. Clem. 1 Cor. v, 6. Lightfoot's translation.

†Seven Old Testament examples are given, not one of which is in the least far-fetched.

‡Fragments of which are preserved by Eusebius.

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tors of the Christians, saying, "They were persuaded by certain calumniators."*

This is certainly not the presentation of Nero's conduct one would expect from a writer who was aware that the Emperor first attacked the Christians from a strictly personal motive "in order to divert suspicion from himself."

3. The following reference to the Neronian persecution, in *The Ascension of Isaiah*, is not very important for the purpose of our present inquiry, but it is too interesting to be passed over, containing, as it does, what is perhaps the earliest reference to the martyrdom of St Peter.

And now, Hezekiah and Jôsbab my son [Isaiah is the speaker], these are the days of the completion of the world. After it is consummated, Beliar, the great ruler, the king of this world will descend . . . in the likeness of a man, a lawless king, the slayer of his mother; who himself (even) this king will persecute the plant which the Twelve Apostles of the Beloved have planted. Of the Twelve one will be delivered into his hands.†

4. *The Acts of Paul*, probably compiled toward the end of the second century, have a good deal to say about Nero's persecution, but are altogether silent about the fire and the charge of incendiarism.

5. There is the same silence in *The Acts of Peter*, which belong to a somewhat later date than *The Acts of Paul*.

Both the Acts of Paul and those of Peter are of an entirely fictitious character. Still, they may be regarded as having a certain negative historical value, inasmuch as their compilers would not be likely to neglect traditions current among their readers. The stupidest writer of an historical romance which treated of the sufferings of Catholics in England under Charles II, would be sure to bring in the Titus Oates plots.

*Euseb. *H.E.* iv, 26.

†*The Ascension of Isaiah*, Dr Charles' edition, pp. 24-26. *The Ascension* is a composite work. One of the documents it embodies—from which the passage quoted above is taken—is an ancient Christian Apocalypse, which, as it speaks as if persons who had known Christ personally would still be alive at the second Advent, must have been written before the close of the first century. (See Dr Charles' note on pp. 31-32.)

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6. Tertullian refers to the Neronian persecution in his treatise *Ad Nationes** and his *Apology*,† but on neither occasion does he allude to the charge of incendiarism. His silence is the more remarkable, for in both writings his object was to place the persecutions in the most odious possible light, by pointing to Nero as their inaugurator.

This name of ours [he writes in the former work] took its rise in the reign of Augustus; under Tiberius it was taught with all clearness and publicity; under Nero it was ruthlessly condemned, and you may weigh its worth and character from the person of its persecutor. If that prince was a pious man, then the Christians were impious; if he was just and pure, then the Christians are the reverse; if he was not a public enemy, we are.

And in the *Apology*:

Consult your records; you will find there that Nero was the first who assailed with the imperial sword the Christian sect just when it was coming into notice of Rome. But we are truly proud of having such a man to inaugurate our condemnation; for anyone who knows him can understand that what Nero condemned must have been something very good.

If it was notorious that persecutions began with an atrocious calumny, why is Tertullian silent upon this point and, contenting himself with the vague note of infamy attaching to them because Nero was their author, pass over the special infamy of the motive which led this monster to inaugurate them?

Further, in both the writings just referred to, Tertullian dwells at great length on the monstrous calumnies circulated against the Christians, yet he makes no allusion to the events recorded by Tacitus. Now, surely, if these events had possessed anything like the importance attached to them by modern writers, they would have served the apologist's purpose too well to be passed over in silence. Here was a calumny, and an exploded one too. No one would have known better than Tertullian how to taunt the pagans with it, and to use it as a warning against the

* I, 7

† v, 5

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greedy credulity with which they swallowed any calumnies, however preposterous, against the Christians.

7. Lactantius or whoever was the author of the treatise *De Morte Persecutorum*, written about A.D. 318, thus refers to the outbreak of the Neronian persecution:

When Nero heard of these things [i.e., the miracles or preaching of St Peter] . . . he, an execrable tyrant, sprang forward to raze the heavenly temple and destroy the true faith. He it was who first persecuted the servants of the true God; he crucified Peter and slew Paul.

8. Eusebius often refers to the Neronian persecution in his Church History, but he does not make a single allusion to the charge of incendiarism. In his Chronicle, among the notices attached to the ninth year of Nero, according to the Armenian version, occurs the following, "There were many fires at Rome"; but these fires are not in any way connected with the persecution of the Christians.

9. The silence of Eusebius is remarkable, because it stands for that of the vast collection of early-Christian writings, from which he quarried material for his Chronicle and Church History. But still more remarkable is that of St Jerome, who was a Western, and who, having resided some time at Rome, must have been acquainted with the local traditions of the Church in that city. In the translation, which he made of the Chronicle of Eusebius, he corrects and amplifies the latter's account of the fire. He rightly substitutes for a number of fires, one big conflagration which destroyed the greater part of Rome, and adds that Nero was its author. Thus, though the fire of A.D. 64 was important enough in his eyes to make him rewrite Eusebius's notice concerning it, he nevertheless has nothing to say about its connexion with the persecution of the Christians.*

10. We have now to consider the solitary example of a reference, apparently quite independent of Tacitus, to the punishment of the Christians as incendiaries. It is found in

* "Nero ut similitudinem Troiæ ardentis inspiceret, plurimam partem Romanæ Urbis incendit."

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the apocryphal letters of Paul and Seneca, a compilation probably belonging to the earlier part of the fourth century. The forger of this correspondence was not altogether an ignorant man. He has read part of Seneca, and is aware of the philosopher's relations with Lucilius; he is acquainted with the story of Castor and Pollux appearing to one Vatinius; he can talk glibly of the gardens of Sallust; he is acquainted with the character of Caligula, whom he properly calls Caius Cæsar; he is even aware of the Jewish sympathies of the Empress Poppæa, and makes her regard St Paul as a renegade; and lastly, he seems to have had before him some account of the Neronian fire and persecution, which is no longer extant, for he speaks of "*Christians and the Jews*" being punished as the authors of the conflagration, and mentions that "*a hundred and thirty-two houses and six insulæ, were burnt in six days.*"*

The reference to the fire comes in one of the letters attributed to Seneca:

Hail, dearest Paul! Can you think that I am not exceedingly grieved at the punishment inflicted on your innocency? and that the populace should regard you so criminal and imagine you responsible for whatever misfortune befalls the city. . . . It is quite clear why Rome so often suffers from fire. . . . The Christians and Jews are customarily made to suffer as incendiaries.

Then follows, with the clearness of a stage whisper, what are meant to pass as dark hints at Nero's guilt.†

According to this writer, then, the great fire of A.D. 64, was one out of numbers of conflagrations, all really caused by Nero, and habitually laid to the charge of Jews and Christians. He seems, moreover, to have had a very inadequate idea of the amount of destruction caused by the fire. The numbers he gives for the buildings burned down represent a biggish fire, but nothing like the overwhelming catastrophe recorded by Tacitus and other historians.

It is impossible to determine whether our author, whose reading seems to have been of a fairly general character, derived all this loose and inaccurate information from Christian sources. The latter hypothesis seems, on the whole, the more probable one. A Christian writer would

*Lightfoot, *Philippians*, pp. 330, 331; the italics are our own.

†Ep. xii.

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not be likely to interest himself in the amount of material damage done by the fire, and he would be even less likely to bring in the Jews as fellow-sufferers with his own people. Further, it seems most improbable that a Christian document, which escaped the notice of every other extant Christian writer, should have been unearthed by a fourth-century forger.*

But even if we take the former hypothesis, and suppose the compiler of these letters of Paul and Seneca to be using a Christian tradition, which had somehow filtered down to his own time, still, a tradition unknown to men like Melito, Tertullian, Eusebius, and St Jerome, must have had, at best, but a feeble life. The difficulty will still remain, why the events recorded by Tacitus were so little remembered.

As a way of escaping from the difficulty we suggested:

(1) That the Neronian persecution began before the fire of A.D. 64, and (2) that after the fire, no serious effort was made to impress the public mind with the idea that the Christians were accused of being its authors.

We have now to examine whether the second of these assumptions is compatible with the narrative of Tacitus. About the compatibility of the first there can be no question. Tacitus says nothing to justify the assumption that the Christians were left unmolested till after the fire.

Tacitus's account of the fire begins thus:

A disaster followed, whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the Emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts, worse however, and more dreadful than any which ever happened to this city by fire.

*If the statement concerning the Jews was ultimately derived from an eyewitness, it is easy to understand how a pagan might suppose that a mixed multitude of Jews and Christians were put to death, for of course many of the victims bore the mark of their Jewish extraction. It is also not impossible that a pagan who imperfectly understood the distinction between Jew and Christian, gave a confused account of the alleged criminals which was afterwards taken to signify two classes of persons, viz., Jews and Christians

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The fact that those writers who did not believe in Nero's guilt attributed the fire to chance, certainly suggests that no very serious effort was made to get up a case against the Christians.

After describing the rise and progress of the conflagration, Tacitus narrates a circumstance which, rightly or wrongly, told heavily against Nero:

No one dared stop the spread of the fire, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons, who forbade the extinguishing of the flames, because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority, either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Now, Nero, who was away from Rome when the fire broke out, did not return till the building which connected his palace with the gardens of Mæcnas were in danger. Very energetic measures were taken to provide the starving and homeless multitude with food and shelter, but:

Their murmurs, though popular, produced no effect, for the rumour had gone forth everywhere, that, at the hour when the city was in flames, the Emperor appeared on a private stage and sung of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity.

After five days the fire ceased, but before people had time to lay aside their fears, it broke out afresh, under circumstances which intensified the suspicion against Nero, for the second conflagration began on the property of Tigellinus. "Thus it seemed as if Nero was aiming at the glory of founding a new city, and calling it by his own name." Three out of the fourteen regions, into which Rome was divided, were utterly destroyed, and seven were in ruins. We may pass over the account of the ancient monuments destroyed by the fire, the plans made for rebuilding the city, and the solemn rites which were celebrated to propitiate the gods. Nothing prevailed "to banish the sinister belief that the fire was the result of an order."

The accounts of the fire, given by Suetonius and Dio Cassius, offer a remarkable contrast to that of Tacitus,

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who, while he brings out in strong relief every circumstance which told against Nero, carefully refrains from pronouncing him guilty. According to Suetonius, the Emperor practised no concealment, except as regards his motive, which was pure wantonness. "Pretending to be disgusted with the old buildings and the narrow and crooked streets, he set fire to the city so openly that many persons of consular rank caught his own household servants on their own property with tow or torches in their hands, but durst not meddle with them. There being near his garden house some granaries, the site of which he exceedingly coveted, they were battered as if with machines of war, and set on fire."* According to Dio Cassius, it was secretly arranged that a number of men should set fire to the city in different places, while they feigned to be drunk and engaged in some private villainy of their own. It is singular that neither of these writers should say a word about the Emperor's futile attempt to exculpate himself by accusing others of the crime.†

The belief that Nero set fire to Rome soon became a fixed tradition. Besides the two histories just quoted, the poet Statius, the elder Pliny, the author of the pseudo-Senecan tragedy the Octavia, the forger of the letters of Paul and Seneca, who, as we have seen, probably derived his information from a pagan source, all assume his guilt.

This unanimous verdict of posterity is not without importance, for it at least shows that the Christian apologists would not have been afraid to remind their persecutors of the charge of incendiarism.

But to return to Tacitus. Nothing, he tells us, availed to get rid of the sinister report that the fire was due to Nero's order. And so, in the hope of dissipating the rumour, he falsely diverted the charge (*subdidit reos*) and inflicted the most

*Nero, 38, Forester's translation.

†This is all the more remarkable in the case of Suetonius, who actually refers to the persecution of the Christians, placing it among a number of praiseworthy measures enacted by Nero. "Adflicti suppliciis Christiani genus hominum novæ et maleficæ superstitionis."—*Nero*, 10.

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exquisite punishments on a set of people whom the populace called Christians, and who were detested for the abominations which they practised. The originator of the name, a person called Christus, had been executed by Pontius Pilate in the reign of Tiberius, and the dangerous superstition, though put down for the moment, again broke out, not only in Judæa, the original home of the pest, but even in Rome, where everything horrible or shameful collects and is practised.

Now comes the celebrated passage:

Igitur primo correpti qui fatebantur, deinde indicio eorum multitudo ingens haud perinde in crimine incendii quam odio humani generis coniuncti [al. convicti] sunt. Those, therefore, who confessed, were first brought to trial; then on information elicited from these, an immense multitude was involved in their fate [or convicted], not so much of firing the city, as of hatred to the human race.

The crucial words in this passage are *qui fatebantur*.¹

It is generally agreed that they mean *admitted the truth of some charge*, and not merely *professed the faith*.^{*} What then did Tacitus mean his readers to understand that those who were first brought to trial had already admitted against themselves? Some writers answer that it was the crime of incendiarism, either actually perpetrated and openly avowed by a few fanatics, or falsely confessed by men who yielded to the threat of infliction of torture. The first supposition may be dismissed as absurd. It is impossible to imagine that Tacitus, who opens his account of the fire by saying that it was due either to Nero or to chance, should mean that some of the Christians claimed it as their own work.[†]

The second supposition is almost as improbable. If Tacitus had meant an untrue confession, extorted by torture, he would hardly have left it to his readers' imaginations to supply this circumstance. It does not lie on the surface, especially as the confession, whatever it was, came before the trial. Then it must also be remembered that in

^{*}For this latter signification *profiteri* would have been the natural word to employ.

[†]Moreover, the words previously used, *subdidit reos*, imply that the accusation was false

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an age when torture was a recognized means of eliciting the truth, confessions made under its influence would not have been necessarily discredited. The best interpretation of the words in question seems to be that Tacitus felt *fateri** to be the appropriate word for men who avowed themselves members of a sect which was being hunted down by the government.

Thus understood the word *fateri* does not imply that the government troubled itself to obtain confessions of incendiarism from its victims.

A further indication of how little was made of the accusation of incendiarism is found in the words, *haud perinde in crimine incendii quam odio humani generis coniuncti [convicti]† sunt*. These can only mean that the chief stress was laid on the vague charge of hostility to society.

Tacitus thus describes the sufferings of the victims:

The deaths were contrived so as to afford merriment to the spectators. Some were covered with the skins of wild bears and torn to pieces by dogs; others were fastened to crosses, to be set on fire after dark, that their burning might illumine the night.‡ Nero offered his gardens for the spectacle. There were chariot races [*ludicrum circense edebat*], and the Emperor, dressed as a charioteer, mixed freely with the crowd, sometimes on foot, sometimes in his car. Hence, even for criminals who deserved the most exemplary punishment, there arose a feeling of pity, for it was not,

**Fateri* is the word used by Pliny (Ep. 97) for those who admitted that they were Christians.

†*Coniuncti* is the MS. reading, *convicti* an emendation, preferred by most critics on the ground that it "makes better sense." Ramsay, *Christianity and the Roman Government*, p. 65, Weis, *Die Christenverfolgungen*, p. 31; Henderson, *Life and Principate of Emperor Nero*, Appendix B, retain *coniuncti*. It is hardly necessary to point out that the latter reading contains no suggestion that the forms of a judicial inquiry were observed, and therefore suits our thesis better than the former.

‡There is something the matter with the text, and in endeavouring to amend it some critics distinguish three kinds of punishment, i.e., being torn to pieces by dogs, being crucified, being burned alive. This is how Sulpicius Severus understood the passage. But burning and crucifixion as separate punishment did not involve *ludibrium*; while there would be humour, of a Neronian kind, in a number of persons enveloped in combustibles, and impaled on crosses, ready to be set alight after dark.

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as it seemed, for the public good, but to glut one man's cruelty that they were being destroyed.

The state of feeling here described is only intelligible, on the supposition that the popular imagination failed to grasp Nero's purpose. Had it been understood that the Christians were seriously charged with burning down Rome, no punishment, however terrible, would have seemed to Roman citizens excessive, if the accusation was believed; while if it was disbelieved, the thought uppermost in men's minds, would not have been Nero's cruelty, but his guilt, and the atrocious device by which he was vainly trying to conceal it. And the connexion between the ghastly spectacle in the Emperor's garden and the fire, would have been clear to all if either the Christians were now being treated, for the first time, as criminals, or if some of them were formally condemned as incendiaries.*

*The notion that only a few of the Christians were concerned in the fire and the greater number were innocent victims of Nero's cruelty, is not one that was likely to cross the imagination of the Roman "man in the street." The votaries of the "new superstition" were, in his eyes, an abandoned set of wretches, and had he been persuaded that some of them set fire to Rome, this would have been, in his eyes, a more than sufficient reason for extirpating the whole brood.

F. J. BACCHUS.

POSTSCRIPT. The above was already in type when I became acquainted with a recent and most important contribution to the literature of the Neronian persecution by Professor Klette.† It covers much the same ground as the present article, dealing with the same problem—the difficulty of harmonizing the statements of writers like S. Clement of Rome, and Melito, with the view that the persecution arose out of the charge of incendiarism. The Professor's solution of this problem is less favourable than mine to Tacitus's credit as an historian. There is one most important point in which he has anticipated me. He explains in the same way that I have the "envy and jealousy" to which S. Clement attributes the sufferings of the Christians.

† Die Christenkatastrophe unter Nero nach ihren Quellen insbesondere nach Tac. Ann. xv, 44, von neuem untersucht. Tübingen. 1907.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ

Poland's National Poet

ADAM MICKIEWICZ, the greatest figure in Polish literature, is the supreme poet of his race's agony. He was born in 1798. Nurtured in the Lithuania whose wild untrodden forests, whose ever-changing and storm-laden skies he depicted in colours unsurpassed in his native literature, he was reared on romantic legend, on the folk tales of a primitive and poetic country. The golden recollection of his boyhood was the campaign of 1812, that spring fraught with mystic hope to Poland, when Napoleon led the Polish legions to what the nation dreamed was to be her deliverance out of bondage.

Oh, spring [writes Mickiewicz in his national epic *Thaddeus*], spring of war and spring of plenty, . . . flowering with corn and grass, pregnant with hope! Still do I see thee, fair dream of the night! Born in captivity, chained in my swaddling-bands, only one such spring have I known in my life.

For the bitter heritage of his nation soon fell upon him. The flower of the Lithuanian youth were enrolled into two societies, which Mickiewicz had himself helped to found. These associations were of a purely philanthropic nature, national within strictly legal limits. As the loftiest expression of their aims, we may take Mickiewicz's magnificent *Ode to Youth*, that noble trumpet-call to the young, whose own the earth is, to soar to the sun, to scorn with a great loathing the earth-creeping worm of egotism, to stand shoulder to shoulder, for

in the happiness of all is the aim of all, strong in unity. . . . Happy is he who, fallen in the midst of his career, with his slain body gives to others a stepping-stone to the garden of glory. . . . Youth! the nectar of life is only sweet when it is shared with others. . . . Oh, youth, as an eagle's is the power of thy flights, as a thunder-bolt thy arm.

With these words ringing in their hearts, the young sons of Lithuania were called upon to face the crisis of their

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lives when in 1823 the wrath of the Russian Government swept down upon them. A boy of fourteen, one of the Plater family that gave heroic sons and daughters to the Rising of 1830, scrawled upon the slate in the class-room, "Long live the Constitution of the 3rd of May."* This was the pretext that the Government seized upon. In that terrible drama of the imprisonment and torture of the Lithuanian youth, scenes which Mickiewicz in his play, *The Ancestors*, has inscribed in letters of fire, the poet and his dearest friends suffered side by side. History tells a dark tale of the horrors enacted in the depths of the prisons: of the students being fed for days upon salted herrings and deprived of water in order to force from their lips betrayals of their companions; of the deportation of boys, so young as to be more properly termed children, in chains to the mines; of banishment to Siberia, where went the noble-minded Thomas Zan, who may truly be said to have laid down his life for his friends; of life-long exile, as in the case of Mickiewicz himself.

It was under these circumstances that in 1824 Mickiewicz left the country which he was never to see again but which was to haunt his dreams, his genius, with a passionate and yearning love, with a never ending sense of loss. For the next five years he lived under police supervision in Russia, the friend of the Russian Liberals and poets.

Where are ye now? [he wrote in after years in the mournful lines *To my Russian Friends*.] The noble neck of Ruilyév, which as a brother's I embraced, hangs to the shameful tree. That hand which Bestúzhev, poet and soldier, stretched to me, torn from the pen and sword, the Tsar hath harnessed to the barrow, and to-day it toileth in the mines, chained to a Polish wrist.

Then across the sea of Poland's martyrdom that had rolled between him and those days of his earlier exile, the poet hails others, once beloved, but who have proved faithless to their generous dreams.

If to you from afar, from the nations that are free, these songs

* The enlightened Constitution passed by the last Independent Polish Diet.

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of grief shall wing their way even to the North, may they be your harbingers of freedom, as the cranes announce the spring.

Ye will know me by my voice! While I was in chains, crawling as a snake, the despot I deceived; but my hidden thoughts I showed to you.

Now upon the world this cup of poison do I pour, burning and devouring with my bitter words: bitterness sucked out from my country's blood and tears. Let it burn, let it slay your chains, but not yourselves.

With the pinions of his genius fettered as he thus describes, the poet who in the hour of his liberty sent forth those Titan cries of agony in the lines *To the Polish Mother*, and in the great *Improvisation*, now wrote the Crimean Sonnets and the famous epic, *Konrad Wallenrod*.

The sonnets were inspired by Mickiewicz's wanderings in the Crimea during the first year of his exile. Here we have seas, skies, storm and calm, painted from the heart of the lover, with the exquisite colouring of the artist. To him every aspect of nature was intimate and dear; from the frowning mountain gorge to the faint stir of the butterfly in the grass and the flight of the crane in the silence of the steppe. But the sorrow of the exile has already begun to eat into his soul. The stars that shine down on the grave of a lady of the Potocki family, dead in Tartar captivity, point to the North, to that Poland whither neither he nor she, both alike to die among aliens, will ever return. Amidst the nightingales of the East it is the murmurs of the Lithuanian forests that are sounding in his ears.

But *Konrad Wallenrod* is pre-eminently the song of his bondage. Who can wonder that he spoke out of the bitterness of his heart? Harried from town to town under the vigilance of the police; the friends and companions of his early manhood in the prisons and Siberia; with the presage before his eyes of the still darker storm that ere long was to burst upon his country; Mickiewicz wrote his warning to the oppressor.

He cast his poem in the shape of the long struggle, so dear to the Lithuanian heart, between the Teutonic knights and the wild children of Lithuania, clad in bearskins, armed

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with bows and javelins, courageous and undaunted as the savage beasts of their own forests. Among the military monks appears a stranger, named Konrad Wallenrod. None know whence he springs nor the reason of his brooding gloom; but his feats of arms in the ranks of the Order are famed, and he is elected Grand Master. When, however, he lingers in the knights' fortress and suffers the Lithuanians to ravage unmolested the neighbourhood of their once-dreaded foe, we begin to suspect his secret. And when, at a feast of the Order, a minstrel sings the tale of the Lithuanian boy who, brought up in German captivity, escapes to his own people, and thence, tearing from his heart the love of bride and home, returns to the land of his hatred for the salvation of his country, then we know that we are listening to Konrad's own story. Konrad then leads the knights into the heart of the enemy's country. Those left behind watch in vain for their return. At last, all that is left of them, a haggard band of fugitives, straggle back through the snow. In the depths of Lithuania the Grand Master had betrayed them to their fate. Condemned to death by the Order for his treachery, he frustrates the sentence by drinking of a poisoned cup, and expires, triumphant in his vengeance, his dying words hurling defiance to his foe.

Incredible as it may appear, this poem passed the Russian censor. But shortly after its publication its significance was perceived; and then it was only through the help of a devoted Russian friend that Mickiewicz escaped from Russia in 1829.

Henceforth we follow a life of ever-deepening tragedy.

His was the fire of the inspired prophet. Those who knew him, those who listened marvelling to his improvisations and to the unstudied rapture of his words, are unanimous in declaring that he drew nearer to the ancient ideal of the poet and bard than has been given to modern times to behold and that his inspiration passed ordinary human limits. Side by side with this extraordinary genius, we have a character whose singular beauty and whose winning personal charm may still be felt through the half

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century and more that separates this generation from his death and which won him the love and admiration, undying to this day, of the Polish nation. But for this "favourite of the gods," the days of prosperity were short-lived. We see him growing grey beneath his sorrows, his weary harassed face described by one who saw him as the very type of Poland's fate. Worn out by poverty and domestic misery; wrung to the depths of a peculiarly loving heart by the sufferings of the Polish emigrants for whose welfare he laboured without ceasing, and to whom he would freely give out of his own want; the nostalgia of the exile and the terrible spectacle of the fate that befell his country after the Rising of 1830 filled what was yet wanting to his bitter cup. Out of the tragedy of his life, before that strange silence to which we shall return later had fallen on him, the greatest poet of the Slavonic race gave to the world his three noble creations: *To the Polish Mother*, *The Ancestors*, and *Thaddeus*.

The lines *To the Polish Mother* were written on the eve of the Rising of 1830. Overwhelmed with grief, the Polish poet, with something of the power and the anguish of a Jeremias, mourns for the desolation of the daughter of his people.

Oh, Polish Mother, when from thy son's childish brow looks forth the noble pride of the Poles of old; when he listens to the tale of the glory of his sires; oh, Polish mother, gaze thou upon the sword that pierced the Mother of Sorrows' bleeding heart. With a like blow the foe shall pierce thy bosom:

Because, though all the world shall bloom in peace, thy son is called to battle without glory, to martyrdom without a resurrection.

Then bid him early choose for his place of musing the lonely cave, to breathe the putrid air, to share the bed of noxious reptiles. There shall he learn the lesson of his future life: how to conceal his righteous wrath, his noble thought; to poison speech and snake-like creep the earth.

And for his playthings must his mother wreathe his little hands with chains and bind him to the convict's cart, so that he may not flinch before the sentence.

It is not for him to plant the cross of victory in Jerusalem or to

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water with his blood the fields of liberty. His challenge shall be that of an unknown spy, the place of battle a hidden dungeon, and a strong enemy shall pronounce his doom.

And, vanquished, his death monument shall be the scaffold's wood; his only glory the brief weeping of a woman and the long night talks of his compatriots.

Such is the power of the lines *To the Polish Mother* in their original Polish that they stand among the great tragic poems of the world.

The Ancestors is the tragedy of the Russian prison; the drama of the soul in fetters. We will leave aside the many difficulties presented by its uncompleted state, and confine ourselves to its purely national and spiritual episode, the third part, founded on the imprisonment and persecution of the Lithuanian youth. It will be seen then that *The Ancestors* is a page from the poet's own history, the more so as the preceding part of the drama was written in commemoration of his first love.

The groundwork of the play is the semi-pagan feast of the dead, formerly held in Lithuania, at which the souls of the departed or of the absent were summoned by a wizard to appear and tell their fate. This supernatural setting throws its own character over the whole work. The weird call of the wizard resounds at intervals throughout the play. Shadowy forms of the dead flit about us. The *dramatis personæ* see strange visions: and finally the hero of Part III, Konrad, is himself a spiritual reincarnation of the hero of the earlier part, the love-lorn Gustavus. "D.O.M. Gustavus," writes he with a piece of coal on the wall of his prison. "Hic natus est Conradus." Konrad dies to his early and earthly love. A national Konrad is born to a nobler, higher passion—the love of his country.

The first scene opens at midnight in the convent which the Russian Government is using for the prison. The young prisoners, with the connivance of the corporal, himself a Pole and an old legionary, gather together in Konrad's cell, where they prepare to spend the feast—it is Christmas Eve—in such pitiful cheer as the more light-hearted among them may devise. But the festivity hangs fire. For the talk

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runs on the anguish of their bereaved brides and families; on the foul prison food and air; on the lot awaiting them. In vain does one of the prisoners make a gallant attempt to impart a little mirth into the company. Life in its most dreadful aspects is too close to them, and a terrible silence falls upon the room while one of their number relates what he saw in the town that day as he was being conducted back to prison from his trial. The square outside the prison was full of soldiers standing to their arms, surrounded by crowds dumb with sorrow and with pity. Then came forth, each escorted by a soldier with a bayonet, the sad procession of boy after boy, friends and brothers of those who are listening to the tale, chained, their heads shaved, starting for the land of their eternal exile, Siberia. The youngest, a child of ten years, was crying out that his chain, made for grown-up men, was too heavy for his bleeding leg to support. And another, older, smiled proudly upon the weeping people as though to conceal his pain, and with the cry of the Polish legions, "Poland hath not perished yet," upon his lips, he was borne in the cart from their sight. "If I forget that," breaks off the narrator in deep emotion, "God in heaven, forget Thou me," to which all his fellow-prisoners reply, "Amen."

But the story is not finished. Other prison carts bring forth the doomed, and others still. Then comes the last of the ranks, he who was but now one of the speaker's neighbours in the prison. He had been knouted so cruelly that he falls helpless to the ground, and the soldier, unable to keep back his tears, lifts him, dying or dead, into the cart.

When at last they can rouse themselves from the heavy gloom of this tragedy, in which probably they themselves will be the next actors, the prisoners begin to talk and sing. One of them, irritated by the sight of a priest who is among them praying, takes it into his head to sing a blasphemous song. At this, Konrad, to the great approval of the pious corporal, angrily protests, declaring that, although he knows not what has become of his old faith, he will not permit the name of Mary to be blasphemed,

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He then sinks into a gloomy silence, till suddenly he bursts out with a horrible song of revenge against his country's oppressors. Heedless of the priest's stern rebuke, he enters into a delirium of poetic frenzy. His companions, alarmed, try in vain to calm him. The corporal suddenly gives the warning that the guard is at hand, the prisoners put out their lights and rush to their cells, leaving Konrad alone in his.

Then follows the greatest piece that Mickiewicz ever wrote, the magnificent *Improvization*, in which Konrad, as the poet, the patriot, hurls forth his mighty defiance against his God. It is said to stand unrivalled as the manifestation of the working of a poet's soul at the very moment of his inspiration.*

Konrad is alone in the unbroken silence of a prison. The dungeon holds his body, but on the wings of creative ecstasy his spirit breaks its bonds. For what is man to him? He, genius, is above man. It is to God and nature that he cries to hearken to his word, for of them his song is worthy.

He is the master. Trembling with rapture, his hands touch the skies, and the stars obey his bidding. There is no sound in the universe save his own song, in which is gathered the whisper of the wind, the roar of the storm, the sorrow of all the world. "Worthy of God and nature such a song." "That song is great, that song is creation, that song is immortality." "I feel immortality, I create immortality. What greater couldst Thou do, Oh God?"

The wise of the world, the poets, he spurns. What have they ever felt like unto the soaring of his spirit, "in this lonely night, when alone I sing within myself, alone I sing unto myself"? Because this is his supreme night, the zenith of his power, when taking to himself the wings of a spirit he will reach beyond the stars even to the Creator Himself.

And [cries he in rapture] I have them, I have these two wings. I will strike the past with the left, the future with the right, and on

*Gabriel Sarrazin, *Les Grands Poètes Romantiques de la Pologne*. Paris. 1906.

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the flames of love will I come—to Thee. And I will gaze into Thy love, Oh Thou of whom they say that Thou lovest in the heavens. I am here, I have come, Thou seest what is my power. But I am man, and my body is there on earth. There did I love, and in my country hath remained my heart.

That love of the poet's has not rested on one man, one age. "I love the whole nation." As a lover, a husband, a father, he has gathered to his bosom her past and future children. He yearns to heal her sorrows and has come to his Creator to inquire the means of Him—armed above all with the strength of love. "I was born a creator." As this power is God's by mystery, so it is the poet's. Man only, he complains, will not serve him and God. For this dominion over his fellow-men has he come hither, to pray to rule them, not by the strength of arms, but with love. With this power he will re-create his nation. He, highest among mortal men, is here to seek Him who is highest in Heaven. Let it then be granted to him to rule souls as God.

Pausing, he awaits the answer. A long silence follows. Enraged, baffled, the poet cries:

Thou art silent. He hath lied who called Thee love. Thou art only—wisdom. With the intellect, not the heart, man will know Thy ways. Thou hast given the world to be ruled by thought, and the heart Thou hast left in eternal penance.

Then, as blasphemous ravings tear his soul, there resound through the dungeon the cries of the demons, driving him to his doom, the voices of the angels, mourning for the falling star.

Thou art still silent? I challenge Thee. I will wage with Thee a bloodier war than Satan. He fought for understanding, I challenge for the heart. I have loved, I have suffered, I have grown in torments and in love.

We should here observe the remarkable feature of the *Improvisation* that places it on an entirely different plane to the poem of intellectual revolt. It is the bitter note of human sorrow that gives it its peculiar and terrible power. The *Improvisation* is the cry of anguish of the son of an

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oppressed people, standing forth in the name of the whole mortal race, maddened by the sight of suffering, calling to Heaven in vain. Mickiewicz wrote it, overpowered with grief, when the vengeance of Nicholas I was spreading untold desolation throughout all Poland. His nation's misery is the goad that has driven Konrad to madness and despair. For her sake, not for his, he declares war against God.

"Now is my soul incarnate with my country," he says in those famous lines that will last with the Polish language, and that have made Adam Mickiewicz, as it were, one with the heart of Poland.

I and my country are one. My name is Million, because for millions do I love and suffer. I feel the sufferings of the whole nation as the mother feels within her bosom the sufferings of her child.

"I suffer, I madden," he continues; and Heaven is still silent before the tears, the cry for help, of millions of mankind. Then in his rage he hurls forth his last defiance and cries out to his God, "Thou art not the father of the world, but——"

"The voice of the demon, 'The Tsar.' "

At the sound of this culminating blasphemy—the full point of which will be appreciated when we remember that the name of the Tsar to the Pole under Nicholas I was the synonym of the most pitiless of oppressions, of a ruler whose vindictive hatred of his Polish subjects knew no mercy—Konrad pauses, staggers, and falls senseless to the ground. Then follows the wild rush of the demons into his cell, as with savage cries, leaping upon his prostrate body, they claim their prey.

Is *The Ancestors* then nothing more from a spiritual standpoint than a dreary sceptical drama?

"Peace to this house, peace to the sinner." Breathing these words of benediction, a friar enters the demon-haunted dungeon. He is brought by the worthy corporal, who has had misgivings ever since he listened to Konrad's song, and whose uneasiness has been increased by the strange sounds that he has heard proceeding from the cell. There lies Konrad stricken to the earth, unconscious,

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moaning in his delirium of a precipice without bottom and without bounds, haunted through the heavy coils of his stupor by the vision of his friend, Rollison, the only son of a blind and widowed mother, who is being tortured in the prison and who in his misery is battling with temptation to suicide.

"Thou hearest how he sobs," says the corporal.

"Son," says the priest tenderly, raising Konrad in his arms, "thou art resting on a heart that loves thee." He bids the corporal retire, and he and the prisoner are left alone. Then from Konrad's unconscious lips fall broken words of agony, accents breathing the measureless despair of a persecuted race.

I see hence, even hence, although it is dark; . . . still . . . Rollison, I see thee. Brother, thou art in prison, scourged, streaming with blood. And God hath not listened to thee and thou art in despair. Thou seekest a knife, thou dost try to dash thy head against the walls: "Help!" . . . God doth not give it, I cannot give it thee . . . But I will show thee the way to death. Thou hast a window, leap, leap down and break thy neck. And fly with me to the deep, to darkness . . . Let us fly to the pit . . . the abyss . . . That abyss is better than the vale of earth. There, there are no brothers, mothers, nations, tyrants.

The friar now recognizes that the demon has entered into Konrad and is speaking with his voice. He solemnly calls upon God to conquer, and the struggle for life or death begins between him and the powers of darkness. The former arms himself with prayer and the Latin words of exorcism; the unhappy Konrad answers with a stupid polyglot of gibberish and falsehoods. At last, the priest, battling for the human soul, is the victor, and the demon flees. Konrad awakens.

Dost thou raise me? Who art thou? Beware lest thou thyself shalt fall into these depths. . . . Let us fly. I will fly as a bird to the heights, I breathe sweet scents, I shine with light. Whence your pity that descended to this pit?

"Pray," says the priest, "for the hand of the Lord hath terribly touched thee," in putting words of foolishness on

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the proud lips that outraged the Eternal Majesty. Let him pray. Let him humble the sinning thought. Then, as Konrad sinks into a heavy slumber, "Thy mercy, Lord," the priest cries, "is without bounds." Prostrating himself in the form of a cross, he implores the Divine pity for the sinner, and offers himself as a victim of expiation for Konrad's crime. Even as he prays there is wafted into the gloomy cell the sound of the Christmas hymns from the church hard by, and suddenly, above the prostrate figures of the priest and the youth, whose soul he has saved, angels begin to sing, pleading for justice or for mercy in alternate choirs like the great harmonies of some noble oratorio, until, uniting in a closing chorus, they proclaim:

He will arise from the dust, and of his own will he will fall and honour the cross. And let him praise Thee for Thy justice and mercy, our Lord and our God.

It should be noted that no answer appealing to the reason sounds from Heaven to Konrad's cry. *The Ancestors* is the glorification of the heart, not of the intellect; and this is a fundamental characteristic of Mickiewicz's philosophy. So it is charity that, swift-winged, hastens to heal the broken heart. Love enters the prison-house of pain and saves the soul that was lost. Even prescinding every other spiritual aspect of Mickiewicz's greatest mystic work, by this episode alone the Polish poet stands forth in the character that his countrymen justly honour in him—the apostle of love.

We will not linger on what remains of the unfinished play. To the humble friar is given what is withheld from Konrad's pride, and in a vision he beholds Poland's exaltation. But in the midst of his ecstasy, during the terrible pictures of Novosiltyoff's heartless cruelty, we are asking ourselves: What has become of Konrad? He reappears for one moment, scarcely more than a passing shadow. As he is being led to his trial he meets the friar. Amazed, he gazes at him as on a friend known but in a dream. The priest solemnly bids him farewell.

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Thou wilt go on a far and an unknown way. Thou wilt be in the crowd of the great, the rich, the learned. Seek thou the man* who knoweth more than thee. Thou wilt know him, for he will greet thee in the name of God. Harken to his words.

Is it thou [cries Konrad]. Tarry a moment, for God's sake!

Farewell, I may not [says the priest];

and, hurried on by his guard, we behold Konrad no more.

Mickiewicz never finished the play; and shortly after, at the age of thirty-six, he wrote what, to the irreparable loss of literature, proved to be his last poem, the brilliant epic *Thaddeus*.

One only country, said Mickiewicz, remains to the Pole, unbidden guest as he is in the wide world, the "country of his childish years." There, in the only land free to his weary feet the poet chose to wander, in the one spot upon the earth where the sorrow of his exile and of his loss might for a brief dreaming spell pass from him. This grief, it is true, may not wholly be forgotten. The epic opens with the famous pathetic prayer to the Madonna of Czenstochowa to restore him "by a miracle to the bosom of the fatherland," even as she had granted his life in his childhood to his weeping mother, and in the meanwhile to bear his "yearning soul" to the wooded hills, to the green meadows on the shores of the Niemen. The lament for his lost country mingles with the sound of the forest and the cries of the birds of the marsh. Yet the general tone of the poem is that of patriarchal cheer, of the gay and wholesome life of a primitive yet cultured people.

It is a very pleasant atmosphere into which we are transplanted. The great country mansion keeps open house, its freedom and simplicity mingled with a delightful old world ceremonial. The light-hearted and turbulent youth hunt the bear, ride in the forest, and lead an open-air existence. Curious national customs throng the pages. To the student of Polish history, this vivid picture of the Lithuania of a hundred years ago, which Mickiewicz described as he saw and shared it, is invaluable. As a work

*The mystic Towianski, of whose baneful influence on the life of Mickiewicz we shall speak more fully.

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of art, it has a still deeper charm on account of its superb descriptions of Nature. Clouds, drifting to strange shapes, sweep across the heavens. The trumpets of tempest, in a magnificent piece of word-painting, shake the sky and earth. With the wind roaring like the sea in the tree-tops we wander among wild woodland creatures, beneath hoary oaks as old as time, that have looked down on the legendary heroes of romantic Lithuania. The music of the hunter's horn, with all the sounds of the chase pent within it, dies away in the echoes of the forest.

Moreover, the scene is set to a great historical background and the undercurrent of national hopes beats through the whole poem, for it was then that beyond the frontier the Polish legions were fighting under the banners of Napoleon, "that man, that god of war," "who girt by a cloud of regiments, armed by a thousand cannons, having yoked in his car of triumph the gold with the silver eagles, from the Libyan deserts flew to the sky-reaching Alps, hurling thunder-bolt after thunder-bolt, in the Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz. Before him and after him ran victory and conquest. The glory of such deeds, pregnant with the names of heroes, from the Nile went roaring to the north," till their fame penetrated even into the lonely forest hamlets of Lithuania, and fired many a peasant boy to escape to the Polish eagles.

Thaddeus culminates in the great year 1812. The newly wedded Thaddeus, just back from the wars, is off again to the Russian campaign. At his bridal feast, brilliant with national colouring, the gorgeous Polish costume mingles with the uniforms of the famous soldiers of the legions. The hero of the banquet is Dombrowski, that gallant leader of a forlorn hope; the guests in endless glittering mazes dance the intricate measures of the national Polonaise. And so the poem ends in a radiance of joy and of high hopes, with the sound of wedding music and the call of the trumpet.

And I [says Mickiewicz] was with the guests, and what I saw and heard I gathered in this book.

Such was his swan song.

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For as the poet, still in the prime of his manhood, was sinking beneath the weight of his sorrows, personal and patriotic, there occurred that strange passage in his history which was to bring about nothing less than the mutilation of his life.

His wife was in the madhouse, whither he had but just conducted her. His little children had been sent to the care of friends. What anguish was his we may know if only from the fact that his hair had turned gray in three days' time. As he sat alone in Paris in his desolate home, a stranger from Lithuania entered. He came with a mysterious promise of healing, afterwards verified, for the poet's wife. He uttered words of mystic hope for Poland and for all the world, of burning love towards his fellow-men. That man was Andrew Towianski, the evil genius of Mickiewicz.

Who and what Towianski really was; whether he was a mere charlatan, a well-meaning and self-deluded fanatic, a tool of the Russian Government, or even an emissary of the Evil One (as some Poles in his day believed), is a much debated question, and one far beyond the limits of the present article even to touch upon. Suffice it to say, that he entered the life of Mickiewicz at the latter's crucial moment. The mind of the poet was already deeply tinged with the eternal mysticism of the Polish race. His heart had always burned with an ardent love of mankind, and with a great desire for its spiritual regeneration. Add to this his despair at the sight of the temporal and moral miseries of the Polish exiles in Paris, and the peculiar circumstances under which Towianski had found him, and it will be easily understood that, to the eyes of Mickiewicz, Towianski appeared to bear the message of salvation for Poland and the whole human race, to be the prophet of a new road of light and of love that should bring about that better epoch of humanity for which the poet yearned.

He became the chief apostle in Towianski's extraordinary religious system. Heart and soul were given up to the visionary whom he loved and worshipped and whom

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he termed his "Master." Throwing himself with a devoted and whole-hearted fervour into the movement that he believed was to redeem the world, he sank deeper and deeper into the labyrinths of false mysticism. At the time that Towianski first made his appearance in the history of the Polish emigration, Mickiewicz was in the full plenitude of his powers. From the moment of his initiation into the new religion, his poetical genius or its expression died. He wrote no more poetry. Through his remaining years we see a noble mind led astray by its very nobility; a man with a sorrow-stricken but an ever-loving heart, seeking to lead others into the darkness that he deemed was to be as the noonday splendour. The reward for the ruin of his life was the ingratitude of the false prophet for whose sake he had lost all. At last he tore himself from the mystic's sway and was reconciled to the Catholic Church. Then at the end one ray of light shone for him upon whose face, as his daughter simply observes, a smile was seldom seen. Filled once more with the ardour of youth, he left Paris for Constantinople in order to organize a Polish legion to fight against Russia in the Crimean war. That hope went the way of all his others. It may be said with truth that it was this last disappointment that broke his heart; for, cast down and saddened, he fell an easy prey to Asiatic cholera, and worn out by the struggle of life he died after a few hours' illness.

Buffeted as he had been by the storms of his earthly pilgrimage, the victim of cruel disillusion, of bitter disappointments, white-haired before his time, Mickiewicz never despaired, or lost his faith in the ideals of his youth.

"He dwelt alone," said that sweet singer and devoted friend of Mickiewicz, Bohdan Zaleski, "upon those spiritual heights where heaven was less far from him and God more near."

MARY MONICA GARDNER

JOHN KEBLE

[The *Apologia* ascribes the Oxford Movement to John Keble as its original source. "The true and primary author of it," writes Cardinal Newman, "as is usual with great movements, was out of sight. . . . Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?" An unpublished fragment of the Cardinal's on Keble which his literary executors have very kindly offered for publication in this REVIEW, calls for a few words of introduction, that its readers may have before their minds who the man was and what his direct connexion with the Movement to which religion owed so much in the last century.

John Keble was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman. Sent to Oxford as a mere boy he carried all before him at his college, Corpus. He won a double first in 1813. He won the Latin and English Essays. And his success was crowned by a fellowship of Oriel. But he left Oxford in 1823 to lead the life of a country clergyman as his father's curate. He was a strong Tory and a convinced High Churchman. But to no one did it occur that he would ever be one of the leaders of a movement. Nor indeed—we may fairly say—would he have ever been so in the ordinary course. But in others with greater energy and power of initiation the seed he sowed bore fruit, and both justice and generosity led them to give him his just tribute of recognition, and to ascribe to him the position which was its natural consequence.

There was nothing in him [writes Dean Church] to foreshadow the leader in a bold and wide-reaching movement. He was absolutely without ambition. He hated show and mistrusted excitement. The thought of preferment was steadily put aside both from temper and definite principle. He had no popular attitudes, and was very suspicious of them. He had no care for the possession of influence; he had deliberately chosen the *fallentis semita vitæ*, and to be what his father had been, a faithful and contented country parson, was all that he desired. But idleness was not in his nature. Born a poet, steeped in all that is noblest and tenderest and most beautiful in Greek and Roman literature, with the keenest

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sympathy with that new school of poetry which, with Wordsworth as its representative, was searching out the deeper relations between nature and the human soul, he found in poetical composition a vent and relief for feelings stirred by the marvels of glory and awfulness, and by the sorrows and blessings amid which human life is passed. But his poetry was for a long time only for himself and his intimate friends; his indulgence in poetical composition was partly playful, and it was not till after much hesitation on his own part and also on theirs, and with a contemptuous undervaluing of his work, which continued to the end of his life, that the anonymous little book of poems was published which has since become familiar wherever English is read, as the *Christian Year*. His serious interests were public ones. Though living in the shade, he followed with anxiety and increasing disquiet the changes which went on so rapidly and so formidably, during the end of the first quarter of this century, in opinion and in the possessors of political power. It became more and more plain that great changes were at hand, though not so plain what they would be. It seemed likely that power would come into the hands of men and parties hostile to the Church in their principles, and ready to use to its prejudice the advantages which its position as an establishment gave them; and the anticipation grew in Keble's mind, that in the struggles which seemed likely, not only for the legal rights but for the faith of the Church, the Church might have both to claim more, and to suffer more, at the hands of Government. Yet though these thoughts filled his mind, and strong things were said in the intercourse with friends about what was going on about them, no definite course of action had been even contemplated when Keble went into the country in 1823. There was nothing to distinguish him from numbers of able clergymen all over England, who were looking on with interest, with anxiety, often with indignation, at what was going on. Mr Keble had not many friends and was no party chief. He was a brilliant university scholar overlaying the plain, unworldly country parson; an old-fashioned English churchman, with great veneration for the Church and its bishops, and a great dislike of Rome, Dissent and Methodism, but with a quick heart; with a frank, gay humility of soul, with great contempt of appearances, great enjoyment of nature, great unselfishness, strict and severe principles of morals and duty.*

What was it then that turned this country parson, poet and scholar into an influential man? in some sense a party

* *Oxford Movement*, pp. 21-3.

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leader? It was primarily the reaction on him of one of his own pupils, Richard Hurrell Froude, a man of great intellectual energy who, in his own conversation and writing, engrafted on Keble's ethical temper and strong High Church sympathies a dialectical form, while he gained from Keble the drift and general views to which the movement owed its existence.

This mutual influence began in the long vacation of 1823, when Froude was reading with Keble for his degree. Froude's intellectualism was from the first held in check by Keble, and Keble's respect for antiquity, dislike of novelty and habits of self discipline became the very groundwork on which Froude's eager and active mind exercised itself. Keble subsequently accepted Froude's statement of the general lines of the Movement, and after his premature death acted as one of the editors of Froude's *Remains*.

As Fellow and Tutor of Oriel Froude became, in 1826, intimate with one who was a deeper thinker than either he or Keble, and had been tending in the direction of the speculative liberalism of the day—John Henry Newman. "Froude's friends in Gloucestershire, the Keble family," writes Dean Church, "had their misgivings about Newman's supposed liberalism: they did not much want to have to do with him. His subtle and speculative temper did not always square with Froude's theology. 'Newman is a fellow I like more the more I think of him,' Froude wrote in 1828, 'only I would give a few odd pence if he were not a heretic.'" In that very year the direction of Newman's mind changed, and he came to approximate more and more closely to the views of Keble and Froude.

But the fact was that the very sojourn Newman had made in the land of liberalism caused him to realize that the liberal movement of the age did really, in some of the questions it raised, go deeper than Keble's friends supposed, and that it needed an answer which went deeper too. And consequently he did realize deficiencies in the argumentative basis of the conservative school which needed supplying. The foundations of Christian thought had to

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be probed more deeply than heretofore. Dean Church thus sketches the situation which confronted Newman:

There was a great historic Church party imperfectly conscious of its position and responsibilities; there was an active but declining pietistic school, resting on a feeble intellectual basis and narrow and meagre interpretations of Scripture, and strong only in its philanthropic work; there was confronting both a rising body of inquisitive and in some ways menacing thought. To men deeply interested in religion the ground seemed confused and treacherous. There was room and there was a call for new effort; but to find the resources for it, it seemed necessary to cut down deep below the level of what even good men accepted as the adequate expression of Christianity and its fit application to the conditions of the nineteenth century.*

While then Keble's spirit found close and almost ready-made sympathy in the author of *The Plain and Parochial Sermons*, there was a whole department of thought represented in the sections on the origin of the creeds and the principle of economy in Newman's *Arians of the Fourth Century*, in parts of *Traet* 85, in the *University Sermons* on the Theory of Religious Belief, and in the more philosophical portions of *The Essay on Development*, which was far more systematic and dialectical in form than any of the work of Keble, and contemplated deeper and more fundamental questions than those before the mind of R. H. Froude. Nevertheless, from the time when Newman parted company with his incipient liberalism, he seems to have considered his views, during many years of his Anglican career, to be on the whole but what was needed for a reasoned and more fully analysed exposition of lines of thought which, in Keble, were the intuitions of a deeply religious poet. Keble's religious conservatism needed a justification parallel to that given by Burke to political conservatism. Of such a justification Coleridge had, in part, traced the lines. Keble's suggestion that the living force of faith and love was the cause of the firmness of religious belief (which its opponents ascribed to blind prejudice) was suggestive, and

* *Oxford Movement*, p. 17.

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Newman adopted it himself as far as it went : but "it did not go to the root of the difficulty. It was beautiful and religious, but it did not even profess to be logical."* And on both these important questions Newman wrote much.

But from first to last there was apparent in Newman a peculiarly loving and uncritical attitude towards Keble; a readiness to ascribe to the beautiful, simple, transparently sincere and religious mind the full value, and even more than the full value, of the general views he suggested, which were warranted sound by Keble's "heart and eye for truth."

This attitude of loving reverence finds most interesting and touching expression in the following letter which Dr Newman sent, in 1875, to one who begged him to write an article on Keble for publication.—EDITOR.]

LETTER FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Oratory,

October 29, 1875.

My difficulty lies first in the circumstance that, various as are his works, for one reason or other they present, amid that variety, so little direct matter for criticism. The volume which has made him so specially famous, is of that rare kind which scarcely comes under the idea of literature; and such, too, is its sequel, the *Lyra Innocentium*. His translation of the Psalms, highly valued as it is by Hebrew scholars, belongs to a department of literary labour too closely connected with grammatical science to be easily included under the term "literature." His greatest literary work, his *Lectures on Poetry*, so full of acute remark and so beautiful in language, is in Latin. Then, as to his occasional compositions in prose and verse, though they are both valuable as his and worthy of him, still they neither created his high reputation nor can be taken as the measure of it. Lastly, of his edition of Hooker I will say this—that the learning and research, the pains and the achievements of an editor are emphatically underground and out of sight; and if there was a man who, from reverence towards his author,

* *Apologia*, p. 20.

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as well as from an innate modesty and an habitual disregard of self, would put his author in the front and would hide behind him, it was Mr Keble.

How can I profess to paint a man who will not sit for his picture? How can I draw out his literary merits, when he considers it his special office to edit, or to translate, or to discourse in a dead language, or to sing hymns?

It was no accident that he is thus difficult to bring under the jurisdiction of the critic. He had as little aim at literary success in what he wrote as most authors have a thirst for attaining it. He was ever jealous of the prospect or desire of it, whether as regards himself or those in whom he took an interest. I recollect his borrowing a friend's sermon, which had been preached before the University, and, I suppose, had been well spoken of to him. When he returned it, he whispered into his friend's ear, "Don't be original." He practised himself the restraint which he recommended to others. On one occasion he preached a sermon in the University pulpit which made a great impression. Hurrell Froude and I left St Mary's so touched by it that we did not speak a word to each other all the way down to Oriel. He found out what we thought of it, and doubtless heard it praised in other quarters. His next sermon was a great disappointment to his hearers; it was without unity, point, or effectiveness. Something occurred, I forget what, to explain to us how this came about. It arose from his vigilance over himself, and his scrupulousness lest in his former sermon he had so handled a sacred subject as to lead his audience to think rather of him than of it.

To me, indeed, in proportion as I came to know him well, nothing he wrote could really be a failure; and here is a second reason why I am so little qualified to take upon me the task of criticizing him. His own familiar apophthegm, which he used when a preacher was the subject of conversation, "All sermons are good," I learned to apply to his own compositions, whether on religious subjects or not. They all spoke of Keble. And still I am unable to separate the writer from the man, or to view him as poet,

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critic, scholar, reviewer, editor, or divine, except as those aspects of him are gathered up in one in his own proper personality. I have too often heard him lecture, preach and converse, not to have gained a habit of associating his matter and his diction with his living and breathing delivery. I have in my ears still the modulations and cadences of his voice, his pauses and emphatic points; I recollect what music there was in the simple earnestness and sweet gravity with which he spoke; the way he held his paper, his gesture, his look, are all before me. I cannot judge even of his style impartially; phrases and collections of words, which others would call imperfections in his composition, are to me harmonized by the remembrance how he uttered them.

And here I am brought to one reason more, why I feel myself unfitted to pass a literary judgement on Mr Keble: it is because I have not the skill to discriminate what is of intellectual origin in his writings from what is of ethical. There are writers who have nothing to recommend them but their talent, and who never would be mistaken for men of high moral intuitions; and there are others whom we love for their religious qualities, and whom no excess of partiality on our part could ever make us call clever or able. In such cases criticism is very easy; but in proportion as the standard, whether intellectual or ethical, rises, so are these distinct mental provinces confused together by the ordinary observer, and what belongs to the one is hastily ascribed to the other. Thus, at the present day especially, the calm of a philosophical mind looks like Christian peace, and a poet or novelist is able, from his dramatic powers, to compose hymns, or draw characters, or depict scenes, which are altogether foreign to his own nature. On the other hand, what sounds like sharp satire or witty irony, or again deep thoughts tersely expressed, or original views, or beautiful images, may proceed from the lips of children and the uneducated, out of their very ignorance and simplicity, out of their mental independence and habit of reflection; as we are reminded in the well-known tale in the interview of the Scottish dairymaid with

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Queen Caroline. Or, to take an illustration of the highest and most sacred kind, as inspiration, a gift for moral and theological purposes, has, by an indirect effect, made the writers of Scripture poets and philosophers.

As to Mr Keble, all I venture to say of him in this respect is this: that his keen religious instincts, his unworldly spirit, his delicacy of mind, his tenderness of others, his playfulness, his loyalty to the Holy Fathers, and his Toryism in politics, are all ethical qualities, and by their prominence give a character of their own, or (as I have called it) personality, to what he has written; but these would not have succeeded in developing that personality into sight and shape in the medium of literature, had he not been possessed of special intellectual gifts, which they both elicited and used. . . .

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS*

PROTESTANTISM in its severest sense—that is to say, the private judgement of the individual in religious matters—was the very last thing which the Tudor sovereigns intended. It is true that Elizabeth professed her desire to interfere “with no man’s conscience so long as he kept it to himself,” but the official worship of the nation was quite another matter. In this, though Papal authority was repudiated, there was no intention of abolishing authority altogether; on the contrary, the efforts of Parker, the “Injunctions” of the Queen, the controversies in Convocation, the disputes over “prophesying”—all shew plainly enough that England, represented partly by Ecclesiastics, partly by Her Majesty, desired to exercise a control as real, though not so detailed, as the authority of the Roman See. And this ideal was nothing else than a continuation of the policy of Henry VIII.

Nationalism, therefore, was to take the place of Catholicism. Instead of there continuing as before in Western Christendom one great Supranational body, in which there should be “neither Jew nor Greek,” with its centre and head in Rome, there was to be in future (since we must give credit to England for wishing her own privileges to be extended to other nations) a federation of worshipping bodies, each in minor matters governing itself according to its own temperament, all together composing the Church of Christ. As regards the organization of this composite body there seem to have been no generally accepted theories; it was not the time, we might say, to arrange those affairs: a great transformation was in process; each nation was to take its part and manage its own matters, and, little by little, no doubt some movement would take place by which these detached and national bodies should agree upon terms of communion, and form again a coherent whole.

Now this, it would seem, is the best interpretation that

* The report followed throughout is that reprinted from the *Times*.

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can be put upon the principles that governed the most spiritual and Catholic minded among the sixteenth-century Reformers. Of course there were in the minds of many no leading principles at all except of negation, in the words of others nothing but a fierce desire for individual liberty, and of others again a passion for a supposed purity of truth; there were, besides, countless other convergent motives—good, bad and indifferent—which helped, like ripples on a wave, to swell the whole rush of ideas and movements; but, so far as we can look behind these things to the main ideals beyond, it is only possible to put some such interpretation upon them as has been suggested. Yet these ideals have never been fulfilled. For when once the central authority of the Supranational Church was questioned, there was but one inevitable step to the questioning of national authority as well. If the Pope must compel no man's conscience,—the Pope, who, after all, had at least some appearance of claim to spiritual lordship—why should Henry or Elizabeth compel it any the more? The Independents first raised the question and answered it by separation, and the history of Dissent ever since has echoed that answer. The Nationalist was faced by his own argument. In Carolinedays, therefore, we have the situation clearly defined. Leaving on one side Rome, whose claim was then as it had always been, there were now two ideals in England—first, those of the Laudian divines, who, retaining many Catholic beliefs, retained also that of authority proximately national, remotely Supranational; second, that of the Puritan champions in whose view corporate authority was scarcely more than the combined weight of numerous individuals who happened to agree with one another. There was in the Puritan ideal no national authority at all; this was as tyrannous and as unspiritual in their eyes as the authority of Rome: each man stood or fell to his master, and if the body of believers was to exercise any power at all it was only because, by the favour of God, the true Gospel Christians were raised to a majority, and the State was therefore satisfactorily Christian. Individualism and private judgment was the rock on which the Church was built.

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And it was this Individualism which, until the Oxford movement, practically gained the day; and it is this same Individualism which even now to a very large extent is the foundation of popular Christianity in England. Beneath all the appeals to Church authority, which Tractarianism has made possible, there remains this deep sense of individual freedom; and even those who in actual doctrines differ very little from Catholics, still to a great extent hold what they do because they have more or less verified it for themselves, rather than that they have accepted it from a Living Voice. It is the direct result of the Reformation and the repudiation of Rome. The only authority which had ever succeeded in the past in moulding men's beliefs was cast aside, and neither Nationalism nor its logical corollary Congregationalism was able truly to take its place.

But with the Oxford movement on one side, and Imperial expansion on the other, a new set of elements has come forward and we have before us an extraordinary spectacle of history retracing its steps. The Pan-Anglican Congress is one of its milestones.

Catholicism, we have seen, crumbled into Nationalism, Nationalism into Congregationalism, Congregationalism into Individualism—not indeed in an historical sense so much as in the ideal. There have been always and there are at the present time in England important bodies of Catholics, Nationalists and Congregationalists; but around these more or less stationary bodies (deltas, as it were, formed by the stream of national history) runs the main current itself. It is this main current that will tell in the long-run, as it has told in the past. Men follow their ideals; they do not form them.

Now the first important change took place in the last century when there was definitely brought forward again before the eyes of the country the almost forgotten ideal of Tudor and Caroline days, when each nation was to govern itself in minor details but to bear in mind that it owed deference to the larger whole of which it was part. This ideal was embodied in the "Branch Theory." It has not succeeded, as even its defenders will admit, in really

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re-transforming the grounds of faith for the average individual, but it has at any rate outwardly given him some kind of external body to which he can appeal for a corroboration of his own beliefs. Nationalism has, in the case of the majority of Anglican Churchmen, succeeded in re-establishing itself at least as a kind of *forum externum*.

This was a great step. In Georgian days the Establishment certainly counted for a good deal, but it was because the Establishment was taken for granted rather than theologically defended. Men thanked God that they were members of a pure and Reformed Church, far more than they examined into its actual purity or into the claims of the rest of Christendom; but the Oxford Movement attempted to justify by reason what was sanctioned by habit. There dawned again upon Anglicans the vision of a world-wide Church of which their own body was but one member after all: a spiritual ideal of a Catholic unity of faith began to take the place of the old contented isolation.

So much for the spiritual side; but the temporal side has had hardly less to do with the transformation of ideas. By the expansion of the British Empire new questions have been raised, strangely and yet naturally enough if we look below the surface, as to the constitution of Christ's mystical Body. It is by God's will, Nationalists assume, that various races have various temperaments, and that a sea divides the English from the French, and mountains the French from the Italians. It is equally God's will that Truth, though one, should have a multitude of aspects; and the problem now before the Nationalists is this: What is the Will of God as to those races who, though dwelling beyond the seas, are yet of one temperament with those at home? Is the natural conformation of the physical world to count for more than the natural conformation of the human mind? Is geography more divine than temperament? The Pan-Anglican Congress gives the answer, No. "They are of one blood with us, and one temperament. The truths and aspects of truth peculiarly suited to Anglo-Saxon minds are the same in Australia as in England. It is the duty therefore of the Anglican Church to minister

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to these minds. Nationalism, if it is to justify itself, must become Imperialism."

This then, roughly speaking, is the significance of the Pan-Anglican Congress. There are other points that must be examined presently; but this is the first and most important, marking as it does a recoil from the old Individualism, Anglicans are no longer content to hold each his own faith before God; they have accepted rather and put into shape, and further, they have actually developed along logical lines, the original Tudor idea that each country owed no proximate spiritual allegiance to any interpretation of Truth except its own.

Now this is a real advance towards Catholic ideas; for it seems as if purely temporal movements were urging Nationalists back towards a recognition of some central authority. It was easy enough to give a short and ready answer to the question as to spiritual government so long as there was more or less "one King, one country"; but it is not so easy to give that answer when it is a matter of colonies enjoying Home-Rule or, even more, of heathen nations. It has appeared a little difficult to extend minutiae of Privy Council decisions to Kaffirs in South Africa, and even more difficult to impose the Thirty-nine Articles upon the Japanese. The Pan-Anglican Conference, therefore, has found it best, as a whole, to content itself with general resolutions as to the Anglican character of the Kaffirs' faith (since it sincerely believes its own Christianity to be the purest on earth), but to leave details to the local authority.

But this, as has been said, is a real advance. As Nationalism becomes Imperialism, Anglicanism is bound to become less Anglican, and the debates of the Congress have shown this plainly enough. It is true that with great tact doctrinal questions have been almost entirely evaded, but the tone of speaker after speaker has shown a widespread unwillingness to burden the colonies and the converts with essentially Anglican dilemmas, and the advance has all been in the direction of Supranational Faith. There are, of course, a thousand questions to which no answer has been forth-

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coming—such as the question as to what is the final court of appeal in case of disputes, or what is the exact authority and sanction for the authority of Canterbury in Japan—in fact, the whole matter of jurisdiction—for the advance on the whole is unmistakably towards a Supranational Creed; and this is further aided by what may be called the political line of thought which should surely lead the mind that has climbed from Nationalism to Imperialism, to consider the inevitably-suggested idea of a future climb from Imperialism to Catholicism. If it is God's will that spiritual families should unite on the lines of nations, and National Churches into Imperial, is it not also His will that Imperial Churches should become Catholic? If Congregationalism is better than Individualism, Nationalism than Congregationalism, and Imperialism than Nationalism, is not Catholicism the best of all?

In the Pan-Anglican Congress, therefore, the relation of Anglicanism to Christendom took easily the first place. There were, of course, numerous subjects for debate, social, moral, liturgical and domestic; but it is remarkable to notice how reunion and cognate considerations recurred again and again during the course of discussion. Indeed, it would be impossible for it not to have been so, for the very instant that Anglicanism crosses the sea it is confronted by these problems in the most practical form. It is true that definite solutions of these, or indeed of any other problems, were conspicuously absent, but it was not the intention of the Congress to do more than to discuss; its promoters were careful to disown for it anything approaching a legislative function. But that reunion, proximate or remote, was the central point of interest, is evident enough, and this was emphasized even more clearly by the subsequent discussions of the Lambeth Conference and the overtures made, however informally, towards such bodies as the Moravians, the Swedes, the Presbyterians and the "Old Catholics." Rome alone was conspicuous for the silence preserved towards it. There was, Catholics were thankful to notice, not one word of serious recrimination or abuse towards the Catholic Church—and this indeed marks the amazing advance in

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Anglican thought almost more than anything else—but neither were there more than a few sentences uttered to point out that a scheme of reunion which did not include the greater half of Christendom (and that the only already united part) was a little like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. Rome, in fact, was deliberately ignored; it did not, as one speaker said, seem the time to take her into consideration; but Catholics ought not to be in the least discouraged by this fact. Anglicanism has advanced from Nationalism to Imperialism; it was of this vast step forward that the discussion treated; we must not blame men confronted with this task for not advancing to the step that follows, regarding the further advance of Imperialism to Catholicism.

This, then, is the first great point on which we are thankful for the Congress. There was brought clearly before men's minds interests larger than National, and a wide and generous spirit manifested itself on the subject. Georgian complacency and spiritual Jingoism were almost entirely absent; the speakers claimed, as was but natural, that their own form of Christianity was the best, but there was hardly a symptom of any wish to inflict temporal or local characteristics upon converts of other nations; the appeal was made not to the Privy Council and the sixteenth century, but to primitive Christianity and the wide limits of the Apostles' Creed.

The second point for thankfulness is the disavowal of any claim to conciliar authority, and the real humility of the gathering in its composite capacity. Certain newspapers made absurd statements as to the Œcumenical Council to be held in London, but no one was more anxious than Anglicans themselves to point out that the Congress was neither a council nor œcumenical; and one selected preacher went so far as to hint that according to old precedents even the Anglican Communion itself might one day cease to exist. Speaker after speaker laid stress on the informality of the meeting, and warned his hearers against the danger of treating the Anglican Church as more than a part of Christendom. In this respect the return to the best ideals

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of the most Catholic-minded of the Reformers was markedly conspicuous; and such Reformers were few, while these prelates were many. They were not there, it seemed, to claim a monopoly of truth—even heathen religions were treated with respect and courtesy—they were there merely to discuss their own domestic affairs, to think out their Faith and its application, to exchange ideas and mutual counsel. There was a little talk indeed of a Canterbury Patriarchate, but a fierce repudiation of a Canterbury Papacy. Republican rather than monarchical ideals were to the front; in fact the consciousness that Anglicanism was at the best a part and not the whole of Christianity, and that it did not even claim to possess a Divinely appointed Head, was, perhaps, the most remarkable element in a remarkable gathering.

The third point for Catholic thankfulness lies in the deeply devotional spirit in which the meetings were conducted from beginning to end. If *Lex Orandi* were always coterminous with *Lex Credendi*, the return of England to the Apostolic See could not be very far away. From the first Intercession Service in Westminster Abbey to the finely-conceived Thanksgiving Service at the end, there was a spirit of penitence, prayer and rejoicing that was nothing but admirable. As the Archbishop of Canterbury said in his final address, the “moment which has mattered most . . . has been the recurrent hush, when, time after time, we stood silent in the presence of our Lord God, and then broke into utterance in the confession of our Holy Faith, ‘I believe in God the Father Almighty . . . and in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord . . . I believe in the Holy Ghost.’” It is not necessary to enlarge upon this; it was regrettable indeed that nothing corresponding to the offering of the Immaculate Sacrifice formed the main service on either of these occasions; but it would have been too much to have hoped that such would be so. At least all Catholics will rejoice that a devotional spirit dominated the whole, and that the semi-liturgical functions were obviously more than formalities to those who took part in them. The Archbishop’s humble boast was fully justified.

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So far we have dwelt only upon the hopeful elements in the Pan-Anglican Congress; but it would be unreal to stop there. It has been seen how Catholic unity is once more beginning to dawn as a theoretical possibility upon England, how Anglicanism at last recognizes itself again as a part of a greater whole, and no more—and this, after all, was in essence all that the Tractarians claimed—how, thirdly, spirituality and devotion were given the first place in the assembly. It remains to consider the discouraging elements and to press all home by a contrast that seems almost providentially designed for the purpose.

First, although Imperialism contains a hope, it has also a grave danger. The temporal expansion of the Empire has been a very large factor in the expansion of Anglican ideas; it is possible that it may also be their limitation. If there is one argument more than another that draws men into the Catholic Church it is her visible Œcumenicity, the appeal of her world-wideness; and it is a danger, therefore, that the appearance of this, in the Church of an Empire on which the sun never sets, may retain men in an insularity that is no less real although it has crossed the Channel and even the Atlantic. In fact, a few regrettable sentences were uttered as regards this very point. We heard of the "unique mission" of the Anglican Communion, and of the hope that she who is so grievously disunited herself may yet be the centre of unity for the whole world. This then is a real danger in the eyes of all who desire St Paul's ideal, and who find it realized in the Catholic Church, where there is indeed "neither Jew nor Greek." But the hope against its prevalence lies in Anglican missions abroad; if it is found that the Church which justifies her existence on the ground of racial temperaments can yet minister to, and in some sense discipline, the faith of nations utterly removed from her in blood, her members may be led further to question their own justification and to dream of a shepherd appointed by Christ to feed the sheep of all and every fold and to make them one.

A second disappointment lies in the absence of doctrinal discussions. It is perfectly true that the conveners

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or the assembly expressly disavowed any such intention; but it is the disavowal that is in itself a disappointment; for although it is no doubt useful to discuss temperance and Socialism, and true, in a sense, to call such things the questions of the hour, yet Anglican authorities know perfectly well that the real question of the hour is for them not the external activities and policy of the Church, but the faith in which she approaches them. From a spiritual body the world demands spiritual teaching; it should be more important, in her view, to know how to enter the kingdom of heaven than to dominate the kingdoms of this world or even to purify them. Yet dogma was almost wholly avoided. The reason, of course, is obvious. It was the wish of the authorities to promote peace; and since there is in the Anglican communion no tribunal whose decision is taken as authoritative in matters of faith, the discussion of dogma would have raised such a storm as to ruin the very objects for which the assembly was called together.

To Catholic eyes, therefore, this omission throws a light of terrible unreality upon all the hints of reunion that the speakers let fall; you cannot treat with an offended adversary unless you have an idea of the terms that you will accept. Olive branches are all but useless unless accompanied by proposals; and a proposal to unite with bodies of separated believers on the terms of an undefined Faith stands for little else than an assurance of general good will. Further, such doctrine as did make its appearance was not encouraging. The tone of the speakers on the sacrament of matrimony was not of a nature to encourage those who look for speedy reunion, and the misfortune was emphasized by the more authoritative conference of bishops that followed. But insecurity on this point is a mark of all Nationalism; it is even more grievously evident in the case of the Russian Church than of the English. It is, humanly speaking, impossible for any spiritual body linked so closely with the State, to resist the encroachments of the latter in the direction of laxity, unless that spiritual body has her foundations laid firmly upon some Supranational basis.

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As regards the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, there was no formal discussion at all; on Holy Orders two or three debates were held, but in the set speeches at least the subject was treated in almost every aspect except the doctrinal. Now this can be explained easily enough—a crowd of justifications rush to the mind—and yet the Catholic who knows what is the condition of the Church of England on these points, and who desires “one fold and one shepherd,” cannot help feeling discouraged. What, then, of “Reunion”? he asks; what of the doctrinal explanations with Rome for which some Anglicans pray so ardently, when such explanations are impossible within the borders of the Anglican Church herself? One speaker did indeed make a gallant effort in this direction; he “kindled a little fire,” as the *Times* expressed it, but “others effectively put it out.”

Finally, one more discouraging element in the Congress was the prominence given to Socialism and the rather intemperate welcome which it received. Now Socialism is undoubtedly a question of the hour, and it would have been impossible to have avoided it; but it is a sad pity that a popular impression should have got abroad that the majority of the fervent Anglicans present at the debates were themselves whole-hearted Socialists. In fact, one of these speakers spoke unrebuked of the “splendid Socialism of this great Congress,” and further committed himself to the statement that “Christianity is the religion of which Socialism is the practice.” This is simply deplorable; and it is more deplorable that the remark was not more strongly resented. No persons are more aware than Catholics of the social questions and of the iniquities of the day; and no spiritual body as a whole sympathizes more profoundly with certain of the Socialists' ideals than that body which for century after century has held up the life of poverty and obedience as the highest open to a Christian; but assertions of the kind made in the Anglican Congress can do nothing but harm to the cause of Christian truth and justice. For there are, inextricably tangled with what is understood generally as Socialism, tendencies, motives and

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movements on such vast issues as those of Revelation, Theism, family life and the rights of property; and it is the sign of a superficial amateurishness to ignore these and to use the word "Socialism" as indicating something other than what the best-known Socialists mean by it. Catholics, therefore, can do nothing else but lament the manner in which this question was discussed, and the apparently profound ignorance of theology, both dogmatic and moral, which some of the speakers displayed.

We must sum up then with mixed feelings. On the one side there are signs of an enlarged view, a Christian charity, a devotion and a missionary zeal—manifested even more in the volunteers for foreign service than in the pecuniary contributions—for which all lovers of God's kingdom must give thanks. It shows no small grasp of spiritual ideals that so many souls should gather to the cradle of their faith from the ends of the earth, even though those ends are for the most part coloured red in the English map, and should there discuss with such zeal and piety the things that belong to their faith: that very fact, limited though it may be by the Imperialism which inspires it, shows a consciousness of a more or less world-wide mission and of the necessity of some centre towards which to look, other than parochial or even National. Yet on the other side there are deficiencies of which none are more aware than certain Anglicans themselves; and the chief of these is unwillingness to face the doctrinal disunion of which all are conscious. It is this attitude towards doctrine that is the least hopeful element both in the Congress and the Conference. It is true that the bishops spoke nobly and fearlessly on certain fundamental articles of the Creed, but they almost entirely ignored—from reasons that are evident—the immediate outcome of these doctrines, and, where they touched on them—as for example on the marriage question—many of their flock would have preferred they had not spoken at all. In fact the whole dogmatic attitude is suggestive. Men who regard their Church as the organ of God's truth do not patronize her; they do not call her the "dear old Church"; neither are they content to acknow-

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ledge her as their teacher without asking what it is that she teaches. That those who do so, regard her as a society, holy indeed, endeared to them by associations, effective for social and philanthropic work, learned in her own lore, but not divine, is an irresistible conclusion.

For it is the dogmatic attitude that will tell in the long run, since a union of Christians—that is of those who accept Christianity as a Revelation—on any basis other than that of faith, is an impossible dream.

Compare for an instant the Eucharistic Congress which, by the time that these words appear will have been held in London, with this Pan-Anglican gathering. Both are assemblies of Christians—neither claims any legislative function; both meet to discuss matters that lie close to their heart; and there all likeness ceases. For the one is composed of persons of all languages and races who are met round the most dogmatic of dogmas, the most mysterious of truths, and who find themselves in an utter accord that rises to an adoring love—they are drawn there, in fact, by the unity of that faith and love. And the other is composed almost entirely of men of one language and one blood, who meet to discuss a vast variety of subjects, and who in common prudence find themselves forced to ignore those mysteries that should be the mainspring of every Christian heart, since hardly two of them are fully agreed as to what those mysteries involve. In the one case it is the Mystery that lies nearest to the Incarnation that unites these men of many nations in one; in the other men of one nation are notoriously divided by this same mystery.

But the Pan-Anglican Congress was gathered for another object altogether? Certainly. Yet the Pan-Anglican Congress is markedly characteristic of the Anglican Communion, as the Eucharistic Congress of the Catholic Church. Communions which express themselves so divergently, when their energy bursts into sight, may, and do, have much in common; both serve the same Lord and desire to please Him by serving His children as well as Himself; yet the expression of their respective personalities is itself

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so divergent, the characters revealed are so different, that mutual explanations can be little more than a waste of words—at least for a long time to come. It may be that circumstances will change. Imperialism has done so much that it may do even more: a federation of empires may lead even to a further step beyond, as Imperialism has transcended Nationalism; but until it is made clear—as a basis for debate—that Truth is one and not many, and that it is of the essence of Revelation to declare facts from above for all men to receive, and that it is not merely the sum of convergent human opinions, however these may corroborate or interpret these facts—until there are signs that Anglicans as a body recognize these fundamental tenets of the Catholic Faith, and are willing to bring their own honour and glory into the City of God instead of attempting to build the City of God within their own borders, discussions upon “Reunion” can be little more than academic.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

SOME RECENT BOOKS

U*nder this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

IN how many English readers does the name of Jean Racine do more than revive confused memories of schoolroom days, of long passages of rolling Alexandrines learnt by heart and repeated (with perhaps some enjoyment of their rhythm and grandeur), or else of a representation on a classical night at the Français, when these same passages from *Atthalie* or *Phèdre* have been recognized, declaimed with magnificent heat and passion by a Coquelin or a Mounet Sully. It may even be that the tragedies of Jean Racine are less read by the average English reader than the plays of his present biographer, M. Jules Lemaitre.

M. Lemaitre as a lecturer has become the rage in the beau monde of Paris during the last few years, and his lectures, given every week in the Salle de Géographie, during the early part of this year were so crowded that he was forced to repeat each lecture on the day following its first delivery. Last year Jean-Jacques Rousseau was his subject. This year he chose, "by way of antithesis," he tells us, the life and works of Jean Racine, and the lectures are now published in a book (*Jean Racine*. Par Jules Lemaitre. Calmann Lévy. 3.50 frs).

Those who already know the writings of M. Lemaitre will know what to expect. It is pure enjoyment to read this author, this master of simplicity in style, a simplicity which is like a perfectly polished crystal ball, the result of careful toil and skill. M. Lemaitre's judgement and method of summing up a situation or an episode also have this quality of limpid clearness, of perfect aptness and completeness.

Take this statement, à propos of the childhood of Racine, of the inconsistencies of the Port Royal doctrines:

If we submit our own will to the Will of God, we do so through the working of the mercy of God; that is to say, that it is by God's

Racine

Will that we do so. But meanwhile it seems we are still masters of our own will. It is hard to understand how this may be, but this riddle is the very essence of Jansenism. To grant so much to the will and deed of God that man would seem to have no responsibility, being by nature incapable of merit, and at the same time to tremble before God as though he were responsible—in this, it seems to me, subsists the root of the Jansenist spirit.

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The Jansenist prides himself on the Supernatural, and before the mysteries of Redemption and Grace he resigns his intellect more entirely than all other Christians, but he resumes it again and uses it to vindicate his rights with acerbity on the subject of whether the “five propositions” are to be found in Jansenius; and he maintains against the Pope, the Sorbonne, the Bishops of France and the King, that they are not there. Though he doubts human liberty, the Jansenist displays none the less a most indomitable will. Though he annihilates himself before God, he is proud and intractable before man and human power. The Jansenist is full of the spirit of opposition and of Protestantism.

Racine was the child of Port-Royal. M. Lemaitre says of his education that “Comme instruction c’est unique, c’est magnifique et plus que princier. Comme enseignement religieux c’est intense.” His masters were the famous “Solitaires,” Lancelot, Nicole, Antoine Lemaitre. Racine soon fled from the strained and exacting atmosphere to find the scope his genius demanded so imperatively. But M. Lemaitre points out how the Jansenist doctrine of the worthlessness of man involuntarily permeates his tragedies.

M. Lemaitre in his easy unlaboured manner, brings the whole setting of Racine’s life before us. We see the young poet, handsome, witty in talk and repartee, courtly and charming, moving amongst the other great people of his time in that brilliant court of Louis XIV. Many famous men and women (some, it must be confessed, of not the fairest repute) are amongst his friends—Molière, La Fontaine, Corneille, who looked with some jealousy on this young playwright that was to eclipse him in his old age, and many others. Madame de Maintenon caused him, at the end of his career, to write *Esther* for her young ladies of Saint-Cyr to act. This was such a choice entertainment

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that the "Grand Monarque" himself received the audience at the doors, lest any should be present that were not of his immediate circle. Racine was at thirty-three the "poète de la cour"—the court at which wit and cleverness and true appreciation abounded to such a wonderful degree. And the end of his career is distinctly dramatic, for at the height of his fame, at the age of thirty-seven, immediately after the production of *Phèdre*, Racine renounces everything, the drama, the world, even his art, and devotes himself to a life of piety and devotion. It is the working of his Port-Royalist bringing up. But Racine does not return to Port-Royal. For a moment he contemplates becoming a Carthusian but gives up the idea because it savours too much of the dramatic. "Il découvre un genre d'immolation plus humble; il se marie, il épouse une bourgeoise simple d'esprit, qui n'avait pas lue une seule de ses tragédies." He does not return to Port-Royal nor to Jansenism, but he devotes himself to the cause, and he dies with a heart saddened by the enmity of the King he loves so well, on account of a "Mémoire sur la misère du peuple."

Though M. Lemaitre dispenses with any formal acknowledgement of the claims of Christianity, since, as a critic, it hardly comes within his sphere, his touch on such subjects is sympathetic and congenial, sometimes even Catholic, as for instance in this: "Racine s'efforçait d'être humble, ce qui est, je crois, le commencement de la sainteté." His perplexity is charming before the spectacle of Racine discarding all his fame for religion: he is so torn between his regret for the artist and his admiration for the Christian. It must, however, be admitted that his three final epitaphs for Racine are as pagan as they can be.

Here is another small quotation to illustrate M. Lemaitre's charming method of taking his reader into his confidence. It is quite in his manner of perfect frankness—a sort of refreshing unprofessional manner—to say, being himself a critic par excellence:

N'y a-t-il pas toujours, au fond et à l'origine de la critique, l'émotion involontaire de notre sensibilité en présence d'une œuvre, et cette simple et irréductible déclaration: "J'aime ou je n'aime pas." C.B.

Mr Clutterbuck's Election

THE biographer of Mr Burden is a very remarkable person: his manner, his moral tone, his gift for admiration are all his own. And in his former work he had a hero worthy of his genius. But it is to be wished that Mr Belloc had not permitted him to devote his inimitable powers to the delineation of so inferior a successor as Mr Clutterbuck in *Mr Clutterbuck's Election* (By Hilaire Belloc. Eveleigh Nash. 6s.) In *Emanuel Burden*, the undercurrent of pathos and the shadow of coming tragedy touch the imagination and suggest tears as well as sardonic laughter. The life of Mr Burden would not be the great work it is if it were as inhuman as *Mr Clutterbuck's Election*. Mr Belloc loved Mr Burden and laughed at him kindly, while he is wholly indifferent to Mr Clutterbuck, and no wonder! Mr Clutterbuck is so simply greedy, unprincipled, ugly in mind and body, selfish and absurd, that no one minds when he becomes the tool of greedy, selfish, unprincipled adventurers. He is quite in his element morally, even if he is altogether unequal, from sheer stupidity, to success in the atmosphere of intrigue.

Weighted as the book is by the central figure, there is in it much real satire and keen wit. Indeed there is a danger of *Mr Clutterbuck's Election* not receiving its due simply from a jealous affection in the reader for *Emanuel Burden*.

It would be possible to quote many passages, such as the following, which illustrate the peculiar qualities of Mr Belloc's satire—the quiet opening, the business-like manner, the phrases we associate with a leading article in our weekly papers, and then the sudden and glorious drop into an absurdity that conveys a real truth.

The hold [of the opposition] upon the electorate depended upon a promise of future reforms which it would take many years to carry out, and in which the populace but half believed, coupled with somewhat academic criticism upon the mistakes of the party in office. But this last weapon, the most powerful weapon of any opposition, they could not use with effect against the administration of a young and popular Prime Minister, of little more than forty years of age, whose enormous wealth and well-known delicacy of lung alike endeared him to the reasonable heart of the people.

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Mr Burden's old enemy, that very living scoundrel of of a Jew, Lord Battersea, now the Duke of Battersea, rolling in ill-gotten wealth and immensely powerful, provokes one or two memorable descriptive phrases, as that he had "preserved throughout all the vicissitudes of life a true sense of proportion and a proper balance between material prosperity and the public service," and again, "that respect for his firm character and a just maintenance of a man's own establishment in the world which should accompany such a position, was deeply founded in the mind of the general public."

Unfortunately there are one or two touches of less legitimate satire, such as that on page 127 as to the social relations of judges and journalists; and is it not a little cheap in the satirical line to make Charlie Fitzgerald cheat in the matter of the added ten shillings?

What does Mr Belloc really mean? The satire in *Mr Clutterbuck's Election* is so sweeping and merciless as to suggest either indulgence in racial prejudice or the suspicion that the bitter tone is half in joke. Has the author been provoked by the romantic idealisation of the Anglo-Saxon race by one section of Frenchmen, of whom the Abbé de Tourville might be cited as an interesting instance? Or has he been influenced by others of his countrymen to the dark view of this country and its oligarchy which was expressed with turgid brilliancy by Victor Hugo? Or is it the very head of our offending that we are no longer free Anglo-Saxons but serfs to the hated Jew? It is hard to come to any clear conclusions in this matter, but it would seem only fair on Mr Belloc's part to give us in his next satire a picture of an election in France, seen through English spectacles, as a pendant to this picture of an English election seen through French spectacles.

S.

THOSE who attempt the task of correcting Protestant misstatements of Catholic doctrine and Catholic history of a certainty are emulous of the efforts of Sisyphus, for time after time the lie is refuted, *tamen usque recurret*. Amongst those who have proved most unwearying in this

The Popes and Science

task is Professor J. J. Walsh, of Fordham University, and in none of his works has he done more yeoman service than in his latest book, *The Popes and Science* (Fordham Univ. Press. 2 dollars).

It will be of the utmost service to those persons who really wish to know the truth as to the attitude of the rulers of the Church towards the progress of science, and it will be found an armoury containing hosts of weapons which can be employed against the ignorant or designing calumniators of the Catholic religion.

In the Middle Ages, as most persons know, there was but little of what is now called "pure science," that is to say, there were comparatively few persons who devoted their lives to science and science only. Most of the students of that branch of knowledge were medical men, and, as a matter of fact, that might have been said of times of much later date and well within our own epoch. Huxley would probably be selected by most persons as a type of the man of science, yet Huxley was a medical man. The fact is that medicine in the early periods of science was the only scientific occupation, and all those with a scientific bent of mind naturally gravitated towards it and then, afterwards possibly, branched off into tracks not directly connected with the healing of mankind. From this it follows that the medical schools of the Middle Ages were the homes of such science as was then studied, and it is most amply shown by Professor Walsh that these medical schools were started and encouraged by ecclesiastics, and above all by the Popes. To develop this further here would be to recapitulate the arguments and facts of the book under review, and that we have no kind of wish to do, since our desire is to send our readers to its erudite pages, where they will find a host of things to interest and instruct them. One point, however, may be more particularly alluded to, as it is typical of the misrepresentations—wilful, one fears, they must often be—of papal utterances and papal injunctions. No story is more common in the baser sort of pseudo-scientific book than that which informs the public, which misleads itself by the reading of such manuals, that the dissection of the human

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body was forbidden by the Popes and that, in consequence, Medicine, Surgery and Science generally received a setback of the kind which might have been expected from such blindly ignorant conduct. Now it is undoubtedly true that on human anatomy is founded all surgery and most of medicine, and that if the practice of that art had been forbidden or even discouraged the worst results must have followed. But those who narrate this tale either do not know or do not tell their hearers that at the very time that this injunction was supposed to have been uttered, and at the very period that it must have been most fully enforced, Pope after Pope was either founding or encouraging medical schools in Rome and elsewhere and appointing thereto Professors of Anatomy, and that these Professors were carrying on their work and making dissections of the human body under the very nose of the Pope, of the Holy Inquisition, and of every other person or power which has ever been held up as a bogey before the Protestant public, and that all this time nobody was one penny the worse. Such an extraordinary state of affairs might, one would have supposed, have led those really in search of truth to examine into the circumstances of the case and to ascertain, as Professor Walsh has ascertained, and as anybody else might have ascertained, what exactly it was that the Pope of the period did really forbid, for here, as sometimes happens, there actually is a little fire to account for the smoke. What really happened was this: during the Crusades a number of persons who died far from home expressed a wish or left injunctions that their remains or at least a portion of them should be brought home for burial. One remembers the "heart-shrines" to be seen in various churches in England, and knows that people had a fashion at that time of being buried in parts and in various places. Now to bring back a large dead Crusader to England must have been no mean task in those days of small and crowded vessels, and the persons who had to perform the duty hit upon the unsavoury expedient of cutting up the bodies of those whom they had to transport and boiling off the flesh, so that the bones alone remained, which were comparatively

Cords of Adam

easy of conveyance from the East to England. It was this indecent and insanitary process that was forbidden by the Popes, and, as most people would say, rightly enough, and it is on this injunction that the story in question has been built.

Those who go to Professor Walsh's pages will find a similar exposé of the other equally ridiculous tale that the Popes forbade the study of chemistry, and will discover that so far from preventing the progress of science these much abused individuals fostered it by magnificent gifts and personal interest in a way which might with much advantage be imitated by the Sovereigns of other countries, which are supposed to be conducted on much more modern and enlightened lines than those of the former Papal States.

We hope that this book will have a large circulation in this country, and may add that it and its fellows from the pen of the same learned and charming writer should find a place in the library of every boys' school in these islands. They are just the sort of books which older boys will like to read, and they are just the books which will show them how baseless are most of the accusations brought against the rulers of the Church to which they belong.

B.C.A.W.

CORDS of *Adam*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard (Longmans. 5s.), is one of a class of books that is becoming very popular in these days—that is, it consists of a collection of informal meditations upon various points of faith such as the Holy Eucharist, the prerogatives and characters of certain saints, the Divine dealings with men. It is a successful example of its class; but it is to be questioned whether the demand for such books is not in some ways a symptom of spiritual laziness. Its reading does not require the sustained effort necessary for such works as those of Father Faber, nor the energetic personal action necessary for the use of such meditations as those of Bishop Challoner or Father Clarke, nor the close attention and re-reading required for such books as *Hard Sayings* or *Nova et Vetera*. Father Gerrard, in fact, has done his reader's work for him almost too well, by his own careful and well-rounded thought,

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his apt illustrations and his lucid style: he works his veins out to the end, and places the gold in neat heaps to be carried away. But it is ungracious to complain that modern languor is too well catered for; it is more encouraging to reflect that with such books at hand there is less excuse than ever for the neglect of spiritual reading. It is significant that Father Gerrard is fond of insisting upon the *anima naturaliter Christiana*. It is to souls in that aspect that he speaks.

B.

IT is a pity that the very beautiful book, *Centuries of Meditations*, by Thomas Traherne (Edited and published by Mr Bertram Dobell. Price 5s. net) is not introduced by one who has more sympathy with, as well as knowledge of, the science of the inner life. It seems ungracious to say this at the outset, since the editor has done a real service, and not to Anglicans only, by bringing forward this spiritual writer of Caroline days; yet the fact remains that an introduction which sneers, though courteously, against contemplatives as the Catholic Church understands them, and repeats worn-out old phrases about their "selfishness" and their confinement within monastery walls and the rest—is a grave flaw upon what might have been a beautiful piece of work. There are, as is known, two principal schools of mystics: the one, of which Traherne was a member, seeks to find God in excursions out from self into the wide spaces and the infinite depths; the other no less truly, finds the "Kingdom of God within," and seeks it by abstraction and silence rather than by observation. Of this school the writer of *The Imitation* is perhaps the best known example. Now these two schools, Mr Dobell fails to see, are complementary not contradictory: they both have intuition into truth, they both find the same God, though under different aspects. It is as absurd to speak of the one as "selfish" or "narrow," as to speak of the other as coarse and materialistic. Thomas Traherne, at any rate, would not so speak; he is so enraptured and intoxicated with what he sees, so bewildered with glory, that he has little or no time for controversy or carping. His prayers and aspirations rise sometimes

François Coppée

to a point of genius, and are couched in that glorious Caroline English of which the art seems almost forgotten in our days. We have to thank Mr Dobell most heartily for his gift to us of this forgotten writer, so well edited and presented; and can only venture to beg of him to remember that narrow-mindedness does not consist in seeing our own point of view vividly, but in failing to see the point of view of other people. B.

THE collected poems of François Coppée (Édition Elzévirienne. Jules Lemerre, Paris) have a more than ephemeral interest, recalling as they do the gap left in French literature by the death of the poet of *Les Humbles*. That French poetry, otherwise so completely divorced from French life by the "art for art's sake" theory, has preserved an enduring *rapport* in one quarter at least, with the national life, is owing to the genius of him who was the poet of the people as he was the poet of Paris *par excellence*.

For François Coppée was at once the poetic and realistic exponent, paradoxical as it may sound, of that life of the boulevards and *trottoirs* of the "Ville Lumière" which he arrested, as it were, in a kind of lyrical cinematograph, and pictured with a truth, a force and a sympathy that gives his work a unique niche in the literature of his time. To read François Coppée is to see Paris as she is to-day, with her boulevards raucous with motors and shrill with newsboys, prosaic with the hum of overcrowded *cafés*, and garish with the electric burners that illuminate the dark places of her poverty as well as the monuments of her pride. In his verse, if anywhere, do we look on the true Paris, with its sordid pathos and ever present penury, the Paris of unfashionable *faubourgs* where a hard-working lower *bourgeoisie* toils to make two difficult ends meet, a network of unlovely slums where poverty, hunger and dirt rule in a dismal triumvirate—the Paris that is so remote from the cherished ideal of the tourist as the gayest of all cities.

It was from no epic plane that Coppée had his vision. No dithyrambic fervour kindled those annals of the poor that Hugo had wrought into an heroic cycle, while as for

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that imaginary drum and fife band to which Béranger's verses always seem moving, Coppée knew it not. These things were not for the poet who had felt the pulse of the people and counted its heart beats with unerring precision. No rose and gold glorified the life he set himself to hymn, this singer of the *Ballade en Faveur des Ratés*, who turns aside from the gilded salons and glittering *cercles* of the Champs Elysées, to that Paris the other side of the Seine, to its sordid slums and grimy cabarets, where, to a superficial observer, the possibilities of poetry had been *nil*.

Coppée had that reverence for the poor that is the rarest of all forms of sympathy, and is too often the monopoly of the saints. The study of his vignettes of humble life might be profitably commended to some of our own Charity Organization Societies, for it would prove a wholesome corrective to the point of view of certain of our modern philanthropists. How they grip us, those types of Parisian pauperdom, vivid, nervous and picturesque, yet mordant in their restrained pathos and uncompromising realism. What an unforgettable pageant it is that defiles before us in his pages, that pathetic procession of the "supers and the shifters" in the social drama, where the old sandwich man (*L'Homme-Affiche*), wearily tramping the *trottoirs*, jostles the wrinkled newsvendor (*La Marchande de Journaux*) hoarding pennies to buy *immortelles* for her dead grandchild. And has the problem of a "living wage" ever been more poignantly treated than in *La Grève des Forgerons*?

No wonder that Coppée, as he touches the inner heart of that life of the proletariat to which the outer world is so coldly aloof, wistfully questions our vaunted modern progress. His lines on the *Tour Eiffel*, all unconsciously perhaps, voice his last word on our boasted modern life:

Inachevé, confus, difforme,
Le monstre est hideux vu de près . . .
Symbole de force inutile,
Et triomphe du fait brutal.

It was not strange that he should find himself, as he confesses in *Chauvinisme*, "en retard avec le rêve humanitaire," that in the humanitarian movement of to-day, that husk without

François Coppée

a kernel, and body without a soul, he should be content to lag behind.

With the aims of modern France, their frankly materialistic goal, their almost brutal exaltation of the corporal over the spiritual, such a temperament as François Coppée's could have scant sympathy. Small wonder that the last years of his life saw his return to that Fold where the humanitarian problem finds its only real solution in the glorification of suffering as the divine means to a divinely appointed end. This is neither the time nor place to discuss one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most delicate, of psychological problems, but even the literary student has to reckon with the poet's much-talked-of "conversion" in connexion with its bearing on his work, considering how powerfully it modified his later verse. That François Coppée's reconciliation with the Church of his childhood purged his poetry from the morbid sentimentalism and pessimism which had hitherto obscured an otherwise singularly clear vision, and that it perfected a gift which till then had been *dépaysé* in a wilderness of doubt and negation, would hardly be denied by the poet's most exacting critics.

For this sensitive soul the world had been till then but a vast hospital ward, where ill-solaced pain and unmerited suffering had been the order of the "difficult day." Now he could see those erst gloomy vistas irradiated by the light of a hope that made "la bonne souffrance" the only solution to "the riddle of the painful earth." "Allez du côté de l'aurore," says Sylvie to Zanetto in *Le Passant* and, like his own hero, the poet henceforth set his face towards that dawn whose light transfigures the things of sense to those of the spirit. And so it is that his later verses strike a new key, ringing as they do with a pity for suffering free from false sentimentalism, with that passion for righteousness which is such a rare note in modern French literature, and with a patriotism which is above and beyond all shibboleths of party. His later volumes, such as *Dans la Prière et dans la Lutte*, and *Des Vers Français*, bring back to French poetry an inspiration which has been absent from it since the days of Lamartine.

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And who shall say that François Coppée does not touch to-day the national life of France itself, as well as that lesser one of the capital he reflected so faithfully? Has he not, with what now seems, looking back on the events of the last seven years, a truly prophetic irony, stated the whole question of Church and State in France, in one of the most striking of his poems, *La Bénédiction*, that unforgettable episode of the Peninsular War. The solitary priest who, faithful to his divine trust, is shot down in his desecrated church by a renegade soldiery, as he lifts the monstrance to bless his murderers—what is the situation but the logical sequence of a position that still awaits its final solution by a secular power that has shown itself by no means averse to methods of force?

“Amen” dit un tambour, en éclatant de rire.

Will this be the conclusion of the whole matter? Under present conditions we may surely be warranted in asking the question, as we watch the evolution of the crusade against the Religious Congregations in France.

But François Coppée’s valediction to the France he loved so well and would fain have saved from herself, was not one of recrimination:

Protège nous contre nous-mêmes

was the poet’s last prayer for his misguided country, and who shall say that she does not need it, that it will not find an echo in the hearts of her best friends? Truly has France cause to mourn the poet who gauged her needs so wisely, and uttered so clearly the aspirations of that faithful minority whose voices are drowned for the moment by the clamour of iconoclasts, and the laughter of fools.

M.A.V.

IT is not necessary to read many pages of Miss Davidson’s book (*Catherine of Braganza*. By Lillias Campbell Davidson. Murray. 15s. net) in order to realize that it is not to be very seriously regarded. It was, perhaps, a natural and laudable impulse which led the writer to attempt this tribute to a Queen humiliated in her own day and somewhat contemptuously treated by later times, but it is to be feared

Catherine of Braganza

that Catherine of Braganza's reputation will not be greatly enhanced by the present volume. The brief resumé of Portuguese history given at the beginning of the study is singularly inadequate and at times absolutely incorrect. It is, for instance, a mistake to say that Portugal was "a mere earldom" till the victory of Ourique, won in 1169 by Alphonzo (why this curious rendering of Affonso Henriques?) Portugal's real independence dated from the time of Henry of Burgundy and his great queen Theresa, the parents of Affonso, while Affonso himself formally assumed the title of King in 1140, after the Tourney of Valdevez, in which the Castilian knights were defeated by the Portuguese champions.

Coming to later times, we are amazed to find that in a book which deals with the relations between the Stuarts and the house of Braganza no place should be found for the very interesting episode of Prince Rupert's stay in Lisbon in 1650-51. Yet the chivalrous hospitality afforded by John IV of Portugal, Catherine's father, to the kinsman and admiral of Charles II, brought the fleet of Blake into the Tagus and cost King John dear before, in 1654, Cromwell finally confirmed the treaty between England and Portugal.

Reaching more familiar English ground, Miss Davidson still fails to display intimate knowledge of her subject. Her characterizations are careless, and her off-handed assertions often more than questionable. For instance, she excuses the youthful immoralities of Charles II on the plea that "till the Victorian age in England affairs of gallantry were not only condoned but lauded. . . . And in the school of the Cavalier army he [Charles] had served with, illicit connexions were a matter of course and no gentleman was without them." Does Miss Davidson take George Goring as a representative cavalier, and is she really unaware of the high standards and noble lives of many of the gentlemen who fought for Charles I? Charles II is treated throughout with considerable gentleness, and there is a touching trustfulness in Miss Davidson's conviction that had Catherine continued her attitude of hostility towards Lady Castlemaine and other royal favourites, she would in the end have commanded her husband's love and respect.

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"From the day of her friendly reception of Lady Castlemaine," says the author confidently, "dated the total loss of all Catherine's influence over her husband. She might have moved him to mighty purposes and stung awake in him his manhood and his kingship. . . . To a man of Charles's stamp, goodness in a woman is a potent influence." As a proof of which statements, the writer points out, rather amusingly, that thenceforward there were no more loud recriminations between the King and Queen. It is to be doubted whether Charles, indifferent, debonair, supremely a lover of his own ease, would have been greatly ennobled by the continuance of the recriminations, though it must be admitted that the unfortunate Queen had every justification for them. Miss Davidson does justice to Catherine's sweetness, her earnest piety, her long-suffering patience under her husband's constant infidelities, and the misconceptions of the people, but she quite fails to convince us of her heroine's mental gifts which might, we are told, have won for her in happier conditions a name as resplendent as Elizabeth's. Again we see too little of Charles's real self, the intellect and power of purpose underlying his indolence, the sardonic melancholy masqued by his gaiety and wit.

If the central figures are not strongly drawn, neither is the background of the time satisfactorily given; for there are various minor inaccuracies, as where Catherine's letter of condolence, written in 1663 on the death of Edward, Prince Palatine, is made to refer to "Prince Rupert's father, uncle by marriage of the King," though Frederic of the Rhine died in 1632. Such slips, however, are comparatively slight matters; a graver fault is the general superficiality and evident bias of the whole biography. The infamy of the "Popish Plot" agitators can scarcely be exaggerated, yet even here Miss Davidson is too ready with absolute judgements. Shaftesbury, naturally, is a mere vulgar villain in her account, directly responsible for Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's murder. In the same spirit Marvell, whose name she mis-spells, is dismissed as "the writer of lampoons" with no suggestion that he was also Marvell

Thomas of Celano

the poet and patriot. It is needless to examine further a book so little fitted to claim a place among serious studies of the time, but it may be remarked in passing that style and grammar are as little to be commended as is the historic survey.

D. McC.

IT is a matter of congratulation with all who are interested in the latest revival of devotion to St Francis of Assisi, that the most important of all Franciscan legends should have found so competent a translator as Mr Ferrers Howell, who in *The Lives of St Francis of Assisi by Brother Thomas of Celano* (Methuen & Co. London. 5s.) has given a most excellent English rendering of Celano's *Legenda Prima* and *Legenda Secunda*. The *Legenda Prima* was the official biography of the Saint of Assisi, written by command of the Pope at the time of the saint's canonisation. The *Legenda Secunda* was written some years later by order of the Minister General of the Order; and is a supplement to the *Legenda Prima*. Together these two legends necessarily form the basis of any biography of the saint. Other legends throw illuminating side-lights upon his history, but Celano gives us the fullest account and his legends are of undoubted authenticity.

Mr Howell has done his work with painstaking fidelity to the original Latin. His task was not easy: Celano had literary talent of a high order and a marked individuality of style; at times his concise phrases are not clear to present day readers. With rare exceptions Mr Howell has given an unimpeachable rendering. We do not think, however, that he has been happy in his translation of the phrase "*leprosis pecuniæ famulis*" as "leprous servants of mammon"; nor can we accept the explanation suggested in the footnote, page 208. By the First Rule of the Friars Minor (cap. viii) the friars were expressly permitted to accept money for the sick brethren and for the lepers, but only "in manifest necessity." As a general rule they were "to be very wary of money." The incident recorded by Celano (*Leg. Sec.*, cap. 36) is an illustration of the observance and non-observance of this Rule; yet, be it noted, the non-

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observant brother errs more against the spirit than the letter. He wishes to take the money "*leprosis pecuniæ famulis offerendum*," but at the same time manifests a certain contempt for the scruples of his companion who evidently did not consider this a case in which the concession of the Rule in favour of lepers applied. The "*leprosi pecuniæ famuli*" are then the lepers, and as far as this incident is concerned, the lepers of the hospital near which the friars found the money. In the footnote Mr Howell quotes a suggestion that the phrase indicates lepers who are servants of the world, i.e., not members of the Order. But had there been lepers amongst the brethren, and were these in manifest need, the brethren might, according to the Rule, receive money to supply even their wants. The suggestion made in *Franciscan Annals*, May, 1908, page 133-4, that the phrase should be rendered "*alms-lepers*" seems to us nearer to the intention of Celano, though it fails quite to express his subtlety of thought. "*The leprous dependents upon money*" would perhaps be a still more correct rendering; for the leprous poor were undoubtedly in St Francis's day the recognised dependents upon the purses of others; to refuse them an alms was almost unthinkable to the least charitably disposed. So in a phrase Celano, in his masterly fashion, at once strikes off their recognized status and at the same time points to the intention of the story he is about to relate. We have here, however, an illustration of the difficulty which awaited the translator of his writings: Celano is in a high degree a creator of apt but subtle phrases, and a master of epigrams.

Mr Howell's sympathetic intuition, which has given us a worthy translation of St Francis's official biographer, has also led him to a truer estimate of the biographer's character and of the merits of his work than we have been accustomed to meet with amongst English non-Catholic writers on St Francis. M. Paul Sabatier is responsible for the prejudice with which almost all these writers have hitherto approached Celano's writings; in truth one cannot escape the suspicion that most of them have accepted M. Sabatier's judgement of Celano without any effort to judge of his writings at

Hardy-on-the-Hill

first hand; for it is only within the last four years that the *Legenda Secunda* and the *Traëtatus de Miraculis* have been easily accessible. But in his too brief Introduction Mr Howell has pointed out that there is no warrant for the charges made against Celano's rectitude and impartiality as a biographer. To such a length have the critics gone that one of them has even written a treatise to show that Celano wrote no true history at all but only a composition taken from the works of St Gregory, Cassianus, Caesar of Heisterbach and other medieval writers! Mr Howell has little difficulty in disposing of so fantastic a theory. Of the relationship of Celano's legends to the *Speculum Perfectionis* and *Legenda Trium Sociorum* Mr Howell says little; the question is one which yet exercises the minds of students of Franciscan biography. Of course the translator has followed the text edited by Father Edouard d'Alençon, the archivist of the Capuchin Franciscans—the only text which is of any critical value.

Fr. C.

STRONG contrasts in social position or in the habits of life are such a help to the novelist in depicting his characters that he is apt to force them beyond the facts of the time and place of his story. With universal education and wide-spread luxuries, many of the old contrasts between classes with all their great artistic value are lost, and it becomes a temptation to paint things as they were rather than as they are. But in *Hardy-on-the-Hill*, by M. E. Francis (Methuen. 6s.), the author is happy in a contrast that makes for life in her picture, without exaggeration or anachronism. A hopelessly abstracted intellectual Don from Oxford with two daughters educated for anything rather than for practical life, are driven by poverty to rent a small cottage on the farm of a stout Dorsetshire yeoman, Hardy of Hardy-on-the-Hill, a man of importance in the countryside.

The only wants of the sisters according to their first letter on the subject are a cottage for fifteen pounds a year and a sundial. From the moment that Hardy provides the sundial at his own expense, before he has even seen the

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two daughters of the passive Don, it is clear that his fate is sealed. But there is much that is amusing, charming and touching in the story before it is all told. Bessie is especially alive, and in spite of every good reason to the contrary, it is difficult not to like her better than the elder sister.

It was necessary for Hardy to be a man of action, but it is too much to gratify him with two opportunities of saving the life of his love, on one occasion from water, and on another from fire. Why it may be wondered in conclusion is it so rare a gift to make people talk naturally in fiction? M. E. Francis is one of the few novelists who does make her characters speak as human beings are wont to do. And that is a great part of the secret of her success.

S.

IF Dr Boissarie's new volume on Lourdes is interesting and even fascinating, it is also strangely provoking. To begin with, we read on the cover and title-page, *L'Œuvre de Lourdes, nouvelle édition, contenant les guérisons les plus récentes* (Paris: Téqui. 1908. 3.50 frs). One would naturally infer from this that we are dealing with a new edition of a book which has been out some little time—say a couple of years or so. Unfortunately, the volume itself supplies no information on the point. And yet the matter is one of importance. The author himself rightly urges that in many cases everything depends upon the permanence of the cure effected. Supposing, then, that an alleged miracle took place in 1905, we are glad to know on medical authority that the patient has gone on until 1908 without any relapse. But this is exactly what it is often impossible to learn from Dr Boissarie's volume. He tells us that he saw the patient "five months ago" or "three months ago" or "a few weeks ago," without any further date. When were these words written? We can hardly doubt that in most cases they have reference to the first edition of the volume. Surely, then, it is desirable that we should be exactly informed as to the time of its appearance. So, again, when reference is made to a newspaper interview with M. Zola, which from a controversial and evidential point of view is very important, why are we told neither the name of the

L'Œuvre de Lourdes

journal nor the date of the issue in question? Further, seeing that Dr Boissarie and the bureau over which he presides represent the fountain-head of information about the Lourdes miracles, it is most irritating to be regaled in one notable case (that of Clémentine Trouvé, p. 319) with a sketchy impressionist account of the miracle by an irresponsible Parisian journalist—name of newspaper and date again omitted—the sole merit of which seems to be that it speaks slightly of Zola. What is more, we find that this same slipshod narrative has betrayed Dr Boissarie himself into misdating the miracle by a year. Clémentine Trouvé was instantaneously healed of a persistent suppurating wound in the foot on August 21, 1891, but Dr Boissarie represents this remarkable cure as having occurred in August, 1892, during the time of Zola's visit to Lourdes. The mistake is the more provoking as it is made while the author is in the very act of exposing M. Zola's numerous inaccuracies. Neither in the matter of form is Dr Boissarie's volume by any means free from reproach. One is accustomed in French writers to such a high standard of concise and logical presentment that the author's decidedly rambling style is likely to meet with less consideration from hostile critics than the subject he treats of deserves.

For, in spite of all drawbacks, the array of facts marshalled in this volume is of a most startling character. Even such a resolute sceptic as M. Zola did not question Dr Boissarie's absolute honesty. The medical certificates quoted here are indisputably genuine certificates, and when the author tells us that in place of a running sore he saw sound and healthy flesh, that a lame man after his cure walked with an easy and natural gait, that a man previously blind was able to distinguish objects and to read a page of print, it is impossible to disbelieve him. No one can read the details of the case of Marie Borel, whose cure on August 23, 1907, made a great sensation even outside of France, without a conviction that all the hitherto known forces of nature are quite inadequate to explain it. After five years in hospital she had come to Lourdes with six open fistulas. On the Tuesday evening the wounds were

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still discharging and horribly offensive. On the Wednesday morning they still caused nausea in the nurses who dressed them. On the Wednesday evening at eight they were again dressed, but seemed to be less inflamed, while the discharge had ceased. On the Thursday morning at seven they were all healed, and the natural excretory processes resumed their functions after having been entirely suspended for five months. The hospital surgeon who had had charge of the case for several years, admitting seemingly the accuracy of all the facts, declares in his certificate:

Il est indéniable qu'elle a été guérie à Lourdes contre toute attente. Mon ami le Dr H., médecin des hôpitaux de Paris et élève de Charcot, à qui j'exposais le cas, se gardait de toute interprétation médicale. Je ferai comme lui, étant de la même école, qui se rend avant tout à l'évidence des faits, alors même que l'explication manque.

Nevertheless, even here, while we have not the least doubt ourselves of the accuracy of all the facts recorded, and while we are glad to learn that on January 22, 1908, she was in sound health, we cannot help thinking that for an account which is to be put into the hands of sceptics, Dr Boissarie has not made the best of the materials which must be at his disposal. The story is told clearly and pleasantly enough as it might have been gathered by an interviewer and published afterwards in some local journal. But no one reading this account, given almost entirely in the first person, will fail to perceive that these cannot be the actual words of the *miraculée*. Her story has been edited and put into shape, no doubt very much to the advantage of its literary form and to the convenience of the casual reader, but also at the expense of its value as evidence. What we should like to see is a photographic facsimile of the page in which the notes of the case were taken down at the Bureau des Constatations immediately after the miracle, a photographic facsimile of the nurses' chart at the hospital before she started for Lourdes, and so on. For documents like these we would willingly spare some of the numerous pictures of the grotto and basilica, etc., pictures which abound in every popular handbook. Again, the most striking feature

L'Œuvre de Lourdes

of a cure like that of Marie Borel is its suddenness. Surely it would have been possible to obtain from the nurses who dressed the wounds the evening before, a sworn deposition as to the state in which they found them. An open wound is an open wound, and a nurse's testimony on such a point is practically as valuable as a doctor's. From the very nature of the disease, Marie Borel herself could not properly examine her own wounds, even apart from the state of weakness which, according to her story, had caused a Protestant doctor and his wife, also a doctor, only the day before, to declare that it had been a piece of criminal folly to allow her to come to Lourdes at all. And of this Protestant doctor and his wife, we are told that after the miracle they were both present at the Bureau des Constatations when the case was being enquired into by Dr Boissarie and his staff. Surely it would have been possible to obtain from them an accurate account of the state in which they had seen the wounds, for, according to what we are told, they had actually examined and dressed them only thirty-six hours before the miracle. Instead, however, of any signed statements in their own name, we have only the edited narrative of Marie Borel the *miraculée*, who tells us:

À la consultation [at the Bureau des Constatations] assistaient le docteur protestant et sa femme, très attentifs. Celle-ci dit:

"On ne voit pas cela chez nous dans notre religion. Je me ferai catholique."

"Moi aussi," dit le mari. Et ils me suivirent toute la soirée.

We do not for a moment doubt the truth of this incident, but we wish that in one or two of the more striking miracles like that of Marie Borel, Dr Boissarie had found it possible to give us, at least in an appendix, the text of the depositions, the names of the witnesses, facsimiles of documents, and so on. There is after all a way of combining the popular with the scientific. Elaborate medical dissertations we do not expect, but every intelligent person appreciates the force of evidence, and is glad to have a first-hand story and to trust his own eyes, instead of reading a florid account, edited and embroidered by he knows not what pious enthusiast. We are sorry to give so grudging a commenda-

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tion of a book which we have read with the greatest interest. The miracles reviewed in this volume are really most remarkable, and extraordinarily varied in character. It is precisely our own firm belief in their preternatural origin that makes our regret that the sceptic should have so many excuses for cavilling at the evidence offered for them in this quasi-official chronicle.

H. T.

THOSE who remember Karl von Perfall's earlier works, particularly *Ein Verhältnis*, will not be surprised to find that his latest story, *Der Ehering* (Berlin: Egon Fleischel and Co. 4M.) is, in the main, a study of temperaments. Even while bearing this in mind, it seems to us, as a novel, to want unity; we could wish the author had concentrated his attention on the development of the two most interesting characters, Max Söldner and Dr Rubin; moreover, English readers may be impatient of the long and, so to speak, stolid analysis of a side of life that is really much less important to many people than Herr von Perfall assumes. But *Der Ehering* is worth reading for its descriptions of literary life in Berlin, and of the problem to which the unhealthy outlook and "hot-house atmosphere" of some intellectual circles there give rise. Max Söldner is a rising member of a group of young minor poets and dramatists, which forms in itself a distinctly unpleasant society for mutual admiration and amusement. He grows tired of "the hot-house," and his works are no longer applauded; finally, the critics advise him that the mental atmosphere of Munich, with "Naturburschenschaft" and "Bauernstücke" would suit him far better. Nothing in English life corresponds to this curious identification of certain towns with certain styles of literature: the nearest parallel we can suggest is that a luckless youth, who had been living in Piccadilly and trying to write like Mr Arthur Symonds, should be recommended to go to Norwich and imitate Mrs M. E. Mann, or perhaps "A Son of the Marshes." However, Max Söldner, who watches his own mental development as only a small and self-conscious talent can do, takes this advice;

Der Ehering

he visits his native province, and also seeks unliterary society in Berlin, where he finally makes two rather naive discoveries—first, that a number of quite intelligent people take very little interest in literature and yet get along wonderfully well! and, secondly, that the pursuit of Art often entails “by-products” that are not wholly profitable or sane. Possibly the author intends to work out this first thesis in the domestic life of the three young bourgeois couples, more or less connected with Söldner, which occupies a good part of the book; but, unfortunately their lives, as here set forward, present “a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, and a low standard of manners,” to which we may, perhaps, venture to add, a defective type of conjugal love.

The second part of Söldner’s discoveries is worked out in the story of Dr Rubin. His outlook is, at first, cynical, and his appearance repulsive, which hinders him for a long time from winning the favour of Frau Anna, a popular authoress, personally attractive to many. His ill-luck with her and consequent suffering leads him to explore the darkest side of Berlin life, from whence he returns in a mood of pity and seriousness that is not well received in the “hot-house atmosphere,” where he, as well as Max Söldner and Frau Anna, must live. Still, he marries and to some extent reforms the lady in question, but their surroundings appear to stimulate that kind of exasperated sex vanity which may cause more mischief than direct animalism, and this brings about their final ruin.

Herr von Perfall’s picture of Berlin life does not form a pleasant or even artistic whole, chiefly because the middle-class households which should serve as contrast to the decadent literary circle are in themselves extremely limited and depressing; moreover, the conclusion is so hurried that we are quite unable to believe that the most dreary of these could suddenly become a model of domestic happiness. Yet the book commands attention by its careful style and sincerity. It strikes one as the outcome of deep thought combined with a narrow, or perhaps hindered, vision of some sides of life. It is a commonplace to say that between

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passion and indifference there is a whole world of tenderness, trust, mutual help and mutual reverence, in which, for most of us, the best part of affection lies; yet, to all the characters in *Der Ehering* this is an unknown land. R.T.

THE Benedictine monks who manage the Greek College of S. Atanasio in Rome have the extraordinary privilege of celebrating Holy Mass in their church according to the Greek rite, while they use the Latin rite in their private oratory. They are especially competent to explain how the Oriental liturgy is solemnized, and in consequence Dom Placide de Meester's little volume, *La divine Liturgie de S. Jean Chrysostome* (Paris: Lecoffre; Rome: Ferrari. 16mo. 2.50frs) is of particular interest. The original Greek and a French translation of the text are beautifully printed side by side; an introduction describes the disposition of a Greek Church; notes explain the vestments and the method of performing the ceremonies. There is a special excursus on pontifical rites and an index of liturgical terms. The liturgy of St Chrysostom is the ordinary Greek Mass, that of St Basil being used only on great feasts. Dom de Meester is the author of interesting studies on modern schismatic Greek theology. It is natural that he and the present Rector of the College, Dom Ugo Atanasio Gaisser (a great authority on the history and the execution of Greek music) should desire to visit in person that wonderful East for the service of which they have for some ten years been training students, and to hear the traditional rendering of the ancient chants which are sung at S. Atanasio. The results of a journey are found in *Voyage de deux Bénédictins aux monastères du Mont Athos* (Desclée, Bruges, etc. 4.50 frs). Books on the Holy Mountain of the monks are numerous. The present one is a lively account of the travel of the Belgian and the German Benedictine, and it is distinguished from other works on the subject by the knowledge and sympathy with which the writer is able to describe the daily life of the monasteries. Dom Gaisser has added a remarkable appreciation of the music. There are many small illustrations. C.

Theories of Descent

THE overwhelming amount of literature relating to the theory of evolution is a serious obstacle to the obtaining of a comprehensive knowledge of the subject, so that those who are interested in this question will doubtless welcome the two volumes of lectures on the theory of descent by Dr J. P. Lotsy (*Vorlesungen über Descendenz-theorien*. J. P. Lotsy. 1906-1908. Jena: G. Fischer. 20M.) The author has gathered together in these volumes the principal evidence upon which the theory is based, and explains the more important theories which have been advanced down to the present time. In the first volume the Lamarckian principle of the influence of the environment upon form is discussed and brought into relation with recent investigations into the influence of external stimuli, such as light, heat, pressure and so on upon the structure of organisms. The subject of heredity is also dealt with at some length, the first question examined being that of the part played by the germ cells in transmitting hereditary characters: and in common with many others, Lotsy holds the view that the chromatin of the germ cell is the bearer of these characters; but he disagrees with the Weismannian theory of determinants, which is declared to be too rigid. The laws of heredity as laid down by Galton and Mendel are fully treated, the Mendelian system being in the opinion of the author a considerable advance upon Galton's theory. A short biography of the Abbot Mendel precedes the account of his experiments. Dr Lotsy next proceeds to examine the question of discontinuous variation and the nature of De Vries' mutations. So far, however, the facts quoted only go to show that evolution is possible, not that it has actually occurred; to demonstrate this point, the old argument that ontogeny is an abbreviated phylogeny is brought up, and illustrated by a few examples. The author is not so convincing upon this subject, and he has, moreover, chosen an unfortunate example in the Crustacea, which have not, as he supposes, a common larval form, the nauplius. Three distinct larval forms are found in this group, of which the nauplius is but one.

The second volume is mainly concerned with Darwin's

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theory and the post-Darwinian theories of evolution. Dr Lotsy here reveals himself as a staunch adherent of the Darwinian school, and maintains that mutations and changes of form due to external influences (biometamorphosis) are to be considered as material upon which selection may work, as well as the useful variations postulated by Darwin. De Vries' theory of mutations is not looked upon as opposed to natural selection.

The arguments against the theory of natural selection are on the whole fairly stated, and the author admits that this theory presents many difficulties.

If exception may be taken here and there to some of Dr Lotsy's conclusions, the work will, nevertheless, stand as a useful aid to the study of the theory of descent, concerning which we agree with the author (p. 751), that the problem of evolution is far from being solved, and even if the hope is justified that the progress of palæontology will teach us still more, nevertheless the question of how the process of evolution has taken place will always remain a secret.

G. A. E.

IT was an admirable thought, in these days of cheap and dainty books, to bring out a series of Catholic biographies and stories for children and childlike people. The *St Nicholas Series*, edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., and published by Macdonald & Evans at 2s. a volume, can take its place without fear in the very front rank at once, for beauty of type, binding, illustration and general efficiency. About a dozen volumes have already appeared, on such subjects as the lives of Joan of Arc, St Thomas of Canterbury and Father Mathew, including also a story in two volumes by Father Bearne, S.J. They form admirable gifts both for boys and girls and roll away once for all the excuse that there is so little Catholic literature suitable for educated children. The particular volume under review, the *Legend of St Christopher*, by the Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J., contains four stories, partly legend, partly history and partly confessed fiction; and the beauty of the language, the skilful presentment, the dramatic fervour of the whole are beyond

Pope Pacificus

praise. It is indeed very seldom that an author, writing deliberately for the young, attains such an excellent straightforward simplicity and virility, combined with real mystical vision and artistic insight. Charles Kingsley attained it to some extent when he was able to forget controversy; Mr William Canton touches it in *A Child's Book of Saints*; but it is delightful to welcome a comparatively new Catholic writer, not one whit behind them. He has written under pseudonyms before; it is pleasant too to be able to congratulate him by name. It is to be hoped that this series will be welcomed by Catholic parents and schools with the enthusiasm it deserves. The illustrations, though not so much in this particular volume, help greatly to the vividness of the stories as a whole; but it is to be hoped in future that a trifle more pains will be taken with the presentment of such things as the cut and colour of religious habits and vestments. These points, we have a right to expect, should be impeccable in Catholic pictures. Yet, as considered all round, the illustrations are arresting and artistic. B.

THAT a mountain in labour should produce a ridiculous mouse is far less astonishing than that a ridiculous mouse should produce a mountain. And that a prolonged controversy in *The Times* and elsewhere should have been provoked by *Pope Pacificus*, by "Junius, Junior" (S.P.C.K.), gives us some of the same quality of surprise. It is hard to see why it was ever published, but harder still to understand how it ever attracted serious notice of any kind. Not that the booklet is without a humorous aspect that might be suggestive of its being intended as a skit on other works on the Reunion of Christendom. Yet in spite of such passages as the following, in which a young Cardinal reports his conversation with Pacificus, we are forced to believe that "Junius, Junior" intends to be serious:

"I am going to send out an encyclical," continued the Pope, "to all the Clergy and Laity of the Catholic Church, telling them to subordinate all other teaching of the Church, for a few short years at least, to this work of reunion." . . . "I cannot accept it," I said; "I cannot forego the tenets of the Catholic Church or

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lessen their precedence above all other things." "Not in the name of Divine Love?" said he, and he grasped the crucifix. I remained silent. "Then," said he, "I shall proclaim it *ex cathedra*."

The nerves of a certain section of the Protestant public must be quite unstrung before this sort of work could produce trouble of any kind. It is hardly necessary to add that "Junius, Junior" is believed to be a disguised Jesuit!

S.

MISS GENEVIEVE IRONS is steadily coming to the front as a thoroughly trustworthy and very attractive Catholic writer. In her most recent book, *A Maiden Up-to-date* (Sands & Co. 6s.), she shows again her delightful and intimately human touch that was so apparent in *A Torn Scrap-Book*. Her children are always especially alive. This, however, is a novel dealing with particularly present-day affairs, and in the course of it a good many causes and methods, especially those connected with "Reunion," come in for castigation. It would not be fair to say that she castigates persons; and yet it is a little to be regretted that in one instance at least she gives a show of an excuse for identifying one of her characters with a well-known personage. She makes it clear, however, from the course of the story, that she does not in the least intend this identification to be made. The book is thoroughly wholesome and may be cordially recommended to Catholic libraries. B.

THERE is a peculiar kind of sympathy roused by any share in the same childish memories and therefore some detail of a child's life in fiction may bring to the reader a sudden sense of reality. That *Lois*, by Emily Hickey (Washbourne. 6s.), and her cousins habitually sat in the branches of a mulberry tree at once makes those of us who read and talked in a mulberry tree long ago, inclined to be her friends. And there will be no temptation to be unfaithful to that friendship as the story goes forward. It is a singularly true analysis of a girl with a poet's nature, sweet and loving, but rebellious against the discipline of merely conventional common sense.

Sainte Mélanie

The life of Lois in London, with her most loveable girl friend and zealous protector, is excellently described, and there is a clever sketch of a clique of men and women with weird humanitarian views and no belief, among whom the two young women are thrown. It would seem as if the author were hardly aware of the charm of her own work and had forced a too dramatic conclusion to the story, as if she doubted whether its main theme could be sufficiently interesting without the element of tragedy. If this be true, such fears were quite misplaced. S.

THAT it is difficult to interest the modern reader in the social life of Rome during the classical and post-classical period is sufficiently evident from the fact that the historical novel dealing with these remote epochs has hardly ever met with more than indifferent success. Even a writer of the calibre of Georg Ebers has not achieved popularity, at any rate in England. The more credit is therefore due to M. Georges Goyau for his *Sainte Mélanie* (Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1908. 2 frs), a volume contributed to the series "Les Saints," which seems to us almost to touch high-water mark as a scholarly but withal attractive manipulation of a Saint's Life under the Roman Empire. M. Goyau had previously dealt with the subject in an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and we remember being impressed even then with the writer's skill in imparting interest to the picture of decadent Rome, the Rome of St Jerome and of that society of literary and ascetical women of which he was the moving spirit. Of all the members of his entourage of patrician ladies there is only one, viz., St Melania herself, of whom we have any sort of contemporary biography. Moreover, this Life by Gerontius, her chaplain, has only become known in recent years, and the first complete edition of the Latin text was that published in a sumptuous folio with abundant illustrative matter by Cardinal Rampolla in 1905. In the form there adopted, the Cardinal's eloquent narrative and exhaustive dissertations could not possibly reach more than a narrow circle of specialists. M. Goyau has, accordingly, rendered a real

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service not only to the devout, but to serious students of history, by presenting Cardinal Rampolla's materials, enriched by many contributions from his own wide reading, in an admirably arranged and most readable volume. Of all the contributions to the series "Les Saints," we should be inclined to consider this the most valuable as a piece of historical work, while on the other hand the author's really remarkable erudition has not in the least impaired his lightness of touch. Most of the volumes of the series are popular in scope, though *l'œuvre de vulgarisation* has in many instances been carried out by capable scholars, fully abreast of their subject. But M. Goyau's work constitutes an independent study of a most interesting personality and epoch, and no writer who in future may occupy himself with the history of the part played by woman in the civilizing and Christianizing of Europe, can afford to neglect it. There is, so far as we know, no parallel to the influence exercised by St Melania's example of renunciation in that corrupt age. The exact amount of Melania's fortune, as M. Goyau shows in a long and valuable note, is a problem still debated, but there can be no question that the wealth she inherited was regarded as stupendous by all her contemporaries. No wonder, then, that when she, with her husband's full consent, vowed herself to a life of chastity, and gradually divested herself of every penny she possessed, so much so that in the end of her life she and he alike had to live on charity, the renown of her name was spread abroad throughout all the Roman empire. Her feats of asceticism in the matter of fasting and austerity also almost pass conception. What is more, the newly-recovered Life by Gerontius, though in itself of no great length, is unmistakably a human document. We have not here the dry bones, but the living and speaking portrait of this patrician lady of the fifth century. When we add that she was the personal and seemingly the intimate friend of St Paulinus of Nola, Rufinus, St Augustine of Hippo, St Alypius, St Cyril of Alexandria, St Jerome, St Paula, and possibly of St John Chrysostom, we need nothing further to show that M. Goyau's skilful arrange-

Catholic Encyclopædia

ment of his materials has furnished a volume of something more than ordinary interest.

H. T.

TO have said merely that the third volume of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* (Brow-Clancy, pp. 799. New York: Robert Appleton Company. 27s. 6d. net) has maintained the standard of previous volumes, both in the quality of the work and in its suitableness for the general reader, would of itself be praise enough. But it has done more. The printing of the volume just issued is beyond reproach, the engravings are aptly chosen, and the photographic reproductions perfect as art can make them. If the subject matter is less extensive and varied than heretofore, this must be laid to the charge of the alphabetical division covered by the present volume. This section of the work is, broadly speaking, biographical, and the minutest care has been exercised to render it not only representative but complete. The bibliographies, so conspicuous and valuable a feature in the preceding volumes, are uniformly constructed in the more important articles, and will provide the student with most helpful guidance in further research. Where possible, the different headings have been entrusted to recognized specialists; while it is easy to discern how rigorously the editors have confined their contributors within the inevitable limitations of space. Even in the more important sections the *mot d'ordre* has been that articles and not treatises should be produced. An assuring feature of the treatment is the restraint which is everywhere observable as regards literary embellishments, enthusiastic praise and controversial severity. This calm impartiality of tone will go far to commend the book to the large and increasing body of non-Catholic readers for whom the work was primarily intended. The reader will detect no taint of modernism, although he is candidly informed, as occasion arises, of the various opinions which have swayed men's minds during the last few years. The constant reference to non-Catholic writers, the spirit of serious investigation which animates the writers, the scientific temper and judicial appreciation of facts, all tend to

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show that the contributors have been fully alive to the responsibility of writing for critical and not always sympathetic readers.

The particular compass of the present issue has not afforded the opportunity of so large a number of articles of such significance and breadth as the volumes which have preceded; and yet it might seem hard to justify this statement in the presence of such articles as Byzantine (Art, Empire, Literature: sixty-four columns); Canon of the Mass, by Dr A. Fortescue (twenty-two columns): Cemetery (a notable example of historical arrangement, which will repay attentive perusal); China (the longest separate article, including forty-nine columns, which present a somewhat oppressively erudite appearance, but if the reader will persevere with it, he may find ultimate satisfaction); Christendom (historically treated); Christian Archæology, and Christianity (an exposition chiefly doctrinal, comprising some thirty-six columns).

We may be excused for pointing out with gratification that the number of writers from this country shows an increase rather than diminution. Father Thurston heads our list both for number of articles and abundance of matter. In addition to his contribution on Bullarium and an instructive article on the word Candle, he supplies a deal of out-of-the-way information in his well-divided article on Calendar. The treatment of the term Catholic is, as is usual with him, minutely learned, and the history of the use of the word in the early days of the Reformation will be new to most people. Passing over what he has to say on such subjects as Candelabra, Chalice and Chasuble, we feel bound to bestow a word of praise upon the sixteen columns he has written under the word Celibacy, where he presents a much discussed and difficult subject in a manner congenial to the spirit of the times. The history of ecclesiastical celibacy is followed by an explanation of the mystical and utilitarian reasons for its constant adoption by the Church. The carefully restrained strictures on a certain well-known anti-Catholic work deserve the attention of those who place a somewhat too implicit reliance

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on its record and manipulation of facts. Dr Barry contributes an excellent study of Calvinism.

Father John Rickaby appropriately discusses the four Cardinal Virtues from the point of view of the philosopher. Father M. Maher attacks the elusive and complex problem of Character. Some may think him too conservative in retaining the four familiar temperaments, but all will concur in his opinion that very little progress has yet been achieved in the construction of a science of character. Father Gerard contrives to make the tangled subject of Chronology easy and even interesting to the non-mathematical mind. Father Slater deals with the subject of Civil Allegiance. The wide and bewildering subject of Biblical Chronology is well managed by J. A. Howlett. Each department of the subject is discussed separately, the different views recently current are set forth, and a judicious summing up and a practical conclusion drawn in the particular instances. Mgr Ward contributes articles on Alban Butler, Charles Butler, and the Cisalpine Club. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., tells us a good deal about the Order to which he belongs. Amongst younger writers it is a pleasure to meet the names of Dr Aveling, who supplies a comprehensive article on the word Cause; of Dr Burton, who is responsible for the notices on Canterbury, Carlisle, Cellier, St Chad, Challoner and Champney; of D. Dunford, who writes on Canon and Canoness; of E. Myers, who, besides his article on Chapterhouse, gives us a good and readable account of the Centuriators of Magdeburg; of Fr Joyce, who writes an exhaustive article on the Church; of Dr Arendzen, who informs the reader about Cherubim and Cerinthus.

The largely biographical character of the number deserves more extensive comment than it is possible to furnish in a short review such as this. Still, one can hardly refrain from directing attention to the opening article on Orestes Brownson, in which are revealed a life of unsurpassed literary activity and an indomitable earnestness of purpose. The life's work of that remarkable man abounds with human interest, and foreshadows in a single individual

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different and opposite phases which have since been emphasized in various spheres of thought and action. The account of Brugère and his method will be read eagerly by many an apologist of the present day. Père de Buck, Campanella and Celsus have supplied the opportunity for well considered and acceptable notices. Georges Bertrin gives us a frank and sympathetic sketch of the career and writings of Chateaubriand, doing justice to the once celebrated *Génie*, and explaining its purpose, scope and influence. And, not to speak of many others, the article on the towering figure of the great emperor Charlemagne seems to us to be the most impressive biography in the whole volume.

The thirty-two columns on Canada form, as it appears to us, the best topographical article. The story of Bruges is told with much restraint of style. The survey of its chequered history is as full as space permits. Yet we cannot but regret that there is no hint of the revival of art there during the last twenty-five years, especially with regard to domestic architecture, in which it stands unrivalled.

Lest what has been said should evoke the suspicion of superficiality or partiality, a concluding word or two may be offered by way of friendly criticism. In the article on Giordano Bruno no allusion is made to the recent cult of which he has been the object, while the bibliography omits to mention the Italian life of Bruno by Previti. The illustrious Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, is treated with a restraint of manner which in the eyes of many, doubtless, will inadequately represent the unquestionable greatness of the most distinguished preacher of his time. The writer of the short notice of Father Caswall fails to show the pre-eminent position occupied by him as a Catholic hymnologist. The article on Certitude is stiff reading, and notwithstanding the subtlety of the subject might, we think, have been made much more intelligible and attractive.

H.P.

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